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Masterpieces of the English Drama

GENERAL EDITOR

FELIX E. SCHELLING

MASTERPIECES OF THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FELIX E. SCHELLING, PH.D., LL.D., GENERAL EDITOR

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FRANCIS BEAUMONT JOHN FLETCHER
Portraits from engravings by Vertue

Masterpieces of the English Drama

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

EDITED BY

FELIX E. SCHELLING

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

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BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

W. P. I

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FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER[1]

If our greatest Elizabethan dramatists and their immediate successors were ordered chronologically with a view to their vogue in the height of the activity of each and their momentary leadership among their fellows, it would be an easy matter to distinguish how Marlowe was succeeded by Shakespeare, Shakespeare by Beaumont and Fletcher, these last by Massinger, and Massinger, finally, by Shirley. These were the ruling poets; the rest — even Jonson and Webster — however great their individual successes, were not of the royal line. The literary activity of Shakespeare must have concluded, at latest, about 1613. Beaumont and Fletcher had been known to the stage and appreciated six or eight years by that time; and while Beaumont cannot be shown to have written a play after the retirement of Shakespeare, Fletcher was active up to the year of his death, 1625. It was Shakespeare's association of Fletcher with him that confirmed Fletcher in his success as a dramatist. It was Fletcher's association of Massinger with him in his later work that gave to the latter poet, in turn, his opportunity. The collected *Works of Beaumont and Fletcher* were published in folio

[1] The standard edition of Beaumont and Fletcher was that of Alexander Dyce, 11 vols., 1843–46, until the appearance of the *Variorum Edition*, 1904 ff., under the general supervision of A. H. Bullen, to be completed in 12 vols., and the edition by A. Glover and A. R. Waller (*Cambridge English Classics*), 1905 ff., to be completed in 10 vols. For the most recent accounts of Beaumont and Fletcher, see the present editor's *Elizabethan Drama*, 1908, 2 vols., *The Tragedy*, by A. H. Thorndike, *The Types of English Literature*, 1909, and *The Cambridge History of English Literature*, vol. VI, 1910, which is furnished with an admirable bibliography of these two authors.

in 1647, and Shirley wrote the preface. No refinements of scholarship can hope to disassociate these names, however we may learn that of the fifty-three plays in the second and completer folio of 1679 the vast majority are Fletcher's alone or his in joint authorship with other poets than Beaumont. Indeed, whether for plays written together or for earlier work later revised by him, Massinger's hand may be affirmed to play a larger part in the collected *Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*, as we now have them, than did ever the hand of Beaumont. None the less the names of Beaumont and Fletcher have been linked together for all time, and it cannot be denied that in the most famous, the most distinctive, and the most lasting of these plays, this happy union of two able dramatists is abundantly proved alike by evidences within the text of the plays and without.

In Shirley's preface, already referred to, that excellent playwright and judicious critic declared:

> Poetry is the child of nature, which, regulated and made beautiful by art, presenteth the most harmonious of all other compositions; among which (if we rightly consider) the dramatical is the most absolute, in regard to those transcendent abilities which should wait upon the composer; who must have more than the instruction of libraries (which of itself is but a cold contemplative knowledge), there being required in him a soul miraculously knowing and conversing with mankind, enabling him to express, not only the phlegm and folly of thick-skinned men, but the strength and maturity of the wise, the air and insinuations of the court, the discipline and resolution of the soldier, the virtues and passions of every noble condition — nay, the counsels and characters of the greatest princes.
>
> This, you will say, is a vast comprehension and hath not

happened in many ages. Be it then remembered, to the glory of our own, that all these are demonstrative and met in Beaumont and Fletcher, whom but to mention is to throw a cloud upon all former names, and benight posterity; this book being, without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced, and must live, not only the crown and sole reputation of our own, but the stain of all other nations and languages.

Shirley, it must be confessed, was not at the moment writing "with Shakespeare in his eye." Former ages seem occasionally to have achieved a detachment in this regard beyond our present time. Shirley was but affirming an acknowledged fact, the enormous vogue and popularity of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher in their day and for generations after, a popularity that enabled them to hold the boards with Shakespeare and the best of Jonson far into Restoration times and stand as examples in drama of all species to generations of repetitious and degenerate writers for the stage.

John Fletcher was born in 1579 at Rye in Sussex, the son of Richard Fletcher, at one time Dean of Peterborough, later Bishop of Worcester, and finally Bishop of London. Owing to an unwise second marriage, the elder Fletcher suffered under the displeasure of Queen Elizabeth towards the end of his life and died in debt. As John was a younger son, he did not inherit anything of the little left save for a share in his father's books; and he was thus thrown upon his own talents as resources. His family was a literary one. His uncle, Giles, added sonneteering to law and diplomacy and left a name in each. His cousins, Phineas Fletcher and Giles, the younger, became notable devotional and pastoral poets. John appears to have frequented Cambridge in the nineties as a pensioner of Bene't Col-

lege, but is lost to view until he emerges as a recognized dramatic poet three or four years after King James had ascended his throne. Fletcher pursued the active career of a professional dramatist until his death by the plague in the year of the accession of King Charles. He was buried in Saint Saviour's, Southwark, August 29, 1625.

When Fletcher began to write, the three distinctive dramatic models were Jonson, Shakespeare and Middleton. To the first with his satirical comedy of humours, his caricatures, moralizing, and devotion to the ancients, Fletcher owes very little, though it is altogether likely that he knew Jonson personally well — as who in his age could help knowing so consciously great a man — and that he, like so many young men, was of the laureate's chosen Bohemian circle. As to the other two models, the romantic Fletcher — and this is always the true Fletcher — is Shakespeare's disciple heart and soul. Whatever his strong individual note at length made him, Fletcher could only have been what he was because he swung into the powerful orbit of Shakespeare; and it seems not unlikely that the discipleship was based, if not on an actual apprenticeship, at least in the writing over of plays left incomplete by the master. But there is a minor and hardly less persistent Fletcher, the Fletcher of realism in comedy; and here he is clearly an imitator at first of Middleton, who had achieved, at a time somewhat earlier than Fletcher's beginnings, a considerable repute as the writer of witty and ingenious comedies of everyday life, buoyant with animal spirits, admirably planned and written, and shockingly outspoken. We may summarize the dramatic beginnings of Fletcher in saying that he worked with the ideals of Shakespeare

before him but gained his first successes by the paths of Middleton. If his *Woman's Prize or the Tamer Tamed* is to be placed, as some have placed it in earlier form, as early as 1604, we have in it an illustration in point. This merry comedy is a sequel to *The Taming of the Shrew* and details the taming of Petruchio by a redoubtable second wife, Maria. But it is Middletonian in its conduct of the intrigue and in its attitude, not Shakespearean.

Francis Beaumont was born in 1584, also a younger son and no less gently, for his father, Sir Francis Beaumont of Grace Dieu, Leicestershire, was one of the justices of common pleas. Beaumont's family, too, was a poetical one. Jonson praised Beaumont's elder brother, Sir John, for his poetry; and others of his kinsmen find modest place in the annals of literature. Francis was entered a gentleman commoner at Broadgates Hall, Oxford, in 1597, and proceeded to the Inner Temple in 1600. His relations were intimate there with Sir Francis Bacon who "financed," as we should say, a masque of Beaumont's, written for Gray's Inn as well as for their own Inner Temple, on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Palsgrave in 1613. But there is also abundant evidence in various commendatory verses that Beaumont was intimate with the dramatic poets and that he was himself held in high personal and literary repute. Beaumont married Ursula, daughter of Henry Isley of Sundridge, Kent, about 1613, and left two daughters at his untimely death in 1616. He received the honour of burial in Westminster Abbey.

Beaumont was plainly at first a "son of Ben," as the old phrase went, and this intimacy is attested by commendatory verses by Beaumont to several of Jon-

son's comedies. Beaumont, too, at first came directly under the Jonsonian influence in drama and caught from his master a satirical tone and a tendency to conceive of human nature as modelled on the simple lines of a "humour," as it was called, or ruling bias of character or disposition. *The Woman Hater*, 1606, doubtless solely Beaumont's, is an example of this in comedy. *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (by some referred back as far as 1607 or 1608, though first printed in 1613) is a satirical burlesque on the absurdities of certain dramas of heroic type, written expressly to appeal to the tastes and prejudices of the London citizens. This capital bit of dramatic satire is now assigned by all but universal consent to Beaumont's unaided hand and is another illustration of Jonson's influence on him. The transference of this last ideal to romantic tragicomedy is a matter for later discussion. Beaumont, too, began separately and in comedy. When the two first united in their famous collaboration it is quite impossible to say. It must have been well before 1610, by which year both *The Maid's Tragedy* and *Philaster* were certainly on the stage.

The Elizabethan habit of collaboration in playwriting seems so foreign to our modern ideas that a word on the subject is necessary here. The custom was universal and a large proportion — though not a majority — of the plays of the period were the work of more than one hand. The collaboration of Middleton and William Rowley is almost as well known as that of Beaumont and Fletcher. Shakespeare collaborated probably with Marlowe in his youth and almost certainly with Fletcher in his later career. Dekker collaborated with half a dozen of his fellows, — Munday, Chettle, Haughton, Webster, Ford, and the rest. Even

Jonson wrote one comedy in conjunction with Chapman and Marston, and another, according to the title, with Middleton and Fletcher.

As to the partnership of Beaumont and Fletcher, it certainly could not have lasted long. Beaumont appears to have had some income of his own; his marriage was to a lady of wealth. His attitude towards authorship and the drama was that of the amateur and, except for his *Masque*, already mentioned, no production of his appeared in print under his name during his life. Moreover, not only was Beaumont five years Fletcher's junior, but he died nine years before him and really a month before Shakespeare. With these restrictions understood, it is impossible to give to Beaumont the share in "plays of Beaumont and Fletcher" that some have given him; for at most the actual collaboration of the two could not have continued above five or six years. A tradition of contemporary origin assigns to Beaumont, though the younger man, an advisory attitude in this literary partnership; and the deference with which even such a man as Jonson addressed Beaumont in certain of his verses seems to bear out this tradition.

Recent criticism in the drama is deeply interested in sources, parallels, and the precise limitations of authorship. These things have been reduced by some to "an exact science" by the infallible rules of which we may tell to a nicety who stole from whom and when he did it, who laid down the pen at line 127 and who took it up to continue, to interpolate, excise or revise. But there are still sceptics as to all this and those who believe collaboration in literary work to be a matter far subtler and likely to baffle such precise analysis. The collaboration of Beaumont and Fletcher has been submitted

to much close scrutiny, and it is not to be denied that certain results have been obtained. For example, Fletcher practised habitually a very distinctive and original form of blank verse, and one to a marked degree in contrast with that of Beaumont. Fletcher's verse is distinguished by an incessant use of the redundant or extra syllable, frequently at the end of the line. This addition, which makes his verse habitually consist of eleven (or even twelve or thirteen) syllables in place of the customary ten, pronounced trippingly in the time interval usually given to ten, produces a peculiarly rapid and darting effect, which is further enhanced by his equally habitual preference for end-stopped lines (that is, lines that end with a pause in the sense) over run-on lines (those that carry over the thought from line to line). On the other hand, the blank verse of Beaumont rarely varies from the customary scheme of ten alternately accented syllables, but he employs much freedom in running over the phrase from line to line. For example, these opening lines of *Bonduca* are pure Fletcher and unmistakable when once we know his "notes."

> The hardy Romans! — oh, ye gods of Britain!
> The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!
> Are these the men that conquer by inheritance?
> The fortune-makers? these the Julians,
> That with the sun measure the end of nature,
> Making the world but one Rome and one Cæsar?
> Shame, how they flee! Cæsar's soft soul dwells in 'em.
> Their mothers got 'em sleeping, pleasure nursed 'em;
> Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love's allurements,
> Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
> These Roman girls? Is Britain grown so wanton?

Quite as distinctively Beaumont is this passage from *The Maid's Tragedy*: —

Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent fate to fetch his death
From my slow hand! And, to augment my woe,
You now are present, stained with a king's blood
Violently shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.

But, of course, we cannot always be so certain and there must remain much in their work done together which is undeterminable to the conservative mind by mere verse tests. Fletcher's verse, however, is only one of several of his devices to give a colloquial rapidity to his dialogue and yet preserve the music and plasticity of verse. His style is loose and rambling, sometimes, as in the above passage from *Bonduca*, even repetitious. In short, Fletcher's verse is a compromise between verse and prose which he is said by the critics never to use in his plays, precisely as he has likewise no occasion for rhyme. The style of Beaumont from the character of his verse has more sinew, and he disdains neither a fall into verse nor a rise into the pleasing music of rhyming. Still larger traits of distinction between this Castor and Pollux of the drama have been determined. Fletcher has been accused by some of "a want of artistic earnestness"; his wit and humour have been explained as dependent to a large degree upon "a pretty playful fancy"; and his art has been described in the adjectives "ready, clever, offhand, hurried and careless"; while to Beaumont has been ascribed "a higher order of humour," "a playful jollity and good-natured satire," and a finer genius for pathos and tragedy. With certain allowances

these general distinctions may be accepted; and yet it is impossible not to feel that the real genius and true innovator in the lead which these authors took in their time, was the ready, adaptable, poetically fanciful Fletcher, not the more conventional, the more satirical, if possibly the more seriously dramatic Beaumont.

The fifty-six or seven plays of the folios of Beaumont and Fletcher must, then, have been written within the extreme limits of 1604 and 1625. As Beaumont appears to have written nothing after 1611 or 1612, the plays of the period up to that date must comprise all the dramas to which he could have contributed, and may be called the Fletcher-Beaumont group. The fifteen items [1] of this group comprise the first three plays published in this volume and such other notable productions as Beaumont's *Woman Hater* and *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, the tragedies *Thierry and Theodoret* and *Cupid's Revenge*, the comedies *Wit at Several Weapons*, *Monsieur Thomas*, *The Scornful Lady*, *The Captain*, and the fine tragicomedy *King and No King*. About 1613 Fletcher seems to have been engaged either in collaboration with Shakespeare or in revising plays of his for the King's company which Shakespeare had left unfinished. The three plays in question are *Henry VIII*, usually published as Shakespeare's, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, printed as the work of Beaumont and Fletcher, and *Cardenio*, the last no longer extant. The details of this most interesting of dramatic collaborations have irrevocably perished. Few now doubt the hand of Fletcher in *Henry VIII;* a larger number still question the touch of Shakespeare in any passage of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

[1] A sixteenth, *Love's Cure*, is probably not by Fletcher.

Though there was much else in this second period of Fletcher's dramatic activity, from 1612 to 1618, it may be called the Fletcher-Shakespeare period. Other plays of the eighteen that group here are the Middletonian comedies *The Night Walker* and *Wit without Money;* the romantic comedies *Beggars' Bush*, *The Honest Man's Fortune*, *Love's Pilgrimage*, *The Chances;* the tragedies *Valentinian* and *The Bloody Brother;* and the tragicomedies *The Queen of Corinth*, *The Loyal Subject*, *The Knight of Malta*, and *Bonduca*. Massinger had already begun to collaborate with Fletcher in this period, but the third and closing one, from 1619 to 1625, is peculiarly the Fletcher-Massinger group. In the twenty-two dramas of this group are comprised especially most of the interesting plays that Fletcher borrowed of Spanish sources, *The Pilgrim*, *Women Pleased*, *The Spanish Curate*, *The Island Princess*, and others. To this period, too, belong some of the most diverting of the comedies: *The Humorous Lieutenant*, *The Little French Lawyer*, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, and *The Wild Goose Chase;* romantic dramas such as *The Double Marriage*, *The Prophetess*, *The Coronation* (if Fletcher's); and the splendid historical play of *Barnavelt*, which has only found print in our own day.

It will be noticed that in this cursory enumeration of the more important plays of these fertile authors, not only do we recognize time-honoured tragedy and comedy which occur in all the teeming variety which the ingenious Elizabethan age had conceived, but we meet with a word new for the time, the word "tragicomedy." This term in the abstract is clearly a misnomer; for we cannot have, at one and the same time, that triumph of universal law over individual will which

constitutes the principle of tragedy and the victory of the man over the accidents of his environment in which lies the essence of modern comedy. And yet it is equally obvious that a drama dealing with serious emotions, bordering at times even on the tragic, may exist in which the outcome is fortunate. Moreover, such drama is not in its principle essentially untrue to life. Beaumont and Fletcher are sometimes held responsible for the invention of tragicomedy. This is not the case, for *The Merchant of Venice*, to mention only this one example, fulfils all the conditions of such a play, to say nothing of the group of Shakespeare's dramas called romances, some of which assuredly preceded *Philaster*. What Beaumont and Fletcher really did was to invent a new kind of tragicomedy in which the gamut of tragedy, if it lost some of its deeper tones, was extended to include much of the range of comedy in which the elements of contrast, variety, surprise, and pathos were mingled to produce a remarkably novel and effective species of play, an imperative condition being the happy ending.

The choice of any four plays fully to represent Beaumont and Fletcher is almost as futile as the choice of a similar number to represent Shakespeare. Clearly *Philaster*, the most celebrated of all these plays and the representative of the tragicomedy of its authors, must find a place. Secondly, *The Maid's Tragedy* is equally certain as by all odds the greatest of Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedies. *The Faithful Shepherdess* has a peculiar claim as the most successful specimen of its class, the pastoral, in the English language. Lastly, distinctive and brilliant as is the comedy of Fletcher, it seems better after all to include a tragicomedy in Fletcher's later and confirmed manner, that the great-

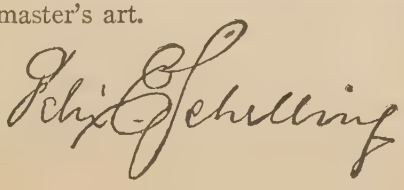
est contribution of these authors to English drama might be recognized to the full. Hence the choice of *Bonduca*, a play of extraordinary merit. A whole volume alone can do justice in full to the comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher with its easy, natural, and witty dialogue and its bright, cynical, outspoken picture of the lighter sentiment, intrigue, and folly of the time. As to Fletcherian tragicomedy, it proceeds on very simple lines and may be regarded in some lights as an attempt to apply to serious and sentimental drama the Jonsonian fertility and inventiveness of plot and the equally Jonsonian reduction of the personages of the drama to figures governed by more or less constant and simple traits. *Philaster*, especially, gave to English drama several figures which, if not wholly new, were yet conceived more vividly and on lines of more definite simplicity than the complex personages of Shakespeare. The heroic, impulsive, unreasoning, but generous youth, Philaster, possessed of all the virtues save common-sense; the hopelessly love-lorn yet devoted maiden, Euphrasia-Bellario, masquerading as a boy; the braggart poltroon, Pharamond, bordering on the comic; the outspoken, bluff and truth-loving soldier, Melantius of *The Maid's Tragedy* — these are some of the familiar stage figures of which the age seems never to have wearied and which recur, not only in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher and Massinger, but in innumerable imitations by lesser men. Another feature of *Philaster* is its method of contrast, the heroic and generous prince and the niggardly, ignoble one; the peerless lady, Arethusa, and the immodest trull, Megra. This method will be found to prevail more or less in all the plays of this volume: the wretched husband Amintor, too "loyal" to raise hand against the tyrant who

has wronged him more than man was ever wronged; on the other hand, Melantius who goes with direct sagacity to the righting of his own and his sister's wrongs; Evadne in whom ambition has perverted all womanliness, to whom heroic and cruel revenge cannot restore it; in contrast Aspatia whom love has completely overthrown, who seeks, not the death of him who has cruelly forgotten her, but her own. *The Faithful Shepherdess* is a fabric of contrasted types, marking the spectroscope, so to say, of the passion of love, and ranging from the pure white light of Clorin's constancy to a dead lover, through the devoted earthly loves of Perigot and Amoret, to the intriguing of Amarillis and the mere lust of Cloe and the Sullen Shepherd. The very lapses of Fletcher from the decorum of our own proper days are prompted in no small measure by this art in which the whiteness of alabaster must ever be heightened by a daring juxtaposition of ebony.

This is not the place in which to discuss the position of Beaumont and Fletcher in the history of the drama or the wide influences which their novel and competent art exerted. The character and position of *The Faithful Shepherdess* demand at least a word. This play was an experiment, pure and simple, in an exotic form of drama already attempted in English by Daniel and others, but by no one with such originality and resourcefulness as by Fletcher. The pastoral drama with its conventions and unrealities, its sameness of theme and its false standards, could not succeed in an age that rang with the virile and effective realities of Shakespeare, Jonson, and Webster. Fletcher lavished his inventiveness and his poetry on it in vain, and it was reserved for the following time, in the restrictions of a court fashion, to award to his work its relatively deserved popularity.

The most interesting thing about *The Faithful Shepherdess* is the undoubted influence which it exerted on Milton, who knew it well and disdained not to borrow suggestions from it in his *Comus*. Lastly, in *Bonduca* we have the confirmed Fletcherian manner, his competency as a dramatist, his ease, fluency, poetry, pathos, and heroic resoluteness. There are doubtless no finer scenes in Beaumont and Fletcher than those of *The Maid's Tragedy* in which the passion of that really great play reaches its height; and certainly few can deny the poetry that breathes through such a rôle as that of Bellario in *Philaster* or the beautiful lines given to the Satyr in *The Faithful Shepherdess*. Yet close beside these "best things of Beaumont and Fletcher" are to be placed the fine conception of the heroic Caratach and the pathetic little figure of the boy-prince, Hengo.

Sweeping away distinctions, in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher are to be found a dramatic capability rarely if ever quite equalled in the English tongue, a marvellously varied, if reasonably limited, range of characterization, alike for serious and comic drama, a facile and agile style, adaptable to the innumerable moods of comedy as well as to tragical subjects and a surprising command over human passion, realistic, heroic, romantic, and pathetic. No lover of Shakespeare can afford not to know Beaumont and Fletcher, who, best among those that follow him, contrived to carry forward some of the finest and noblest of the elements of their master's art.



THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

The precise date of the first acting of *The Maid's Tragedy* is undeterminable. The earliest edition is that of 1619; but the play must have been well known to the stage for perhaps a decade at that date. Assuredly Malone's date, 1610, cannot be far wrong. In neither the quarto of 1619 nor that of 1622 does the name of any author appear. In the third quarto, 1630, the tragedy is attributed to the authorship of both Beaumont and Fletcher, and this the general consensus of subsequent opinion has accepted. Four other quartos followed up to 1679, when the play found its place in the second folio of the *Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*. As to text, the first quarto seems an abbreviated and unauthorized text. The second is better and more complete; the third offers a few additional corrections. Any text must thus be eclectic. That of the Variorum Edition, now issuing under the general supervision of Mr. A. H. Bullen, is followed in this tragedy as in the texts of the other plays of this volume, except *Bonduca*. The source of the plot of *The Maid's Tragedy* remains "undiscovered," although a resemblance has been surmised between "the duel" of Aspatia with Amintor and that of Parthenia and Amphialus in Sidney's *Arcadia*, and the quarrel of Melantius and Amintor has been supposed "to owe something to that of Brutus and Cassius in *Julius Cæsar*." The circumstance that both the characters and the incidents of this play find their closest parallels in other dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher should point to the probable invention of the story of *The Maid's Tragedy* by its authors.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The King.
Lysippus, his Brother.
Amintor.
Melantius, } Brothers to Evadne.
Diphilus, }
Calianax, Father of Aspatia.
Cleon.
Strato.
Diagoras.
Lords, Gentlemen, and Servants.

Evadne, Sister to Melantius.
Aspatia, betrothed to Amintor.
Antiphila, } Attendants on Aspatia.
Olympias, }
Dula, Attendant on Evadne.
Ladies.

Characters in the Masque

Night, Cynthia, Neptune, Æolus, Sea-gods.

Scene — The City of Rhodes.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

An Apartment in the Palace

Enter LYSIPPUS, DIPHILUS, CLEON, *and* STRATO

Cle. The rest are making ready, sir.
Lys. So let them;
There's time enough.
Diph. You are the brother to the King, my lord;
We'll take your word.
Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry;
What think'st thou of the masque?[n] will it be well?
Stra. As well as masques can be.
Lys. As masques can be!
Stra. Yes; they must commend their king, and speak in praise
Of the assembly, bless the bride and bridegroom
In person of some god; they're tied to rules
Of flattery.
Cle. See, good my lord, who is returned!

Enter MELANTIUS

Lys. Noble Melantius!
The land by me welcomes thy virtues home;
Thou that with blood abroad buy'st us our peace!
The breath of kings is like the breath of gods;

[n] A superior n in the text indicates a note at the end of the volume.

My brother wished thee here, and thou art here:
He will be too-too kind, and weary thee
With often welcomes; but the time doth give thee
A welcome above his or all the world's.
Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these scratched limbs of mine
Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends,
More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the same
It ever was to you: where I find worth,
I love the keeper till he let it go,
And then I follow it.
Diph. Hail, worthy brother!
He that rejoices not at your return
In safety is mine enemy for ever.
Mel. I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou art faulty:
I sent for thee to exercise thine arms
With me at Patria; thou cam'st not, Diphilus;
'Twas ill.
Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my King's strict command, — which you, my lord,
Can witness with me.
Lys. 'Tis most true, Melantius;
He might not come till the solemnities
Of this great match were past.
Diph. Have you heard of it?
Mel. Yes, and have given cause to those that here
Envy my deeds abroad to call me gamesome;
I have no other business here at Rhodes.
Lys. We have a masque to-night, and you must tread
A soldier's measure.[n]
Mel. These soft and silken wars are not for me:
The music must be shrill and all confused
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with arms.
But is Amintor wed?
Diph. This day.
Mel. All joys upon him! for he is my friend.
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend:

His worth is great; valiant he is and temperate;
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,
As oft as I returned (as, without boast,
I brought home conquest), he would gaze upon me
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The virtue lay to do those things he heard;
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it: he oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all performed. —

Enter ASPATIA, *passing with attendance*

Hail, maid and wife!
Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot,
That thou hast tied to-day, last till the hand
Of age undo it! may'st thou bring a race
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world
Successively with soldiers!

Asp. My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorn, for I was never proud
When they were good. [*Exit.*

Mel. How's this?

Lys. You are mistaken, sir; she is not married.

Mel. You said Amintor was.

Diph. 'Tis true; but —

Mel. Pardon me; I did receive
Letters at Patria from my Amintor,
That he should marry her.

Diph. And so it stood
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Who has he taken then?

Lys. A lady, sir,

That bears the light above her,[n] and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye; the fair Evadne,
Your virtuous sister.
Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them!
But this is strange.
Lys. The King, my brother, did it
To honour you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge.
Mel. 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am sad
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage
Hid in her father's breast, Calianax,
Bent long against me; and he should not think,
Could I but call it back, that I would take
So base revenges,[n] as to scorn the state
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still
His greatness with the King?
Lys. Yes. But this lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods
Are her delight; where, when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck 'em, and strow her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief,
That strikes all her beholders: she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,
And sigh, and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course,[n] that fill the room
With laughter, she will, with so sad a look,
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She'll send them weeping one by one away.
Mel. She has a brother under my command,

Like her; a face as womanish as hers;
But with a spirit that hath much outgrown
The number of his years.

Enter AMINTOR

Cle. My lord the bridegroom!
Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily,
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my disordered speech
Cuts off my love.
Amin. Thou art Melantius;
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,
To thank the gods Melantius is returned
In safety! Victory sits on his sword,
As she was wont: may she build there and dwell;
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thine innocence!
What endless treasures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus!
Mel. I am poor
In words; but credit me, young man, thy mother
Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee
After long absence: all the wounds I gave
Fetched not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowèd mothers. ⌈But this is peace,
And that was war.⌉
Amin. Pardon, thou holy god
Of marriage-bed, and frown not, I am forced,
In answer of such noble tears as those,
To weep upon my wedding-day!
Mel. I fear thou art grown too fickle; for I hear
A lady mourns for thee; men say, to death;
Forsaken of thee; on what terms I know not.
Amin. She had my promise; but the King forbad it,

And made me make this worthy change, thy sister,
Accompanied with graces above her;
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her arms.
Mel. Be prosperous!

Enter Messenger

Mess. My lord, the masquers rage for you.
Lys. We are gone. —
Cleon, Strato, Diphilus!
Amin. We'll all attend you. —
[*Exeunt* LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, DIPHILUS.
We shall trouble you
With our solemnities.
Mel. Not so, Amintor:
But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,
When you come thither. Yet I have a mistress
To bring to your delights; rough though I am,
I have a mistress, and she has a heart
She says; but, trust me, it is stone, no better;
There is no place that I can challenge in't.
But you stand still, and here my way lies.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II

A Hall in the Palace, with a Gallery full of Spectators

CALIANAX *and* DIAGORAS *discovered*

Cal. Diagoras, look to the doors better, for shame! you let in all the world, and anon the King will rail at me. Why, very well said. By Jove, the King will have the show i' th' court.

Diag. Why do you swear so, my lord? you know he'll have it here.

Cal. By this light, if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.

Cal. One must sweat out his heart with swearing, and get thanks on no side. I'll be gone, look to't who will.

Diag. My lord, I shall never keep them out. Pray, stay; your looks will terrify them.

Cal. My looks terrify them, you coxcombly ass, you! I'll be judged by all the company whether thou hast not a worse face than I.

Diag. I mean, because they know you and your office.

Cal. Office![n] I would I could put it off! I am sure I sweat quite through my office. — I might have made room at my daughter's wedding: they ha' near killed her amongst them; and now I must do service for him that hath forsaken her. — Serve that will. [*Exit.*

Diag. He's so humorous since his daughter was forsaken! [*Knock within.*] Hark, hark! there, there! so, so! codes, codes! What now?

Mel. [*within.*] Open the door.

Diag. Who's there?

Mel. [*within.*] Melantius.

Diag. I hope your lordship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them. [*Opens the door.*

Enter MELANTIUS *and a* Lady

Mel. None but this lady, sir.

Diag. The ladies are all placed above, save those that come in the King's troop: the best of Rhodes sit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you, sir. — When I have seen you placed, madam, I must attend the King; but, the masque done, I'll wait on you again.

Diag. [*opening another door.*] Stand back there! — Room for my lord Melantius! [*Exeunt* MELANTIUS *and* Lady.] — Pray, bear back — this is no place for

such youths and their trulls — let the doors shut again. — No! — do your heads itch? I'll scratch them for you. [*Shuts the door.*] — So, now thrust and hang. [*Knocking within.*] — Again! who is't now? — I cannot blame my lord Calianax for going away: would he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads[n] than his own in the twinkling of an eye. — What's the news now?

[*Within.*] I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the master-cook?

Diag. If I open the door, I'll cook some of your calves-heads. Peace, rogues! [*Knocking within.*] — Again! who is't?

Mel. [*within.*] Melantius.

Re-enter CALIANAX

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. Oh, my lord, a' must. — Make room there for my lord!

Re-enter MELANTIUS

Is your lady placed?

Mel. Yes, sir, I thank you. —
My lord Calianax, well met:
Your causeless hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here,
That brings my own poor child to timeless death:
She loves your friend Amintor; such another
False-hearted lord as you.

Mel. You do me wrong,
A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance: but be well advised.

Cal. It may be so. — Who placed the lady there,
So near the presence of the King?

Mel. I did.

Cal. My lord, she must not sit there.

Mel. Why?
Cal. The place
Is kept for women of more worth.
Mel. More worth than she! It misbecomes your age
And place to be thus womanish: forbear!
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The palsy shook your tongue to.
Cal. Why, 'tis well:
If I stand here to place men's wenches —
Mel. I
Shall quite forget this place, thy age, my safety,
And, thorough all, cut that poor sickly week
Thou hast to live away from thee!
Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your whore.
Mel. Bate me the King, and, be he flesh and blood,
A' lies that says it! Thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her.
Diag. Good my lord —
Mel. Some god pluck threescore years from that fond man,
That I may kill him, and not stain mine honour!
It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace
They shall be braved by such ignoble men,
As, if the land were troubled, would with tears
And knees beg succour from 'em. Would the blood,
That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight,
Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee
Apt to say less, or able to maintain,
Should'st thou say more! — This Rhodes, I see, is nought
But a place privileged to do men wrong.
Cal. Ay, you may say your pleasure.

Enter AMINTOR

Amin. What vile injury
Has stirred my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words as he is quick of hands?

Mel. That heap of age, which I should reverence
If it were temperate; but testy years
Are most contemptible.
Amin. Good sir, forbear.
Cal. There is just such another as yourself.
Amin. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose,
Since this our match. The King is coming in;
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy
He should perceive you raging: he did hear
You were at difference now, which hastened him.
[*Hautboys play within.*
Cal. Make room there!

Enter King, EVADNE, ASPATIA, Lords *and* Ladies

King. Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still: but this is not a place
To brabble in. — Calianax, join hands.
Cal. He shall not have mine hand.
King. This is no time
To force you to 't. I do love you both: —
Calianax, you look well to your office; —
And you, Melantius, are welcome home. —
Begin the masque.
Mel. Sister, I joy to see you and your choice;
You looked with my eyes when you took that man:
Be happy in him! [*Recorders play.*
Evad. Oh, my dearest brother,
Your presence is more joyful than this day
Can be unto me!

THE MASQUE[n]

NIGHT *rises in mists*

Night. Our reign is come; for in the quenching sea
The sun is drowned, and with him fell the Day.
Bright Cynthia, hear my voice! I am the Night,

For whom thou bear'st about thy borrowed light:
Appear! no longer thy pale visage shroud,
But strike thy silver horns quite through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face,
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our solemnities.

Enter CYNTHIA

How dull and black am I! I could not find
This beauty[n] without thee, I am so blind:
Methinks they show like to those eastern streaks,
That warn us hence before the morning breaks.
Back, my pale servant! for these eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.

Cynth. Great queen, they be a troop for whom alone
One of my clearest moons I have put on;
A troop, that looks as if thyself and I
Had plucked our reins in and our whips laid by,
To gaze upon these mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.

Night. Then let us keep 'em here;
And never more our chariots drive away,
But hold our places and outshine the Day.

Cynth. Great queen of shadows, you are pleased to speak
Of more than may be done: we may not break
The gods' decrees; but, when our time is come,
Must drive away, and give the Day our room.
Yet, whilst our reign lasts, let us stretch our power
To give our servants one contented hour,
With such unwonted solemn grace and state,
As may for ever after force them hate
Our brother's glorious beams, and wish the Night
Crowned with a thousand stars and our cold light:
For almost all the world their service bend
To Phœbus, and in vain my light I lend,
Gazed on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none but of unquiet eyes.

Night. Then shine at full, fair queen, and by thy power
Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,

Of nymphs and shepherds; let their songs discover,
Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover;
Or, if thou woo't, thine own Endymion
From the sweet flowery bank he lies upon,
On Latmus' brow, thy pale beams drawn away,
And of his long night let him make this day.
Cynth. Thou dream'st, dark queen; that fair boy was not mine,
Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales: poets, when they rage,
Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.
But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a nobler memory
Of what these lovers are. — Rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deeps, thy surges laid away,
Neptune, great king of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded!

NEPTUNE *rises*

Nept. Cynthia, see,
Thy word hath fetched me hither: let me know
Why I ascend.
Cynth. Doth this majestic show
Give thee no knowledge yet?
Nept. Yes, now I see
Something intended, Cynthia, worthy thee.
Go on; I'll be a helper.
Cynth. Hie thee, then,
And charge the Wind fly from his rocky den,
Let loose his subjects; only Boreas,
Too foul for our intention, as he was,
Still keep him fast chained: we must have none here
But vernal blasts and gentle winds appear,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad boughs sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring;
These are our music; next, thy watery race
Bring on in couples; we are pleased to grace
This noble night, each in their richest things
Your own deeps or the broken vessel brings:
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind

And shine at full upon you.
Nept. Ho, the wind-
Commanding Æolus!

Enter ÆOLUS *out of a Rock*

Æol. Great Neptune!
Nept. He.
Æol. What is thy will?
Nept. We do command thee free
Favonius and thy milder winds, to wait
Upon our Cynthia; but tie Boreas strait,
He's too rebellious.
Æol. I shall do it.
Nept. Do. [*Exit* ÆOLUS.
Æol. [*within.*] Great master of the flood and all below,
Thy full command has taken. — Ho, the Main!
Neptune!

Re-enter ÆOLUS, *followed by* FAVONIUS *and other Winds*

Nept. Here.
Æol. Boreas has broke his chain,
And, struggling with the rest, has got away.
Nept. Let him alone, I'll take him up at sea;
I will not long be thence. Go once again,
And call out of the bottoms of the main
Blue Proteus[n] and the rest; charge them put on
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone
The beaten rock breeds; tell this night is done
By me a solemn honour to the Moon:
Fly, like a full sail.
Æol. I am gone. [*Exit.*
Cynth. Dark Night,
Strike a full silence, do a thorough right
To this great chorus, that our music may
Touch high as Heaven, and make the east break day
At midnight. [*Music.*

FIRST SONG

During which PROTEUS *and other* Sea-deities *enter*

Cynthia, to thy power and thee
We obey.
Joy to this great company!
And no day
Come to steal this night away,
Till the rites of love are ended,
And the lusty bridegroom say,
Welcome, light, of all befriended!

Pace out, you watery powers below,
Let your feet,
Like the galleys when they row,
Even beat:
Let your unknown measures, set
To the still winds, tell to all,
That gods are come, immortal, great,
To honour this great nuptial. [*The Measure.*

SECOND SONG

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have done;
The Day will come too soon:
Young maids will curse thee, if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their losses open to the day:
Stay, stay, and hide
The blushes of the bride.

Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness cover
The kisses of her lover;
Stay, and confound her tears and her shrill cryings
Her weak denials, vows, and often-dyings;
Stay, and hide all:
But help not, though she call. [*Another measure.*[n]

Nept. Great queen of us and Heaven, hear what I bring
To make this hour a full one.
Cynth. Speak, sea's king.

Nept. The tunes my Amphitrite joys to have,
When she will dance upon the rising wave,
And court me as she sails. My Tritons, play
Music to lay a storm! I'll lead the way.
[*Masquers dance;* NEPTUNE *leads it.*

THIRD SONG

To bed, to bed! Come, Hymen, lead the bride,
And lay her by her husband's side;
Bring in the virgins every one,
That grieve to lie alone;
That they may kiss while they may say a maid;
To-morrow 'twill be other kissed and said.
Hesperus, be long a-shining,
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.
Æol. [*within.*] Ho, Neptune!
Nept. Æolus!

Re-enter ÆOLUS

Æol. The sea goes high,
Boreas hath raised a storm: go and apply
Thy trident; else, I prophesy, ere day
Many a tall ship will be cast away.
Descend with all the gods and all their power,
To strike a calm. [*Exit.*
Cynth. We thank you for this hour:
My favour to you all. To gratulate
So great a service, done at my desire,
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher
Than you have wished for; and no ebb shall dare
To let the Day see where your dwellings are.
Now back unto your governments in haste,
Lest your proud charge should swell above the waste,
And win upon the island.
Nept. We obey.
[NEPTUNE *descends and the* Sea-gods.
Cynth. Hold up thy head, dead Night; see'st thou not Day?
The east begins to lighten: I must down,

And give my brother place.
Night. Oh, I could frown
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light
Upon my kingdom and contemns old Night!
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his axle-tree,[n]
And all fall drenched. But I forget; speak, queen:
The Day grows on; I must no more be seen.
Cynth. Heave up thy drowsy head again, and see
A greater light, a greater majesty,
Between our set and us! whip up thy team:
The Day breaks here, and yon sun-flaring stream
Shot from the south.[n] Which way wilt thou go? say.
Night. I'll vanish into mists.
Cynth. I into Day. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Masque

King. Take lights there! — Ladies, get the bride to bed. —
We will not see you laid; good night, Amintor;
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony:
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.
If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.
Amin. All happiness to you!
King. Good night, Melantius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND

Scene I

Ante-room to Evadne's *Bedchamber*

Enter Evadne, Aspatia, Dula, *and other* Ladies

Dula. Madam, shall we undress you for this fight?
The wars are naked that you must make to-night.
Evad. You are very merry, Dula.
Dula. I should be
Far merrier, madam, if it were with me
As it is with you.
Evad. How's that?
Dula. That I might go
To bed with him wi' th' credit that you do.
Evad. Why, how now, wench?
Dula. Come, ladies, will you help?
Evad. I am soon undone.[n]
Dula. And as soon done:
Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.
Evad. Art thou drunk, Dula?
Dula. Why, here's none but we.
Evad. Thou think'st belike there is no modesty
When we're alone.
Dula. Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.
Evad. You prick me, lady.
1*st Lady.* 'Tis against my will.
Dula. Anon you must endure more and lie still;
You're best to practise.
Evad. Sure, this wench is mad.
Dula. No, faith, this is a trick that I have had

Since I was fourteen.
Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it.
Dula. Nay, now I'll keep it till the trick leave me.
A dozen wanton words, put in your head,
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.
Evad. Nay, faith, then take it.
Dula. Take it, madam! where?
We all, I hope, will take it that are here.
Evad. Nay, then, I'll give thee o'er.
Dula. So I will make
The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ache.
Evad. Wilt take my place to-night?
Dula. I'll hold your cards [n] against any two I know.
Evad. What wilt thou do?
Dula. Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em leave play too.
Evad. Aspatia, take her part.
Dula. I will refuse it:
She will pluck down a side; [n] she will not use it.
Evad. Why, do, I prithee.
Dula. You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.
Evad. I thank thee, Dula. Would thou couldst instil
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia!
Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell:
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.
Dula. She is in love: hang me, if I were so,
But I could run my country. [n] I love too
To do those things that people in love do.
Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek:
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
My rite; and all your hands have been employed
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now

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For you. Pardon, Evadne: would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the King, or he,
Or both, thought so! Perhaps he found me worthless:
But till he did so, in these ears of mine,
These credulous ears, he poured the sweetest words
That art or love could frame. If he were false,
Pardon it, Heaven! and, if I did want
Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;
For I have lost none that I had from you.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

Asp. Would I could! Then should I leave the cause.

Evad. See, if you have not spoiled all Dula's mirth!

Asp. Thou think'st thy heart hard; but, if thou be'st caught,
Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire
Shot suddenly into thee.

Dula. That's not so good; let 'em shoot anything but fire, and I fear 'em not.

Asp. Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.

Evad. Ladies, good night: I'll do the rest myself.

Dula. Nay, let your lord do some.

Asp. [*singing.*] Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew —

Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.

Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad. How is it, madam?

Asp. [*singing.*]

Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow-branches bear;
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm
From my hour of birth:
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!

Evad. Fie on't, madam! the words are so strange, they are able to make one dream of hobgoblins. — "I could never have the power" — sing that, Dula.

Dula. [*singing.*]

I could never have the power
To love one above an hour,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to fly.
Venus, fix mine eyes fast,
Or, if not, give me all that I shall see at last!

Evad. So, leave me now.

Dula. Nay, we must see you laid.

Asp. Madam, good night. May all the marriage-joys
That longing maids imagine in their beds
Prove so unto you! May no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you! but, if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I: but, if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him! so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me. —
Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear,
To offer at it when I go to earth;
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round;
Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier
Be borne by virgins, that shall sing by course
The truth of maids and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pity thee. [*Exit* EVADNE.

All. Madam, good night.

1st Lady. Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.

Dula. Where's my lord?

Enter AMINTOR

1st Lady. Here, take this light.
Dula. He'll find her in the dark.
1st Lady. Your lady's scarce a-bed yet; you must help her.
Asp. Go, and be happy in your lady's love.
May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death!
I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied. — [*Kisses* AMINTOR.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself
Into this willow-garland,[n] and am prouder
That I was once your love, though now refused,
Than to have had another true to me.
So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpractised way to grieve and die. [*Exit.*
Dula. Come, ladies, will you go?
All. Good night, my lord.
Amin. Much happiness unto you all! [*Exeunt* DULA *and* Ladies.
I did that lady wrong. Methinks, I feel
A grief shoot suddenly through all my veins;
Mine eyes rain: this is strange at such a time.
It was the King first moved me to't; but he
Has not my will in keeping. Why do I
Perplex myself thus? Something whispers me,
Go not to bed. My guilt is not so great
As mine own conscience too sensible
Would make me think; I only brake a promise,
And 'twas the King enforced me. Timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so? Away, my idle fears!

Re-enter EVADNE

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things. — Oh, my Evadne, spare
That tender body; let it not take cold!
The vapours of the night shall not fall here.
To bed, my love: Hymen will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Camest thou to call me?
Evad. No.
Amin. Come, come, my love,
And let us lose ourselves to one another.
Why art thou up so long?
Evad. I am not well.
Amin. To bed then; let me wind thee in these arms
Till I have banished sickness.
Evad. Good my lord,
I cannot sleep.
Amin. Evadne, we will watch;
I mean no sleeping.
Evad. I'll not go to bed.
Amin. I prithee, do.
Evad. I will not for the world.
Amin. Why, my dear love?
Evad. Why! I have sworn I will not.
Amin. Sworn!
Evad. Ay.
Amin. How? sworn, Evadne!
Evad. Yes, sworn, Amintor; and will swear again,
If you will wish to hear me.
Amin. To whom have you sworn this?
Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great.
Amin. Come, this is but the coyness of a bride.
Evad. The coyness of a bride!
Amin. How prettily

That frown becomes thee!

Evad. Do you like it so?

Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a look
But I shall like it.

Evad. What look will like you best?

Amin. Why do you ask?

Evad. That I may show you one less pleasing to you.

Amin. How's that?

Evad. That I may show you one less pleasing to you.

Amin. I prithee, put thy jests in milder looks;
It shows as thou wert angry.

Evad. So perhaps
I am indeed.

Amin. Why, who has done thee wrong?
Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,
Thy yet-unconquered self, I will revenge thee!

Evad. Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me,
Thou weigh'st not any thing compared with me:
Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights,
This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,
Or in the life to come, are light as air
To a true lover when his lady frowns,
And bids him *do this*. Wilt thou kill this man?
Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin
Off from thy lips.

Amin. I wonnot swear, sweet love,
Till I do know the cause.

Evad. I would thou wouldst.
Why, it is thou that wrong'st me; I hate thee;
Thou should'st have killed thyself.

Amin. If I should know that, I should quickly kill
The man you hated.

Evad. Know it, then, and do't.

Amin. Oh, no! what look soe'er thou shalt put on
To try my faith, I shall not think thee false;
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,
Where falsehood should abide. Leave, and to bed.

If you have sworn to any of the virgins
That were your old companions to preserve
Your maidenhead a night, it may be done
Without this means.
Evad. A maidenhead, Amintor,
At my years!
Amin. Sure she raves; this cannot be
Her natural temper. — Shall I call thy maids?
Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,
Or else some fever rages in thy blood.
Evad. Neither, Amintor: think you I am mad,
Because I speak the truth?
Amin. Is this the truth?
Will you not lie with me to-night?
Evad. To-night!
You talk as if you thought I would hereafter.
Amin. Hereafter! yes, I do.
Evad. You are deceived.
Put off amazement, and with patience mark
What I shall utter, for the oracle
Knows nothing truer: 'tis not for a night
Or two that I forbear thy bed, but ever.
Amin. I dream. Awake, Amintor!
Evad. You hear right:
I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,
Than sleep one night with thee. This is not feigned,
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride.
Amin. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joys of marriage? — Hymen, keep
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears;
Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine
To after-ages: we will scorn thy laws,
If thou no better bless them. Touch the heart
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world

Shall know this: not an altar then will smoke
In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;
Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood.
If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,
Serving ourselves as other creatures do;
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue. I do rage in vain;
She can but jest. — Oh, pardon me, my love!
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear;
It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt: confirm it with an oath,
If this be true.

Evad. Do you invent the form:
Let there be in it all the binding words
Devils and conjurers can put together,
And I will take it. I have sworn before,
And here by all things holy do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed!
Is your doubt over now?

Amin. I know too much; would I had doubted still!
Was ever such a marriage-night as this!
You powers above, if you did ever mean
Man should be used thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himself, and save his honour:
Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate course to run;
I must live scorned, or be a murderer:
Is there a third? Why is this night so calm?
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us,
And drown her voice?

Evad. This rage will do no good.

Amin. Evadne, hear me. Thou hast ta'en an oath,
But such a rash one, that to keep it were
Worse than to swear it: call it back to thee;
Such vows as that never ascend the Heaven;
A tear or two will wash it quite away.

Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,
If thou be pitiful! for, without boast,
This land was proud of me: what lady was there,
That men called fair and virtuous in this isle,
That would have shunned my love? It is in thee
To make me hold this worth. — Oh, we vain men,
That trust out all our reputation
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand
Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell
The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.
Come, lead me from the bottom of despair
To all the joys thou hast; I know thou wilt;
And make me careful lest the sudden change
O'ercome my spirits.

Evad. When I call back this oath,
The pains of hell environ me!

Amin. I sleep, and am too temperate. Come to bed!
Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a soul
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear
About their arms —

Evad. Why, so perhaps they are.

Amin. I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue
Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!

Evad. I fear thee not: do what thou darest to me!
Every ill-sounding word or threatening look
Thou showest to me will be revenged at full.

Amin. It will not sure, Evadne?

Evad. Do not you hazard that.

Amin. Ha' ye your champions?

Evad. Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I forbear
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart
There dwells as much desire and as much will

To put that wished act in practice as ever yet
Was known to woman; and they have been shown
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth
To think this beauty, to what hand soe'er
It shall be called, shall stoop[n] to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: you guess the man.
Amin. No; let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into motes,
And scatter it before the northern wind.
Evad. You dare not strike him.
Amin. Do not wrong me so:
Yes, if his body were a poisonous plant
That it were death to touch, I have a soul
Will throw me on him.
Evad. Why, 'tis the King.
Amin. The King!
Evad. What will you do now?
Amin. It is not the King!
Evad. What did he make this match for, dull Amintor?
Amin. Oh, thou hast named a word, that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred word,
"The King," there lies a terror: what frail man
Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods
Speak to him when they please: till when, let us
Suffer and wait.
Evad. Why should you fill yourself so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.
Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy, then,
To marry me?
Evad. Alas, I must have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of husband to me, that my sin may be
More honourable!
Amin. What strange thing am I!
Evad. A miserable one; one that myself
Am sorry for.

Amin. Why, show it then in this:
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live
In after ages crossed in their desires,
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,
To rid a lingering wretch.
Evad. I must have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;
Else, by this night, I would! I pity thee.
Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have fallen
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not wronged;
Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world
I can but hide it. Reputation,
Thou art a word, no more! — But thou hast shown
An impudence so high, that to the world
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thyself.
Evad. To cover shame, I took thee; never fear
That I would blaze myself.
Amin. Nor let the King
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine honour
Will thrust me into action: that my flesh
Could bear[n] with patience. And it is some ease
To me in these extremes, that I knew this
Before I touched thee; else, had all the sins
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have left one desire: 'tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve
He has dishonoured thee. Give me thy hand:
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close;
'Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floor
I'll rest to-night, that morning visitors
May think we did as married people use:
And, prithee, smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleased

With what we did.

Evad. Fear not; I will do this.

Amin. Come, let us practise; and, as wantonly
As ever longing bride and bridegroom met,
Let's laugh and enter here.

Evad. I am content.

Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled heart!
When we walk thus intwined, let all eyes see
If ever lovers better did agree. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

An Apartment in the House of CALIANAX

Enter ASPATIA, ANTIPHILA, *and* OLYMPIAS

Asp. Away, you are not sad! force it no further.
Good gods, how well you look! Such a full colour
Young bashful brides put on: sure, you are new married!

Ant. Yes, madam, to your grief.

Asp. Alas, poor wenches!
Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves;
Learn to be flattered, and believe and bless
The double tongue that did it; make a faith
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers,
Such as spake truth, and died in't; and, like me,
Believe all faithful, and be miserable.
Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak, Olympias;
Thou hast an easy temper, fit to stamp.

Olym. Never.

Asp. Nor you, Antiphila?

Ant. Nor I.

Asp. Then, my good girls, be more than women, wise;
At least be more than I was; and be sure
You credit any thing the light gives life to,
Before a man. Rather believe the sea
Weeps for the ruined merchant, when he roars;

Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
(Forced by ill fate,) take to your maiden-bosoms
Two dead-cold aspics, and of them make lovers:
They cannot flatter nor forswear; one kiss
Makes a long peace for all. But man. —
Oh, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my girls:
That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
Shows a fine sorrow. — Mark, Antiphila;
Just such another was the nymph Œnone's,[n]
When Paris brought home Helen. — Now, a tear;
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The Carthage-queen, when from a cold sea-rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tied fast her eyes
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear. — Antiphila,
What would this wench do, if she were Aspatia?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turned her to marble. — 'Tis enough, my wench. —
Show me the piece of needlework you wrought.

Ant. Of Ariadne,[n] madam?

Asp. Yes, that piece. —
This should be Theseus; h'as a cozening face. —
You meant him for a man?

Ant. He was so, madam.

Asp. Why, then, 'tis well enough. — Never look back;
You have a full wind and a false heart, Theseus. —
Does not the story say, his keel was split,
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other
Met with his vessel?

Ant. Not as I remember.

Asp. It should ha' been so. Could the gods know this,
And not, of all their number, raise a storm?
But they are all as evil. This false smile
Was well expressed; just such another caught me. —

You shall not go so. —
Antiphila, in this place work a quicksand,
And over it a shallow smiling water,
And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear;
Do that Fear bravely, wench.
Ant. 'Twill wrong the story.
Asp. 'Twill make the story, wronged by wanton poets,
Live long and be believed. But where's the lady?
Ant. There, madam.
Asp. Fie, you have missed it here, Antiphila;
You are much mistaken, wench:
These colours are not dull and pale enough
To show a soul so full of misery
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me,
Do it again by me, the lost Aspatia;
And you shall find all true but the wild island.
Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wild as that desert; and let all about me
Tell that I am forsaken. Do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, Antiphila: strive to make me look
Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks
Groan with continual surges; and behind me,
Make all a desolation. See, see, wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture![n]
Olym. Dear madam!
Asp. I have done. Sit down; and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there.
Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls.

Enter CALIANAX

Cal. The King may do this, and he may not do it:
My child is wronged, disgraced. — Well, how now, huswives?

What, at your ease! is this a time to sit still?
Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll swinge you!
Olym. Nay, good my lord —
Cal. You'll lie down shortly. Get you in, and work!
What, are you grown so rusty you want heats?
We shall have some of the court-boys heat you shortly.
Ant. My lord, we do no more than we are charged:
It is the lady's pleasure we be thus;
In grief she is forsaken.
Cal. There's a rogue too.
A young dissembling slave! — Well, get you in. —
I'll have a bout with that boy.[n] 'Tis high time
Now to be valiant: I confess my youth
Was never prone that way. What, made an ass!
A court-stale! Well, I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these whelps; I will!
And there's another of 'em, a trim cheating soldier;[n]
I'll maul that rascal; h'as out-braved me twice:
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant. —
Go, get you in. — I'll take a course with all. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD

Scene I

Ante-room to Evadne's *Bedchamber*

Enter Cleon, Strato, *and* Diphilus

Cle. Your sister is not up yet.

Diph. Oh, brides must take their morning's rest; the night is troublesome.

Stra. But not tedious.

Diph. What odds, he has not my sister's maidenhead to-night?

Stra. None; it's odds against any bridegroom living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.

Diph. Y'are merry with my sister; you'll please to allow me the same freedom with your mother.

Stra. She's at your service.

Diph. Then she's merry enough of herself; she needs no tickling. Knock at the door.

Stra. We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter; they have the year before them.— Good morrow, sister. Spare yourself to-day; the night will come again.

Enter Amintor

Amin. Who's there? my brother! I'm no readier yet. Your sister is but now up.

Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to-night: I think you ha' not slept.

Amin. I'faith I have not.

Diph. You have done better, then.
Amin. We ventured for a boy; when he is twelve,
A' shall command against the foes of Rhodes.
Shall we be merry?
Stra. You cannot; you want sleep.
Amin. 'Tis true; — [*Aside.*] but she,
As if she had drunk Lethe, or had made
Even with Heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound —
Diph. What's that?
Amin. Your sister frets
This morning, and does turn her eyes upon me,
As people on their headsman. She does chafe,
And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks!
She's in another world.
Diph. Then I had lost: I was about to lay
You had not got her maidenhead to-night.
Amin. [*Aside.*] Ha! does he not mock me? — Y'ad lost indeed;
I do not use to bungle.
Cle. You do deserve her.
Amin. [*Aside.*] I laid my lips to hers, and that wild breath,
That was so rude and rough to me last night,
Was sweet as April. I'll be guilty too,
If these be the effects. —

Enter MELANTIUS

Mel. Good day, Amintor; for to me the name
Of brother is too distant: we are friends,
And that is nearer.
Amin. Dear Melantius!
Let me behold thee. — Is it possible?
Mel. What sudden gaze is this?
Amin. 'Tis wondrous strange!
Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view

Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here
That is not thine.
Amin. I wonder much, Melantius,
To see those noble looks, that make me think
How virtuous thou art: and, on the sudden,
'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour;
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every ill. But —
Mel. Stay, stay, my friend;
I fear this sound will not become our loves:
No more; embrace me.
Amin. Oh, mistake me not!
I know thee to be full of all those deeds
That we frail men call good; but by the course
Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly changed
As are the winds; dissembling as the sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,
Tempting the merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up,
And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all
A' carries on him. — [*Aside.*] Oh, how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts! —
Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature?
Amin. I have wed thy sister, who hath virtuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family; and it is strange
That you should feel no want.
Mel. Believe me, this is compliment too cunning for me.
Diph. What should I be then by the course of nature,
They having both robbed me of so much virtue?
Stra. Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor,
That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes down:
It is the prettiest sport!
Amin. Evadne!
Evad. [*within.*] My lord?
Amin. Come forth, my love:
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.

Evad. [*within.*] I am not ready yet.
Amin. Enough, enough.
Evad. [*within.*] They'll mock me.
Amin. Faith, thou shalt come in.

Enter EVADNE

Mel. Good morrow, sister. He that understands Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy; You have enough: take heed you be not proud.
Diph. Oh, sister, what have you done?
Evad. I done! why, what have I done?
Stra. My lord Amintor swears you are no maid now.
Evad. Push!
Stra. I'faith, he does.
Evad. I knew I should be mocked.
Diph. With a truth.
Evad. If 'twere to do again, in faith I would not marry.
Amin. [*Aside.*] Nor I, by Heaven!—
Diph. Sister, Dula swears she heard you cry two rooms off.
Evad. Fie, how you talk!
Diph. Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth y'are spoiled.
Mel. Amintor—
Amin. Ha!
Mel. Thou art sad.
Amin. Who, I? I thank you for that. Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?
Mel. How!
Amin. Prithee, let's.
Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.
Amin. I'm so lightened with my happiness!— How dost thou, love? kiss me.
Evad. I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.
Amin. Nothing but what becomes us. — Gentlemen,

Would you had all such wives, — [*Aside.*] and all the world,
That I might be no wonder! — Y'are all sad:
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.

Mel. 'Tis well you are so.

Amin. Well! how can I be other, when she looks thus?
Is there no music there? Let's dance.

Mel. Why, this is strange, Amintor!

Amin. I do not know myself; yet I could wish
My joy were less.

Diph. I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.

Evad. Amintor, hark.

Amin. What says my love? — [*Aside.*] I must obey. —

Evad. [*Aside to Amin.*] You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceived.

Cle. My lord, the King is here.

Amin. Where?

Stra. And his brother.

Enter King *and* LYSIPPUS

King. Good morrow, all! —
Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee! —
And, madam, you are altered since I saw you;
(I must salute you) you are now another's.
How liked you your night's rest?

Evad. Ill, sir.

Amin. Indeed she took but little.

Lys. You'll let her take more, and thank her too, shortly.

King. Amintor, wert thou truly honest till thou wert married?

Amin. Yes, sir.

King. Tell me, then, how shows the sport unto thee?

Amin. Why, well.

King. What did you do?

Amin. No more, nor less, than other couples use;
You know what 'tis; it has but a coarse name.
King. But, prithee, I should think, by her black eye,
And her red cheek, she should be quick and stirring
In this same business; ha?
Amin. I cannot tell;
I ne'er tried other, sir; but I perceive
She is as quick as you delivered.
King. Well, you'll trust me then, Amintor,
To choose a wife for you again?
Amin. No, never, sir.
King. Why, like you this so ill?
Amin. So well I like her.
For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,
And unto Heaven will pay my grateful tribute
Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out
A long contented life together here,
And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:
For which the thanks is yours. But if the powers
That rule us please to call her first away,
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife
Worthy to take her room.
King. [*Aside.*] I do not like this. —
All forbear the room, but you, Amintor,
And your lady. I have some speech with you,
That may concern your after living well.
[*Exeunt all but the* King, AMINTOR, *and* EVADNE.
Amin. [*Aside.*] A' will not tell me that he lies with her?
If he do, something heavenly stay my heart,
For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine
To acts unlawful! —
King. You will suffer me
To talk with her, Amintor, and not have
A jealous pang?
Amin. Sir, I dare trust my wife

With whom she dares to talk, and not be jealous. —
King. How do you like Amintor?
Evad. As I did, sir.
King. How's that?
Evad. As one that, to fulfil your will and pleasure,
I have given leave to call me wife and love.
King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin;
They that break word with Heaven will break again
With all the world, and so dost thou with me.
Evad. How, sir?
King. This subtle woman's ignorance
Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oaths,
So great, methought they did not well become
A woman's mouth, that thou wouldst ne'er enjoy
A man but me.
Evad. I never did swear so;
You do me wrong.
King. Day and night have heard it.
Evad. I swore indeed that I would never love
A man of lower place; but, if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your throne: I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet
Touched any other, leprosy light here
Upon my face! which for your royalty
I would not stain!
King. Why, thou dissemblest, and it is in me
To punish thee.
Evad. Why, it is in me, then,
Not to love you, which will more afflict
Your body than your punishment can mine.
King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with thee.
Evad. I ha' not.
King. Impudence! he says himself so.
Evad. A' lies.
King. A' does not.

Evad. By this light, he does,
Strangely and basely! and I'll prove it so:
I did not only shun him for a night,
But told him I would never close with him.
King. Speak lower; 'tis false.
Evad. I am no man
To answer with a blow; or, if I were,
You are the King. But urge me not; 'tis most true.
King. Do not I know the uncontrollèd thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high
With expectation and desire of that
He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain
As this our age hath known? What could he do,
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruin thee for ever, if he had not killed thee?
He could not bear it thus: he is as we,
Or any other wronged man.
Evad. It is dissembling.
King. Take him! farewell: henceforth I am thy foe;
And what disgraces I can blot thee with look for.
Evad. Stay, sir! — Amintor! — You shall hear. — Amintor!
Amin. What, my love?
Evad. Amintor, thou hast an ingenious look,
And shouldst be virtuous: it amazeth me
That thou canst make such base malicious lies!
Amin. What, my dear wife?
Evad. Dear wife! I do despise thee.
Why, nothing can be baser than to sow
Dissension amongst lovers.
Amin. Lovers! who?
Evad. The King and me —
Amin. Oh, God!
Evad. Who should live long, and love without distaste,
Were it not for such pickthanks as thyself.

Did you lie with me? swear now, and be punished
In hell for this!
Amin. The faithless sin I made
To fair Aspatia is not yet revenged;
It follows me. — I will not lose a word
To this vild woman: but to you, my King,
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,
Y' are a tyrant! and not so much to wrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking with him of it.
Evad. Now, sir, see
How loud this fellow lied!
Amin. You that can know to wrong, should know how men
Must right themselves. What punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed?
Is it not death? nor can that satisfy,
Unless I send your limbs through all the land,
To show how nobly I have freed myself.
King. Draw not thy sword; thou knowest I cannot fear
A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the weight
Of this, if thou dost rage.
Amin. The weight of that!
If you have any worth, for Heaven's sake, think
I fear not swords; for, as you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it. But there is
Divinity about you,[n] that strikes dead
My rising passions: as you are my King,
I fall before you, and present my sword
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.
Alas, I am nothing but a multitude
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder you,
I might before the world take the excuse
Of madness: for, compare my injuries,
And they will well appear too sad a weight

For reason to endure: but, fall I first
Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what
I have to say), why did you choose out me
To make thus wretched? there were thousands, fools
Easy to work on, and of state enough,
Within the island.
Evad. I would not have a fool;
It were no credit for me.
Amin. Worse and worse!
Thou, that darest talk unto thy husband thus,
Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,
Resolve to be so still! — It is my fate
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,
To keep that little credit[n] with the world. —
But there were wise ones too; you might have ta'en
Another.
King. No: for I believed thee honest,
As thou wert valiant.
Amin. All the happiness
Bestowed upon me turns into disgrace.
Gods, take your honesty again, for I
Am loaden with it! — Good my lord the King,
Be private in it.
King. Thou mayst live, Amintor,
Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,
And be a means that we may meet in secret.
Amin. A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast! A bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are religious, on another word
Sounded like that; and through a sea of sins
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here and after life upon my soul!
King. Well, I am resolute you lay not with her;
And so I leave you. [*Exit* King.
Evad. You must needs be prating;

And see what follows!
Amin. Prithee, vex me not:
Leave me; I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murther on me.
Evad. I am gone;
I love my life well. [*Exit* EVADNE.
Amin. I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a troth! I should be glad,
If all this tide of grief would make me mad. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

A Room in the Palace

Enter MELANTIUS

Mel. I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,
Or friendship shall be idle.

Enter CALIANAX

Cal. O Melantius,
My daughter will die!
Mel. Trust me, I am sorry:
Would thou hadst ta'en her room!
Cal. Thou art a slave,
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!
Mel. Take heed, old man; thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine offices.
Cal. I am valiant grown
At all these years, and thou art but a slave!
Mel. Leave!
Some company will come, and I respect
Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.
Cal. I'll spoil your mirth:
I mean to fight with thee. There lie, my cloak.

This was my father's sword, and he durst fight.
Are you prepared?
Mel. Why wilt thou dote thyself
Out of thy life? Hence, get thee to bed;
Have careful looking-to, and eat warm things,
And trouble not me: my head is full of thoughts
More weighty than thy life or death can be.
Cal. You have a name in war, where you stand safe
Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man
In single fight. You'll give ground, I fear.
Come draw.
Mel. I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy death
Upon thee with a stroke. There's no one blow,
That thou canst give hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so far, then: the power of earth
Shall not redeem thee. —
Cal. [*Aside.*] I must let him alone;
He's stout and able; and, to say the truth,
However I may set a face and talk,
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testy trick
I had 'mongst cowards, but durst never fight. —
Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life,
If you do stay. —
Cal. [*Aside.*] I would give half my land
That I durst fight with that proud man a little:
If I had men to hold him, I would beat him
Till he asked me mercy. —
Mel. Sir, will you be gone? —
Cal. [*Aside.*] I dare not stay; but I will go home, and beat
My servants all over for this. [*Exit* CALIANAX.
Mel. This old fellow haunts me.
But the distracted carriage of mine Amintor
Takes deeply on me. I will find the cause:
I fear his conscience cries, he wronged Aspatia.

Enter AMINTOR

Amin. [*Aside.*] Men's eyes are not so subtle to perceive
My inward misery: I bear my grief
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched then?
For aught I know, all husbands are like me;
And every one I talk with of his wife
Is but a well dissembler of his woes,
As I am. Would I knew it! for the rareness
Afflicts me now. —

Mel. Amintor, we have not enjoyed our friendship of late; for we were wont to change our souls in talk.

Amin. Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest of Strato and a lady the last day.

Mel. How was't?

Amin. Why, such an odd one!

Mel. I have longed to speak with you; not of an idle jest, that's forced, but of matter you are bound to utter to me.

Amin. What is that, my friend?

Mel. I have observed your words fall from your tongue
Wildly; and all your carriage
Like one that strove to show his merry mood,
When he were ill-disposed: you were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity.
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would
Cover o'er with smiles, and 'twill not be. What is it?

Amin. A sadness here, Melantius! what cause
Can fate provide for me to make me so?
Am I not loved through all this isle? The King
Rains greatness on me. Have I not received
A lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks
Inevitable colour, in her heart
A prison for all virtue? Are not you,

Which is above all joys, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? No; I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were. Faith, marry too;
And you will feel so unexpressed a joy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed
Appear another.
Mel. You may shape, Amintor,
Causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And yourself too; but 'tis not like a friend
To hide your soul from me. 'Tis not your nature
To be thus idle: I have seen you stand
As you were blasted 'midst of all your mirth;
Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy
So coldly! — World, what do I here? a friend
Is nothing. Heaven, I would ha' told that man
My secret sins! I'll search an unknown land,
And there plant friendship; all is withered here.
Come with a compliment! I would have fought,
Or told my friend a' lied, ere soothed him so.
Out of my bosom!
Amin. But there is nothing.
Mel. Worse and worse! farewell:
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.
Amin. Melantius, stay: you shall know what that is.
Mel. See, how you played with friendship! be advised
How you give cause unto yourself to say
You ha' lost a friend.
Amin. Forgive what I ha' done;
For I am so o'ergone with injuries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do, — oh! — oh!
Mel. Do not weep. What is't?
May I once but know the man
Hath turned my friend thus!
Amin. I had spoke at first,
But that —

Mel. But what?
Amin. I held it most unfit
For you to know. Faith, do not know it yet.
Mel. Thou see'st my love, that will keep company
With thee in tears; hide nothing, then, from me;
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine old armour I'll adorn myself,
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotless innocence.
What is it?
Amin. Why, 'tis this — it is too big
To get out — let my tears make way awhile.
Mel. Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he scape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this!
Amin. Your sister —
Mel. Well said.
Amin. You'll wish't unknown, when you have heard it.
Mel. No.
Amin. Is much to blame,
And to the King has given her honour up,
And lives in whoredom with him.
Mel. How is this?
Thou art run mad with injury indeed;
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak again;
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.
Amin. She's wanton: I am loth to say, a whore,
Though it be true.
Mel. Speak yet again, before mine anger grow
Up beyond throwing down: what are thy griefs?
Amin. By all our friendship, these.
Mel. What, am I tame?
After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and stick the brand
Of whore upon my sister, unrevenged?
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,
With what unwillingness I go to scourge

This railer, whom my folly hath called friend! —
I will not take thee basely: thy sword
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance; draw thy sword!
Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high
As the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me ease
Here and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.
Mel. This is base
And fearful. They that use to utter lies
Provide not blows but words to qualify
The men they wronged. Thou hast a guilty cause.
Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
(Which is a passion easier to be borne,)
And I shall then be happy.
Mel. Take, then, more
To raise thine anger: 'tis mere cowardice
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead,
However. But if thou art so much pressed
With guilt and fear as not to dare to fight,
I'll make thy memory loathed, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.
Amin. Then I draw,
As justly as our magistrates their swords
To cut offenders off. I knew before
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,
If I be killed; and, if you fall by me,
I shall not long outlive you.
Mel. Stay awhile. —
The name of friend is more than family,
Or all the world besides: I was a fool.
Thou searching human nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrusts me upon questions that will take

My sleep away! Would I had died, ere known
This sad dishonour! — Pardon me, my friend.
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my sister is a whore,
A leprous one. Put up thy sword, young man.
Amin. How should I bear it, then, she being so?
I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;
And I shall do a foul act on myself
Through these disgraces.
Mel. Better half the land
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor;
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adulterous king,
That drew her to't; where got he the spirit
To wrong me so?
Amin. What is it, then, to me,
If it be wrong to you?
Mel. Why, not so much:
The credit of our house is thrown away.
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,
And hurl him on this king: my honesty
Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes
Of this proud man, and be too glittering
For him to look on.
Amin. I have quite undone my fame.
Mel. Dry up thy watery eyes,
And cast a manly look upon my face;
For nothing is so wild as I thy friend
Till I have freed thee: still this swelling breast
I go thus from thee, and will never cease
My vengeance till I find thy heart at peace.
Amin. It must not be so. Stay. Mine eyes would tell
How loath I am to this; but, love and tears,
Leave me awhile! for I have hazarded

All that this world calls happy. — Thou hast wrought
A secret from me, under name of friend,
Which art could ne'er have found, nor torture wrung
From out my bosom. Give it me again;
For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies,
Hid in the mortal'st part: invent a way
To give it back.

Mel. Why would you have it back?
I will to death pursue him with revenge.

Amin. Therefore I call it back from thee; for I know
Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this,
And shame me to posterity. Take to thy weapon.

Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.

Amin. I will not hear: but draw, or I —

Mel. Amintor!

Amin. Draw, then; for I am full as resolute
As fame and honour can enforce me be:
I cannot linger. Draw!

Mel. I do. But is not
My share of credit equal with thine,
If I do stir?

Amin. No; for it will be called
Honour in thee to spill thy sister's blood,
If she her birth abuse, and on the King
A brave revenge; but on me, that have walked
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful cuckold. Oh, that word! Be quick.

Mel. Then, join with me.

Amin. I dare not do a sin, or else I would.
Be speedy.

Mel. Then, dare not fight with me; for that's a sin. —
His grief distracts him. — Call thy thoughts again,
And to thyself pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will work. I will not fight.

Amin. You must.

Mel. I will be killed first. Though my passions
Offered the like to you, 'tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile,
For you are (I must weep when I speak that)
Almost besides yourself.
Amin. Oh, my soft temper!
So many sweet words from thy sister's mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her to
Embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do. Yet have a care
Of me in what thou dost.
Mel. Why, thinks my friend
I will forget his honour? or, to save
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,
And fear to touch the throne of majesty?
Amin. A curse will follow that; but rather live
And suffer with me.
Mel. I will do what worth
Shall bid me, and no more.
Amin. Faith, I am sick,
And desperately, I hope; yet, leaning thus,
I feel a kind of ease.
Mel. Come, take again
Your mirth about you.
Amin. I shall never do't.
Mel. I warrant you; look up; we'll walk together;
Put thine arm here; all shall be well again.
Amin. Thy love (oh, wretched!), ay, thy love, Melantius;
Why, I have nothing else.
Mel. Be merry, then. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter MELANTIUS

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself; but I have cherished him
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me,

To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;
My heart will never fail me. —

Enter DIPHILUS

Diphilus!
Thou com'st as sent.[n]
Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.
Mel. Betwixt whom?
Diph. Why, our sister and the King;
I thought their spleens would break; they laughed us all
Out of the room.
Mel. They must weep, Diphilus.
Diph. Must they?
Mel. They must.
Thou art my brother; and, if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.
Diph. You should not; I would first
Mangle myself and find it.
Mel. That was spoke
According to our strain. Come, join thy hands,
And swear a firmness to what project I
Shall lay before thee.
Diph. You do wrong us both;
People hereafter shall not say, there passed
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.
Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish.
Anon I'll tell you wonders; we are wronged.
Diph. But I will tell you now, we'll right ourselves.
Mel. Stay not: prepare the armour in my house;
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it, haste! —
[*Exit* DIPHILUS.
I hope my cause is just; I know my blood

Tells me it is; and I will credit it.
To take revenge, and lose myself withal,
Were idle; and to scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which (misery!)
Remaining in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax — but I must have it. See,

Re-enter CALIANAX

Where he comes shaking by me! — Good my lord,
Forget your spleen to me; I never wronged you,
But would have peace with every man.
Cal. 'Tis well;
If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.
Mel. Y'are touchy without all cause.
Cal. Do, mock me.
Mel. By mine honour, I speak truth.
Cal. Honour! where is't?
Mel. See, what starts you make
Into your idle hatred to my love
And freedom to you.
I come with resolution to obtain
A suit of you.
Cal. A suit of me!
'Tis very like it should be granted, sir.
Mel. Nay, go not hence:
'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort,
And I would wish you, by the love you ought
To bear unto me, to deliver it
Into my hands.
Cal. I am in hope thou art mad to talk to me thus.
Mel. But there is a reason to move you to it:
I would kill the King, that wronged you and your daughter.
Cal. Out, traitor!
Mel. Nay, but stay: I cannot scape,
The deed once done, without I have this fort.
Cal. And should I help thee?

Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself.
Mel. Come, delay me not;
Give me a sudden answer, or already
Thy last is spoke! refuse not offered love,
When it comes clad in secrets.
Cal. [*Aside.*] If I say
I will not, he will kill me; I do see't
Writ in his looks; and should I say I will,
He'll run and tell the King. — I do not shun
Your friendship, dear Melantius; but this cause
Is weighty: give me but an hour to think.
Mel. Take it. — [*Aside.*] I know this goes unto the King;
But I am armed. — [*Exit* MELANTIUS.
Cal. Methinks I feel myself
But twenty now again. This fighting fool
Wants policy: I shall revenge my girl,
And make her red again. I pray my legs
Will last that pace that I will carry them:
I shall want breath before I find the King. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH

Scene I

An Apartment of Evadne

Enter Evadne *and* Ladies: *to them* Melantius

Mel. Save you!
Evad. Save you, sweet brother!
Mel. In my blunt eye, methinks, you look, Evadne.[n]
Evad. Come, you would make me blush.
Mel. I would, Evadne;
I shall displease my ends else.
Evad. You shall, if you commend me; I am bashful.
Come, sir, how do I look?
Mel. I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you; 'tis not seemly.
Evad. Go wait me in the gallery. — [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now speak.
Mel. I'll lock your doors first.
Evad. Why?
Mel. I will not have your gilded things, that dance
In visitation with their Milan skins,[n]
Choke up my business.
Evad. You are strangely disposed, sir.
Mel. Good madam, not to make you merry.
Evad. No; if you praise me, 'twill make me sad.
Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.
Evad. Brother, the court has made you witty,
And learn to riddle.
Mel. I praise the court for't: has it learnt you nothing?
Evad. Me!

Mel. Ay, Evadne; thou art young and handsome,
A lady of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Choose but inflame a kingdom.
Evad. Gentle brother!
Mel. 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,
To make me gentle.
Evad. How is this?
Mel. 'Tis base;
And I could blush, at these years, thorough all
My honoured scars, to come to such a parley.
Evad. I understand ye not.
Mel. You dare not, fool!
They that commit thy faults fly the remembrance.
Evad. My faults, sir! I would have you know, I care not
If they were written here, here in my forehead.
Mel. Thy body is too little for the story;
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her.
Evad. This is saucy:
Look you intrude no more; there lies your way.
Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
Till I find truth out.
Evad. What truth is that you look for?
Mel. Thy long-lost honour. Would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand
One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.
Evad. How, sir!
Where got you this report?
Mel. Where there was people,
In every place.
Evad. They and the seconds of it are base people:
Believe them not, they lied.

Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not, wretch!
I come to know that desperate fool that drew thee
From thy fair life: be wise, and lay him open.
Evad. Unhand me, and learn manners! such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.
Mel. Quench me this mighty humour, and then tell me
Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honours perish but I'll find him,
Though he lie locked up in thy blood! Be sudden;
There is no facing it; and be not flattered;
The burnt air, when the Dog reigns,[n] is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.
Evad. Begone! you are my brother; that's your safety.
Mel. I'll be a wolf first: 'tis, to be thy brother,
An infamy below the sin of coward.
I am as far from being part of thee
As thou art from thy virtue: seek a kindred
'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother;
A goat is cooler. . Will you tell me yet?
Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you
I'll ha' you whipped. Get you to your command,
And there preach to your sentinels, and tell them
What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at you.
Mel. Y'are grown a glorious whore! Where be your fighters?
What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive! By my just sword, h'ad safer
Bestrid a billow when the angry North
Ploughs up the sea, or made Heaven's fire his foe!
Work me no higher. Will you discover yet?
Evad. The fellow's mad. Sleep, and speak sense.
Mel. Force my swoln heart no further: I would save thee.
Your great maintainers are not here, they dare not:
Would they were all, and armed! I would speak loud;

Here's one should thunder to 'em! Will you tell me?—
Thou hast no hope to scape: he that dares most,
And damns away his soul to do thee service,
Will sooner snatch meat from a hungry lion
Than come to rescue thee; thou hast death about thee;—
He has undone thine honour, poisoned thy virtue,
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker.
Evad. Let me consider.
Mel. Do, whose child thou wert,
Whose honour thou hast murdered, whose grave opened
And so pulled on the gods, that in their justice
They must restore him flesh again and life,
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal.
Evad. The gods are not of my mind; they had better
Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'll stink here.
Mel. Do you raise mirth out of my easiness?
Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,
That make men women! Speak, you whore, speak truth,
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,
This sword shall be thy lover! tell, or I'll kill thee;
And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.
Evad. You will not murder me?
Mel. No; 'tis a justice, and a noble one,
To put the light out of such base offenders.
Evad. Help!
Mel. By thy foul self, no human help shall help thee,
If thou criest! When I have killed thee, as I
Have vowed to do if thou confess not, naked,
As thou hast left thine honour, will I leave thee;
That on thy branded flesh the world may read
Thy black shame and my justice. Wilt thou bend yet?
Evad. Yes.
Mel. Up, and begin your story.
Evad. Oh, I
Am miserable!

Mel. 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth still.
Evad. I have offended: noble sir, forgive me!
Mel. With what secure slave?
Evad. Do not ask me, sir;
Mine own remembrance is a misery
Too mighty for me.
Mel. Do not fall back again; my sword's unsheathèd yet.
Evad. What shall I do?
Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.
Evad. I dare not tell.
Mel. Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.
Evad. Will you forgive me, then?
Mel. Stay; I must ask mine honour first.
I have too much foolish nature in me: speak.
Evad. Is there none else here?
Mel. None but a fearful conscience; that's too many. Who is't?
Evad. Oh, hear me gently! It was the King.
Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my services
Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank thee!
For all my dangers and my wounds thou hast paid me
In my own metal: these are soldiers' thanks! —
How long have you lived thus, Evadne?
Evad. Too long.
Mel. Too late you find it. Can you be sorry?
Evad. Would I were half as blameless!
Mel. Evadne, thou wilt to thy trade again.
Evad. First to my grave.
Mel. Would gods thou hadst been so blest!
Dost thou not hate this King now? prithee hate him:
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee, curse him;
Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him
To thy just wishes. Yet I fear, Evadne,
You had rather play your game out.
Evad. No; I feel
Too many sad confusions here, to let in

Any loose flame hereafter.

Mel. Dost thou not feel, amongst all those, one brave anger,
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm
To kill this base king?

Evad. All the gods forbid it!

Mel. No, all the gods require it; they are
Dishonoured in him.

Evad. 'Tis too fearful.

Mel. Y'are valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and have your madam's name
Discourse for grooms and pages; and hereafter,
When his cool majesty hath laid you by,
To be at pension with some needy sir
For meat and coarser clothes: thus far you know
No fear. Come, you shall kill him.

Evad. Good sir!

Mel. An 'twere to kiss him dead, thou'dst smother him:
Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and know
What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of all successions, and in this great ruin
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to help me,
When I call thee to it; or, by all
Holy in Heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy hands,
And, both to Heaven held up, swear, by that wealth
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let his foul soul out.

Evad. Here I swear it;
And, all you spirits of abusèd ladies,
Help me in this performance!

Mel. Enough. This must be known to none
But you and I,[n] Evadne; not to your lord,

Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action
As the most daring, ay, as far as justice.
Ask me not why. Farewell. [*Exit.*
Evad. Would I could say so to my black disgrace!
Oh, where have I been all this time? how friended,
That I should lose myself thus desperately,
And none for pity show me how I wandered?
There is not in the compass of the light
A more unhappy creature: sure, I am monstrous;
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
Would dare a woman. Oh, my loaded soul,
Be not so cruel to me; choke not up
The way to my repentance!

Enter AMINTOR

Oh, my lord!
Amin. How now?
Evad. My much-abusèd lord! [*Kneels.*
Amin. This cannot be!
Evad. I do not kneel to live; I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,
Though I appear with all my faults.
Amin. Stand up.
This is a new way to beget more sorrows:
Heaven knows I have too many. Do not mock me:
Though I am tame, and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,
Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage: prithee, do not mock me.
Evad. My whole life is so leprous, it infects
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,
Though at the highest set; even with my life:
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed.
Amin. Sure, I dazzle:

There cannot be a faith in that foul woman,
That knows no god more mighty than her mischiefs.
Thou dost still worse, still number on thy faults,
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of virtue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin
Known, and so known as thine is? O Evadne,
Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance! but I must not:
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Only remembering that I grieve.

Evad. My lord,
Give me your griefs: you are an innocent,
A soul as white as Heaven; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my tears,
(As all say women can,) or to make less
What my hot will hath done, which Heaven and you
Know to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from man's remembrance; no, I do not;
I do appear the same, the same Evadne,
Dressed in the shames I lived in, the same monster.
But these are names of honour to what I am;
I do present myself the foulest creature,
Most poisonous, dangerous, and despised of men,
Lerna[n] e'er bred or Nilus. I am hell,
Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness; I am soul-sick,
And wither with the fear of one condemned,
Till I have got your pardon.

Amin. Rise, Evadne.
Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:

Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice
To all ensuing ages, if thou play'st
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.[n]

Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless. All the creatures,
Made for Heaven's honours, have their ends, and good ones
All but the cozening crocodiles, false women:
They reign here like those plagues, those killing sores,
Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
Ill told and unbelieved, they pass away,
And go to dust forgotten. But, my lord,
Those short days I shall number to my rest
(As many must not see me) shall, though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,
Since I can do no good, because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it:
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep,
Till I am water.

Amin. I am now dissolved;
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that devil-king tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star. Give me thy hand:
From this time I will know thee; and, as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happy days:
My charity shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should ha' killed thee, but this sweet repentance
Locks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiss thee —

The last kiss we must take: and would to Heaven
The holy priest that gave our hands together
Had given us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;
The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care
My honour falls no farther: I am well, then.
Evad. All the dear joys here, and above hereafter,
Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave, my lord;
And never shall you see the foul Evadne,
Till she have tried all honoured means, that may
Set her in rest and wash her stains away.
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II

A Hall in the Palace

A Banquet spread. Hautboys play within. Enter King *and* CALIANAX

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you, that are his enemy.
Cal. I am sure
He said it to me; and I'll justify it
What way he dares oppose — but with my sword.
King. But did he break, without all circumstance,
To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,
To kill me, and then scape?
Cal. If he deny it,
I'll make him blush:
King. It sounds incredibly.
Cal. Ay, so does every thing I say of late.
King. Not so, Calianax.
Cal. Yes, I should sit
Mute whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.
King. Well, I will try him; and, if this be true,
I'll pawn my life I'll find it; if 't be false,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter dote in your own house,

Not in the court.

Cal. Why, if it be a lie,
Mine ears are false, for I'll be sworn I heard it.
Old men are good for nothing: you were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning it. You would a trusted me
Once, but the time is altered.

King. And will still,
Where I may do with justice to the world:
You have no witness.

Cal. Yes, myself.

King. No more,
I mean, there were that heard it.

Cal. How? no more!
Would you have more? why, am not I enough
To hang a thousand rogues?

King. But so you may
Hang honest men too, if you please.

Cal. I may!
'Tis like I will do so: there are a hundred
Will swear it for a need too, if I say it —

King. Such witnesses we need not.

Cal. And 'tis hard
If my word cannot hang a boisterous knave.

King. Enough. — Where's Strato?

Enter STRATO

Stra. Sir?

King. Why, where's all the company? Call Amintor in;
Evadne. Where's my brother, and Melantius?
Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all
That are without there. — [*Exit* STRATO.
If he should desire
The combat of you, 'tis not in the power
Of all our laws to hinder it, unless
We mean to quit 'em.[n]

Cal. Why, if you do think
'Tis fit an old man and a councillor
To fight for what he says, then you may grant it.

Enter AMINTOR, EVADNE, MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, *and* DIAGORAS

King. Come, sirs! — Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroom,
And I will use thee so; thou shalt sit down. —
Evadne, sit; — and you, Amintor, too;
This banquet is for you, sir. — Who has brought
A merry tale about him, to raise laughter
Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,
When I desire 'em not.

Stra. 'Tis my ill luck, sir, so to spend them, then.

King. Reach me a bowl of wine. — Melantius, thou
Art sad.

Mel. I should be, sir, the merriest here,
But I ha' ne'er a story of mine own
Worth telling at this time.

King. Give me the wine. —
Melantius, I am now considering
How easy 'twere for any man we trust
To poison one of us in such a bowl.

Mel. I think it were not hard, sir, for a knave.

Cal. [*Aside.*] Such as you are.

King. I' faith, 'twere easy. It becomes us well
To get plain-dealing men about ourselves,
Such as you all are here. — Amintor, to thee;
And to thy fair Evadne! [*Drinks.*

Mel. [*Apart to* CAL.] Have you thought
Of this, Calianax?

Cal. Yes, marry, have I.

Mel. And what's your resolution?

Cal. Ye shall have it, —

[*Aside.*] Soundly, I warrant you.

King. Reach to Amintor, Strato.

Amin. Here, my love;

[*Drinks, and then hands the cup to* EVADNE.

This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, till thou dost
A fault, 'twere pity.

King. Yet I wonder much
At the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state:
He could not scape that did it.

Mel. Were he known, unpossible.

King. It would be known, Melantius.

Mel. It ought to be. If he got then away,
He must wear all our lives upon his sword:
He need not fly the island; he must leave
No one alive.

King. No; I should think no man
Could kill me, and scape clear, but that old man.

Cal. But I! Heaven bless me! I! should I, my liege?

King. I do not think thou wouldst; but yet thou mightst,
For thou hast in thy hands the means to scape,
By keeping of the fort. — He has, Melantius,
And he has kept it well.

Mel. From cobwebs, sir,
'Tis clean swept: I can find no other art
In keeping of it now: 'twas ne'er besieged
Since he commanded.

Cal. I shall be sure
Of your good word: but I have kept it safe
From such as you.

Mel. Keep your ill temper in:
I speak no malice; had my brother kept it,
I should ha' said as much.

King. You are not merry.

Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still. — Calianax,
[*Apart to him.*
I cannot trust this: I have thrown out words,
That would have fetched warm blood upon the cheeks
Of guilty men, and he is never moved;
He knows no such thing.
Cal. Impudence may scape,
When feeble virtue is accused.
King. A' must,
If he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:
You see he does not.
Cal. Let him hang himself:
What care I what he does? this he did say.
King. Melantius, you can easily conceive
What I have meant; for men that are in fault
Can subtly apprehend when others aim
At what they do amiss: but I forgive
Freely before this man, — Heaven do so too!
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame
Of telling it. Let it be so no more.
Cal. Why, this is very fine!
Mel. I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean; but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault.
But let me know it: happily 'tis nought
But misconstruction; and, where I am clear,
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,
Much less of you.
King. Nay, if you stand so stiff,
I shall call back my mercy.
Mel. I want smoothness
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime
I never knew.
King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to show you
My ears are every where; you meant to kill me,
And get the fort to scape.

Mel. Pardon me, sir;
My bluntness will be pardoned. You preserve
A race of idle people here about you,
Facers and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those that do things worthy. The man that uttered this
Had perished without food, be't who it will,
But for this arm, that fenced him from the foe:
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainness of my nature would speak more.
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)
To kill him that spake this.
Cal. [*Aside.*] Ay, that will be
The end of all: then I am fairly paid
For all my care and service. —
Mel. That old man,
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet, I think, excuse me,
And swear he thought me wronged in this.
Cal. Who, I?
Thou shameless fellow! didst thou not speak to me
Of it thyself?
Mel. Oh, then, it came from him!
Cal. From me! who should it come from but from me?
Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough:
But I ha' lost my anger. — Sir, I hope
You are well satisfied.
King. Lysippus, cheer
Amintor and his lady: there's no sound
Comes from you; I will come and do't myself.
Amin. [*Aside.*] You have done already, sir, for me, I thank you.
King. Melantius, I do credit this from him,
How slight soe'er you make't.
Mel. 'Tis strange you should.
Cal. 'Tis strange he should believe an old man's word,

That never lied in's life!

Mel. I talk not to thee. —
Shall the wild words of this distempered man,
Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your majesty and me? 'Twas wrong
To hearken to him; but to credit him,
As much at least as I have power to bear.
But pardon me — whilst I speak only truth,
I may commend myself — I have bestowed
My careless blood[n] with you, and should be loath
To think an action that would make me lose
That and my thanks too. When I was a boy,
I thrust myself into my country's cause,
And did a deed that plucked five years from time,
And styled me man then. And for you, my King,
Your subjects all have fed by virtue of
My arm: this sword of mine hath ploughed the ground,
And reaped the fruit in peace;
And you yourself have lived at home in ease.
So terrible I grew, that without swords
My name hath fetched you conquest: and my heart
And limbs are still the same; my will as great
To do you service. Let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.

King. Melantius,
I held it great injustice to believe
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,
I do not; let that satisfy. — What, struck
With sadness all? More wine!

Cal. A few fine words
Have overthrown my truth. Ah, th'art a villain!

Mel. Why, thou wert better let me have the fort: [*Apart to him.*
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever;
There shall no credit lie upon thy words:
Think better, and deliver it.

Cal. My liege,

He's at me now again to do it. — Speak;
Deny it, if thou canst. — Examine him
Whilst he is hot, for, if he cool again,
He will forswear it.
King. This is lunacy,
I hope, Melantius.
Mel. He hath lost himself
Much, since his daughter missed the happiness
My sister gained; and, though he call me foe,
I pity him.
Cal. Pity! a pox upon you!
Mel. Mark his disordered words: and at the masque
Diagoras knows he raged and railed at me,
And called a lady "whore," so innocent
She understood him not. But it becomes
Both you and me too to forgive distraction:
Pardon him, as I do.
Cal. I'll not speak for thee,
For all thy cunning. — If you will be safe,
Chop off his head; for there was never known
So impudent a rascal.
King. Some, that love him,
Get him to bed. Why, pity should not let
Age make itself contemptible; we must be
All old. Have him away.
Mel. Calianax,
The King believes you: come, you shall go home,
And rest; you ha' done well. [*Apart to him.*] — You'll give it up,
When I have used you thus a month, I hope. —
Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain, sir; he does move me still:
He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort,
When he has used me thus a month. I am mad,
Am I not, still?
All. Ha, ha, ha!
Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus.
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there,

That has no virtue in him, (all's in his sword)
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,
And he's an ass; and I am a very fool,
Both with 'em and without 'em, as you use me.
All. Ha, ha, ha!
King. 'Tis well, Calianax: but if you use
This once again, I shall entreat some other
To see your offices be well discharged. —
Be merry, gentlemen. — It grows somewhat late. —
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.
Amin. Yes, sir.
King. And you, Evadne. — Let me take
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe
Thou art, as thou deservest to be, my friend
Still and for ever. — Good Calianax,
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself.
[*Exeunt all except* MELANTIUS *and* CALIANAX.
Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now, I hope;
I could not be thus else. — How darest thou stay
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?
Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, and that's
The strongest part you have about you.
Cal. I
Do look for some great punishment for this;
For I begin to forget all my hate,
And take't unkindly that mine enemy
Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.
Mel. I shall melt too, if you begin to take
Unkindnesses: I never meant you hurt.
Cal. Thou'lt anger me again. Thou wretched rogue,
Meant me no hurt! disgrace me with the King!
Lose all my offices! This is no hurt,
Is it? I prithee, what dost thou call hurt?
Mel. To poison men, because they love me not;
To call the credit of men's wives in question;
To murder children betwixt me and land;[n]
This I call hurt.

Cal. All this thou think'st is sport;
For mine is worse: but use thy will with me;
For betwixt grief and anger I could cry.
Mel. Be wise, then, and be safe; thou may'st revenge.
Cal. Ay, o' the King: I would revenge of thee.
Mel. That you must plot yourself.
Cal. I am a fine plotter.
Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the King
In this perplexity, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave:
But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,
I'll take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers: thou shalt hold
Thy wonted state.
Cal. If I should tell the King,
Canst thou deny't again?
Mel. Try, and believe.
Cal. Nay, then, thou canst bring any thing about.
Melantius, thou shalt have the fort.
Mel. Why, well.
Here let our hate be buried; and this hand
Shall right us both. Give me thy agèd breast
To compass.
Cal. Nay, I do not love thee yet;
I cannot well endure to look on thee;
And if I thought it were a courtesy,
Thou shouldst not have it. But I am disgraced;
My offices are to be ta'en away;
And, if I did but hold this fort a day,
I do believe the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried.
Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing in't I told him of,
And that I was an honest man.
Mel. He'll buy
That knowledge very dearly. —

Re-enter DIPHILUS

Diphilus,
What news with thee?
Diph. This were a night indeed
To do it in: the King hath sent for her.
Mel. She shall perform it, then. — Go, Diphilus,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The fort; he'll give it thee.
Diph. Ha' you got that?
Cal. Art thou of the same breed? canst thou deny
This to the King too?
Diph. With a confidence
As great as his.
Cal. Faith, like enough.
Mel. Away, and use him kindly.
Cal. Touch not me;
I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;
And hang yourselves.
Mel. Begone.
Diph. He's finely wrought.
[*Exeunt* CALIANAX *and* DIPHILUS.
Mel. This is a night, spite of astronomers,
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain
That rests upon our house off with his blood.

Re-enter AMINTOR

Amin. Melantius, now assist me: if thou be'st
That which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage
So pleasing! Help me.
Mel. [*Aside.*] Who can see him thus,
And not swear vengeance? — What's the matter, friend?
Amin. Out with thy sword; and, hand in hand with me,

Rush to the chamber of this hated King,
And sink him with the weight of all his sins
To hell for ever.
Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safety. Let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.
Amin. If thou refusest me in these extremes,
Thou art no friend. He sent for her to me;
By Heaven, to me, myself! and, I must tell ye,
I love her as a stranger: there is worth
In that vild woman, worthy things, Melantius;
And she repents. I'll do't myself alone,
Though I be slain. Farewell.
Mel. He'll overthrow
My whole design with madness. — Amintor,
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as valour;
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, Amintor,
With whom thou fightest! — [*Aside.*] I know he's honest,
And this will work with him. —
Amin. I cannot tell
What thou hast said; but thou hast charmed my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here,
Defenceless.
Mel. I will take it up for thee.
Amin. What a wild beast is uncollected man!
The thing that we call honour bears us all
Headlong unto sin, and yet itself is nothing.
Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!
Amin. Just like my fortunes. I was run to that
I purposed to have chid thee for. Some plot,
I did distrust, thou hadst against the King,
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;
There's not the least limb growing to a king
But carries thunder in it.
Mel. I have none

Against him.

Amin. Why, come, then; and still remember
We may not think revenge.

Mel. I will remember. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH

Scene I

A Room in the Palace

Enter Evadne *and a* Gentleman *of the Bedchamber*

Evad. Sir, is the King a-bed?
Gent. Madam, an hour ago.
Evad. Give me the key, then; and let none be near;
'Tis the King's pleasure.
Gent. I understand you, madam; would 'twere mine!
I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.
Evad. You talk, you talk.
Gent. 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the King
Will wake, and then, methinks —
Evad. Saving your imagination, pray, good night, sir.
Gent. A good night be it, then, and a long one, madam.
I am gone. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II

The Bedchamber. The King *discovered in bed, asleep*

Enter Evadne

Evad. The night grows horrible; and all about me
Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience
Of a lost virtue, whither wilt thou pull me?
To what things dismal as the depth of hell
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare
From this hour be disloyal, if her heart be flesh,

If she have blood, and can fear. 'Tis a daring
Above that desperate fool's[n] that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight: 'tis so many sins,
An age cannot repent 'em; and so great,
The gods want mercy for. Yet I must through 'em:
I have begun a slaughter on my honour,
And I must end it there. — A' sleeps. O God,
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast,
That hath so long transgressed you? I must kill him,
And I will do it bravely: the mere joy
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not
Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps — that were
To rock him to another world; my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments:
I'll shape his sins like Furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience,
And then I'll strike him dead. King, by your leave;
[*Ties his arms to the bed.*
I dare not trust your strength; your grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more.
So, if he rail me not from my resolution,
I shall be strong enough. —
My lord the King! — My lord! — A' sleeps,
As if he meant to wake no more. — My lord! —
Is he not dead already? Sir! my lord!

King. Who's that?

Evad. Oh, you sleep soundly, sir!

King. My dear Evadne,
I have been dreaming of thee: come to bed.

Evad. I am come at length, sir; but how welcome?

King. What pretty new device is this, Evadne?
What, do you tie me to you? By my love,
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and kiss me;
I'll be thy Mars; to bed, my queen of love:
Let us be caught together, that the gods may see
And envy our embraces.

Evad. Stay, sir, stay;
You are too hot, and I have brought you physic
To temper your high veins.
King. Prithee, to bed, then; let me take it warm;
There thou shalt know the state of my body better.
Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul body;
And you must bleed.
King. Bleed!
Evad. Ay, you shall bleed. Lie still; and, if the devil,
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This steel
Comes to redeem the honour that you stole,
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.
King. How's this, Evadne?
Evad. I am not she; nor bear I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be called a woman:
I am a tiger; I am any thing
That knows not pity. Stir not: if thou dost,
I'll take thee unprepared, thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double, and so send thee
(By my revenge, I will!) to look those torments
Prepared for such black souls.
King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis impossible;
Thou art too sweet and gentle.
Evad. No, I am not:
I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I was once fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul canker,
(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of virtue,
Till your cursed court and you (Hell bless you for't)
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honour; for which, King,
I am come to kill thee.
King. No!
Evad. I am.
King. Thou art not!

I prithee speak not these things: thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.
Evad. Peace, and hear me.
Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessèd fires[n] that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too; which, being past my steel,
My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless villain;
A thing out of the overcharge of nature,
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching women; such a tyrant,
That for his lust would sell away his subjects,
Ay, all his Heaven hereafter!
King. Hear, Evadne,
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy King.
Evad. Thou art my shame! Lie still; there's none about you,
Within your cries; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou foul man,
Thus I begin my vengeance! [*Stabs him.*
King. Hold, Evadne!
I do command thee hold!
Evad. I do not mean, sir,
To part so fairly with you; we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.
King. What bloody villain
Provoked thee to this murder?
Evad. Thou, thou monster!
King. Oh!
Evad. Thou kept'st me brave at court, and whored me, King;
Then married me to a young noble gentleman,
And whored me still.
King. Evadne, pity me!
Evad. Hell take me, then! This for my lord Amintor.

This for my noble brother! and this stroke
For the most wronged of women! [*Kills him.*

King. Oh! I die.

Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive thee. [*Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen *of the Bedchamber*

1*st Gent.* Come, now she's gone, let's enter; the King expects it, and will be angry.

2*nd Gent.* 'Tis a fine wench; we'll have a snap at her one of these nights, as she goes from him.

1*st Gent.* Content. How quickly he had done with her! I see kings can do no more that way than other mortal people.

2*nd Gent.* How fast he is! I cannot hear him breathe.

1*st Gent.* Either the tapers give a feeble light,
Or he looks very pale.

2*nd Gent.* And so he does:
Pray Heaven he be well! let's look. — Alas!
He's stiff, wounded, and dead! Treason, treason!

1*st Gent.* Run forth and call.

2*nd Gent.* Treason, treason! [*Exit.*

1*st Gent.* This will be laid on us: who can believe
A woman could do this?

Enter CLEON *and* LYSIPPUS

Cleon. How now! where's the traitor?

1*st Gent.* Fled, fled away; but there her woeful act
Lies still.

Cleon. Her act! a woman!

Lys. Where's the body?

1*st Gent.* There.

Lys. Farewell, thou worthy man! There were two bonds
That tied our loves, a brother and a king,
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears;

But such the misery of greatness is,
They have no time to mourn; then, pardon me!

Enter STRATO

Sirs, which way went she?
Stra. Never follow her;
For she, alas! was but the instrument.
News is now brought in, that Melantius
Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall,
And with a loud voice calls those few that pass
At this dead time of night, delivering
The innocence of this act.
Lys. Gentlemen, I am your King.
Stra. We do acknowledge it.
Lys. I would I were not! Follow, all; for this
Must have a sudden stop. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Before the Citadel

Enter MELANTIUS, DIPHILUS, *and* CALIANAX, *on the walls*

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am armed,
(Be constant, Diphilus,) now we have time
Either to bring our banished honours home,
Or create new ones in our ends.
Diph. I fear not;
My spirit lies not that way. — Courage, Calianax!
Cal. Would I had any! you should quickly know it.
Mel. Speak to the people; thou art eloquent.
Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows:
You were born to be my end; the devil take you!
Now must I hang for company. 'Tis strange,
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter LYSIPPUS, CLEON, STRATO, DIAGORAS, *and* Guard

Lys. See where he stands, as boldly confident
As if he had his full command about him!
Stra. He looks as if he had the better cause, sir;
Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it.
Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward
To all great things, to all things of that danger
Worse men shake at the telling of, yet certainly
I do believe him noble, and this action
Rather pulled on than sought: his mind was ever
As worthy as his hand.
Lys. 'Tis my fear too.
Heaven forgive all! — Summon him, lord Cleon.
Cle. Ho, from the walls there!
Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome:
We could a wished you here, lord; you are honest.
Cal. [*Aside.*] Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though I dare not tell thee so —
Lys. Melantius!
Mel. Sir?
Lys. I am sorry that we meet thus; our old love
Never required such distance. Pray to Heaven,
You have not left yourself, and sought this safety
More out of fear than honour! You have lost
A noble master; which your faith, Melantius,
Some think might have preserved: yet you know best.
Cal. [*Aside.*] When time was,[n] I was mad: some that dares fight,
I hope will pay this rascal.
Mel. Royal young man, those tears look lovely on thee:
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments. Thy brother,
Whilst he was good, I called him King, and served him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour,

Pulled people from the farthest sun to seek him,
And beg his friendship: I was then his soldier.
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust,
(That never-cured dishonour of my sister,
Base stain of whore, and, which is worse,
The joy to make it still so,) like myself,
Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance;
And stand here mine own justice, to revenge
What I have suffered in him, and this old man
Wrongèd almost to lunacy.
Cal. Who, I?
You would draw me in. I have had no wrong;
I do disclaim ye all.
Mel. The short is this.
'Tis no ambition to lift up myself
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be free:
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly town. Be speedy, and be wise,
In a reply.
Stra. Be sudden, sir, to tie
All up again. What's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands
That wait for such a troubled hour as this.
Throw him the blank.[n]
Lys. Melantius, write in that thy choice:
My seal is at it.
Mel. It was our honours drew us to this act,
Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.
Cal. Put my name in too.
Diph. You disclaimed us all, but now, Calianax.
Cal. That is all one;
I'll not be hanged hereafter by a trick:
I'll have it in.
Mel. You shall, you shall. —
Come to the back gate, and we'll call you King,

And give you up the fort.

Lys. Away, away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Ante-room to AMINTOR'S *Apartments*

Enter ASPATIA, *in man's apparel* [*and with artificial scars on her face*]

Asp. This is my fatal hour. Heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me that will never let me rest,
And put a woman's heart into my breast.
It is more honour for you that I die;
For she that can endure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too,
May live and laugh at all that you can do.

Enter Servant

God save you, sir!

Ser. And you, sir! What's your business?

Asp. With you, sir, now; to do me the fair office
To help me to your lord.

Ser. What, would you serve him?

Asp. I'll do him any service; but, to haste,[n]
For my affairs are earnest, I desire
To speak with him.

Ser. Sir, because you are in such haste, I would be loath
Delay you longer: you can not.

Asp. It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.

Ser. Sir, he will speak with nobody;
But in particular,[n] I have in charge,
About no weighty matters.

Asp. This is most strange.

Art thou gold-proof? there's for thee; help me to him.
[*Gives money.*

Ser. Pray be not angry, sir: I'll do my best. [*Exit.*

Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answered me!
There is a vild dishonest trick in man,
More than in woman. All the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are harsh and rude,
And have a subtilty in every thing,
Which love could never know; but we fond women
Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts,
And think all shall go so. It is unjust
That men and women should be matched together.

Enter AMINTOR *and his* Man

Amin. Where is he?

Ser. There, my lord.

Amin. What would you, sir?

Asp. Please it your lordship to command your man
Out of the room, I shall deliver things
Worthy your hearing.

Amin. Leave us. [*Exit* Servant.

Asp. [*Aside.*] Oh, that that shape
Should bury falsehood in it!—

Amin. Now your will, sir.

Asp. When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess
My business; and I am not hard to know;
For, till the chance of war marked this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sister's picture, and her mine. In short,
I am brother to the wronged Aspatia.

Amin. The wronged Aspatia! would thou wert so too
Unto the wronged Amintor! Let me kiss
[*Kisses her hand.*
That hand of thine, in honour that I bear
Unto the wronged Aspatia. Here I stand

That did it. Would he could not! Gentle youth,
Leave me; for there is something in thy looks
That calls my sins in a most hideous form
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.
Asp. I would I could with credit!
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen
My sister till this hour I now arrived:
She sent for me to see her marriage;
A woeful one! but they that are above
Have ends in every thing. She used few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injuries you did her.
That little training I have had is war:
I may behave myself rudely in peace;
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell you,
I am but young, and would be loath to lose
Honour, that is not easily gained again.
Fairly I mean to deal: the age is strict
For single combats; and we shall be stopped,
If it be published. If you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time,
To end our difference.
Amin. Charitable youth,
If thou be'st such, think not I will maintain
So strange a wrong: and, for thy sister's sake,
Know, that I could not think that desperate thing
I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world,
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,
I am I know not what. If I have aught
That may content thee, take it, and begone,
For death is not so terrible as thou;
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.
Asp. Thus, she swore,
Thou wouldst behave thyself, and give me words
That would fetch tears into mine eyes; and so

Thou dost indeed. But yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were cozened, and be sure to fight
Ere I returned.
Amin. That must not be with me.
For her I'll die directly; but against her
Will never hazard it.
Asp. You must be urged:
I do not deal uncivilly with those
That dare to fight; but such a one as you
Must be used thus. [*She strikes him.*
Amin. I prithee, youth, take heed.
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this — Good gods! a blow I can endure;
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death
Upon thyself.
Asp. Thou art some prating fellow;
One that hath studied out a trick to talk,
And move soft-hearted people; to be kicked,
[*She kicks him.*
Thus to be kicked. — [*Aside.*] Why should he be so slow
In giving me my death? —
Amin. A man can bear
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me, then?
I would endure yet, if I could. Now show
The spirit thou pretendest, and understand
Thou hast no hour to live.
[*They fight,* ASPATIA *is wounded.*
What dost thou mean?
Thou canst not fight: the blows thou mak'st at me
Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee,
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon thy breast,
Alas, defenceless!
Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire. There is no place so fit
For me to die as here. [*Falls.*

Enter EVADNE, *her hands bloody, with a knife*

Evad. Amintor, I am loaden with events,
That fly to make thee happy; I have joys,
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again.
It is Evadne still that follows thee,
But not her mischiefs.
Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe again;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,
That I am stayed.
Evad. Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze;
Let thine eyes loose, and speak. Am I not fair?
Looks not Evadne beauteous with these rites now?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes
When our hands met before the holy man?
I was too foul within to look fair then:
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.
Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath lost:
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.
Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine:
Joy to Amintor! for the King is dead.
Amin. Those have most power to hurt us, that we love;
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.
Why, thou hast raised up mischief to his height,
And found one to out-name thy other faults;
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins
But all thy life is a continued ill:
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
Joy to Amintor! Thou hast touched a life,
The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.
Evad. 'Tis done; and, since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Couldst thou procure the gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman and forgive,
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my breast,
Sent by his violent fate to fetch his death
From my slow hand! And, to augment my woe,
You now are present, stained with a king's blood
Violently shed. This keeps night here,
And throws an unknown wilderness about me.
Asp. Oh, oh, oh!
Amin. No more; pursue me not.
Evad. Forgive me, then,
And take me to thy bed: we may not part.
Amin. Forbear, be wise, and let my rage go this way.
Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.
Amin. Take heed;
It will return with me.
Evad. If it must be,
I shall not fear to meet it: take me home.
Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!
Evad. For Heaven's sake, look more calm: thine eyes are sharper
Than thou canst make thy sword.
Amin. Away, away!
Thy knees are more to me than violence;
I am worse than sick to see knees follow me
For that I must not grant. For Heaven's sake, stand.
Evad. Receive me, then.
Amin. I dare not stay thy language:
In midst of all my anger and my grief,
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And says, I loved thee once. I dare not stay;
There is no end of woman's reasoning. [*Leaves her.*
Evad. Amintor, thou shalt love me now again:
Go; I am calm. Farewell, and peace for ever!
Evadne, whom thou hatest, will die for thee.
[*Kills herself.*

Amin. [*returning*] I have a little human nature yet,
That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.
Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but it came too late.
Oh, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste. [*She dies.*
Asp. Oh, oh, oh!
Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood;
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to myself.
There is some hidden power in these dead things,
That calls my flesh unto 'em; I am cold:
Be resolute, and bear 'em company.
There's something yet, which I am loath to leave:
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring; and yet would it were done!
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;
Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up;
I have not such another fault to answer:
Though she may justly arm herself with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow:
I will not leave this act unsatisfied,
If all that's left in me can answer it.
Asp. Was it a dream? there stands Amintor still;
Or I dream still.
Amin. How dost thou? speak; receive my love and help.
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again;
There's hope of thy recovery.
Asp. Did you not name Aspatia?
Amin. I did.
Asp. And talked of tears and sorrow unto her?
Amin. 'Tis true; and, till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.
Asp. Thou art there already, and these wounds are hers:

Those threats I brought with me sought not revenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand:
I am Aspatia yet.
Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad again?
Asp. I shall sure live, Amintor; I am well;
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.
Amin. The world wants lives to expiate thy loss;
Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.
Asp. Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain live
Now, if I could: wouldst thou have loved me, then?
Amin. Alas,
All that I am's not worth a hair from thee!
Asp. Give me thine hand; mine hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee; I am wondrous sick:
Have I thy hand, Amintor?
Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.
Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.
Oh, I must go! farewell! [*Dies.*
Amin. She sounds. — Aspatia! — Help! for Heaven's sake, water,
Such as may chain life ever to this frame! —
Aspatia, speak! — What, no help yet? I fool;
I'll chafe her temples. Yet there's nothing stirs:
Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,
And let her answer me! — Aspatia, speak! —
I have heard, if there be any life, but bow
The body thus, and it will show itself.
Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,
I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me,
You heavenly powers, and lend forth some few years
The blessèd soul to this fair seat again!
No comfort comes; the gods deny me too.
I'll bow the body once again. — Aspatia! —

The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong
Myself, so long to lose her company.
Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee, love!
[*Wounds himself.*

Re-enter Servant

Ser. This is a great grace to my lord, to have the new king come to him: I must tell him he is entering. — O God! — Help, help!

Enter LYSIPPUS, MELANTIUS, CALIANAX, CLEON, DIPHILUS, *and* STRATO

Lys. Where's Amintor?
Ser. Oh, there, there!
Lys. How strange is this!
Cal. What should we do here?
Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!
This is Amintor: heart, he was my friend;
Melt! now it flows. — Amintor, give a word
To call me to thee.
Amin. Oh!
Mel. Melantius calls his friend Amintor. Oh,
Thy arms are kinder to me than thy tongue!
Speak, speak!
Amin. What?
Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again.
Diph. Oh, brother,
Here lies your sister slain! you lose yourself
In sorrow there.
Mel. Why, Diphilus, it is
A thing to laugh at, in respect of this:
Here was my sister, father, brother, son;

All that I had. — Speak once again; what youth
Lies slain there by thee?
Amin. 'Tis Aspatia.
My last is said. Let me give up my soul
Into thy bosom. [*Dies.*
Cal. What's that? what's that? Aspatia!
Mel. I never did
Repent the greatness of my heart till now;
It will not burst at need.
Cal. My daughter dead here too! And you have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I ne'er knew any but direct crying.
Mel. I am a prattler: but no more.
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Diph. Hold, brother!
Lys. Stop him.
Diph. Fie, how unmanly was this offer in you!
Does this become our strain?
Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am grown very kind, and am friends with you all now. You have given me that among you will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and live as long as I can. [*Exit.*
Mel. His spirit is but poor that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.
Is not my hands a weapon good enough
To stop my breath? or, if you tie down those,
I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve life! This I swear to keep.
Lys. Look to him, though, and bear those bodies in.
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper; for on lustful kings
Unlooked-for sudden deaths from Heaven are sent;
But cursed is he that is their instrument. [*Exeunt.*

PHILASTER

OR

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING

PHILASTER

Philaster was acted prior to October, 1610, in which month *The Scourge of Folly*, by John Davies of Hereford, was entered in the Stationers' Register, containing an allusion to this drama under its sub-title, *Love Lies a-Bleeding*. *Philaster* was first printed in quarto in 1620, in an imperfect text. The second quarto, that of 1622, supplies the best text. There were five other quartos up to 1652. The plot of *Philaster* is probably the invention of its fertile authors. The resemblance to the tale of Felismena and Don Felix in the *Diana* of Montemayor is certainly remote. The likeness of the story in some particulars to that of *Cymbeline* and a certain general similarity of tone are matters readily made too much of.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The King.
Philaster, Heir to the Crown of Sicily.
Pharamond, Prince of Spain.
Dion, a Lord.
Cleremont.
Thrasiline.
An old Captain.
Citizens.
A Country Fellow.
Two Woodmen.
Guard, Attendants.

Arethusa, Daughter of the King.
Euphrasia, Daughter of Dion, disguised as Page under the name of Bellario.
Megra, a Court Lady.
Galatea, a Lady attending the Princess.
Two other Ladies.

Scene — Messina and its neighbourhood.

PHILASTER

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I

The Presence Chamber in the Palace

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE

Cle. Here's nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge from the King to attend here: besides, it was boldly published, that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desired to attend and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Dion. Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir and be our sovereign.

Thra. Many, that will seem to know much, say she looks not on him like a maid in love.

Dion. Faith, sir, the multitude, that seldom know any thing but their own opinions, speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, received so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolved to be ruled.

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

Dion. Sir, it is without controversy so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, Philaster?

Dion. Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in state-policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Dion. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to inquire after state-news. But the King, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster; at which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased and without a guard; at which they threw their hats and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance: which wise men say is the cause the King labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with.

Enter GALATEA, *a* Lady, *and* MEGRA

Thra. See, the ladies! What's the first?

Dion. A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

Cle. The second?

Dion. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill-favouredly dance her measure; simper when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

Cle. The last?

Dion. Faith, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes; she'll cog and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break. Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules'

Pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body by making experiment upon it for the good of the commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable member.

Meg. Peace, if you love me: you shall see these gentlemen stand their ground and not court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Lady. What if they should!

Meg. Nay, let her alone. — What if they should! why, if they should, I say they were never abroad: what foreigner would do so? it writes them directly untravelled.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Lady. What if they be?

Meg. Good madam, let her go on. — What if they be! why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg nor say "excuse me."

Gal. Ha, ha, ha!

Meg. Do you laugh, madam?

Dion. Your desires upon you, ladies!

Meg. Then you must sit beside us.

Dion. I shall sit near you then, lady.

Meg. Near me, perhaps: but there's a lady endures no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

Lady. Methinks he's not so strange;[n] he would quickly be acquainted.

Thra. Peace, the King!

Enter King, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and* Train

King. To give a stronger testimony of love
Than sickly promises (which commonly
In princes find both birth and burial
In one breath) we have drawn you, worthy sir,
To make your fair endearments to our daughter,

And worthy services known to our subjects,
Now loved and wondered at; next, our intent
To plant you deeply our immediate heir
Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,
(The best part of your life, as you confirm me,
And I believe,) though her few years and sex
Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge
Only of what herself is to herself,
Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,
In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams:
Think not, dear sir, these undivided parts,
That must mould up a virgin, are put on
To show her so, as borrowed ornaments,
To speak her perfect love to you, or add
An artificial shadow to her nature —
No, sir; I boldly dare proclaim her yet no woman.
But woo her still, and think her modesty
A sweeter mistress than the offered language
Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye
Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
Last, noble son (for so I now must call you),
What I have done thus public, is not only
To add a comfort in particular
To you or me, but all; and to confirm
The nobles and the gentry of these kingdoms
By oath to your succession, which shall be
Within this month at most.

Thra. This will be hardly done.

Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.

Dion. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done,
Whilst so brave a gentleman's wronged and flung off.

Thra. I fear.

Cle. Who does not?

Dion. I fear not for myself, and yet I fear too:
Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

Pha. Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave

To thank your royal father; and thus far
To be my own free trumpet. Understand,
Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
(For so deserving you have spoke me, sir,
And so deserving I dare speak myself,)
To what a person, of what eminence,
Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms;
You in me have your wishes. Oh! this country!
By more than all the gods, I hold it happy;
Happy in their dear memories that have been
Kings great and good; happy in yours that is;
And from you (as a chronicle to keep
Your noble name from eating age) do I
Opine myself most happy. Gentlemen,
Believe me in a word, a prince's word,
There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom
Mighty, and flourishing, defencèd, feared,
Equal to be commanded and obeyed,
But through the travails of my life I'll find it,
And tie it to this country. By all the gods!
My reign shall be so easy to the subject,
That every man shall be his prince himself
And his own law — yet I his prince and law.
And, dearest lady, to your dearest self
(Dear in the choice of him whose name and lustre
Must make you more and mightier) let me say,
You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princess,
You shall enjoy a man of men to be
Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom
Great queens must die.

Thra. Miraculous!

Cle. This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations.

Dion. I wonder what's his price; for certainly
He'll sell himself, he has so praised his shape.
But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,

Than the large speaker of them.

Enter PHILASTER

Let me be swallowed quick, if I can find,
In all the anatomy of yon man's virtues,
One sinew sound enough to promise for him,
He shall be constable. By this sun,
He'll ne'er make king, unless it be of trifles,
In my poor judgement.
Phi. Right noble sir, as low as my obedience,
And with a heart as loyal as my knee,
I beg your favour.
King. Rise; you have it, sir.
Dion. Mark but the King, how pale he looks, he fears!
Oh, this same whoreson conscience, how it jades us!
King. Speak your intents, sir.
Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?
Be still my royal sovereign.
King. As a subject,
We give you freedom.
Dion. Now it heats.
Phi. Then thus I turn
My language to you, prince; you, foreign man!
Ne'er stare nor put on wonder, for you must
Endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon
(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess),
By my dead father (oh, I had a father,
Whose memory I bow to!) was not left
To your inheritance, and I up and living —
Having myself about me and my sword,
The souls of all my name and memories,
These arms and some few friends beside the gods —
To part so calmly with it, and sit still
And say, "I might have been." I tell thee, Pharamond,
When thou art king, look I be dead and rotten,

And my name ashes, as I: for, hear me, Pharamond!
This very ground thou goest on, this fat earth,
My father's friends made fertile with their faiths,
Before that day of shame shall gape and swallow
Thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave,
Into her hidden bowels; prince, it shall;
By the just gods, it shall!
Pha. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.
Dion. Here's a fellow has some fire in's veins:
The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-drawer.[n]
Phi. Sir prince of popinjays, I'll make it well appear
To you I am not mad.
King. You displease us:
You are too bold.
Phi. No, sir, I am too tame,
Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion,
A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails over,
And makes nothing.
King. I do not fancy this.
Call our physicians: sure, he's somewhat tainted.
Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.
Dion. H'as given him a general purge already,
For all the right he has; and now he means
To let him blood. Be constant, gentlemen:
By Heaven, I'll run his hazard,
Although I run my name out of the kingdom!
Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.
Pha. What have you seen in me to stir offence,
I cannot find, unless it be this lady,
Offered into mine arms with the succession;
Which I must keep, (though it hath pleased your fury
To mutiny within you,) without disputing
Your genealogies, or taking knowledge
Whose branch you are: the King will leave it me.
And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.
Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him
That made the world his,[n] and couldst see no sun

Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharamond
As truly valiant as I feel him cold,
And ringed amongst the choicest of his friends
(Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied commendations),
And from this presence, spite of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the prince;
I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends:
You deserve our frown. Go to;[n] be better tempered.

Phi. It must be, sir, when I am nobler used.

Gal. Ladies,
This would have been a pattern of succession,[n]
Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man
This day within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;
But the other is the man set in my eye:
Oh, 'tis a prince of wax![n]

Gal. A dog it is.

King. Philaster, tell me
The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, sir, and sufferance,
My griefs upon you and my broken fortunes,
My wants great, and now nought but hopes and fears
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laughed at.
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

King. Give me your wrongs in private.

Phi. Take them,
And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

[*They whisper.*

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Dion. I cannot blame him; there's danger in't. Every man in this age has not a soul of crystal, for all men to read their actions through: men's hearts and faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon stranger well, and you shall see a fever

through all his bravery, and feel him shake like a true truant:[n] if he give not back his crown again upon the report of an elder-gun, I have no augury.

King. Go to;
Be more yourself, as you respect our favour;
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,
That y'are, and shall be, at our pleasure, what fashion we
Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or by the gods —

Phi. I am dead, sir; y'are my fate. It was not I
Said, I was wronged: I carry all about me
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak fortunes.
Who dares in all this presence speak, (that is
But man of flesh, and may be mortal,) tell me,
I do not most entirely love this prince,
And honour his full virtues!

King. Sure, he's possessed.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit. It's here, O King,
A dangerous spirit! now he tells me, King,
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king,
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.
'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes
That kneel and do me service, cry me king:
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,
And will undo me. — [*To* PHA.] — Noble sir, your hand;
I am your servant.

King. Away! I do not like this:
I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
Both of your life and spirit. For this time
I pardon your wild speech, without so much
As your imprisonment.

[*Exeunt* King, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, *and* Attendants.

Dion. I thank you, sir! you dare not for the people.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand.[n] But eye yon stranger: is he not a fine complete gentleman?

Oh, these strangers, I do affect them strangely! they do the rarest home-things, and please the fullest! As I live, I could love all the nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Gods comfort your poor head-piece, lady! 'tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.

[*Exeunt* GALATEA, MEGRA, *and* Lady.

Dion. See, how his fancy labours! Has he not
Spoke home and bravely? what a dangerous train
Did he give fire to! how he shook the King,
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood
Run into whey! it stood upon his brow
Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
You have no suit to me? I am no minion:
You stand, methinks, like men that would be courtiers
If I could well be flattered at a price,
Not to undo your children. Y'are all honest:
Go, get you home again, and make your country
A virtuous court, to which your great ones may,
In their diseased age, retire and live recluse.

Cle. How do you, worthy sir?

Phi. Well, very well;
And so well that, if the King please, I find
I may live many years.

Dion. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are and who you are,
Your wrongs and virtues. Shrink not, worthy sir,
But add your father to you; in whose name
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The rods of vengeance, the abusèd people,
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these male-dragons,
That, through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your sword's point.

Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted; 'tis an age

We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?
Thra. Do we love Heaven and honour?
Phi. My lord Dion, you had
A virtuous gentlewoman called you father;
Is she yet alive?
Dion. Most honoured sir, she is;
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

Enter a Lady

Phi. Is it to me,
Or any of these gentlemen, you come?
Lady. To you, brave lord; the princess would entreat
Your present company.
Phi. The princess send for me! you are mistaken.
Lady. If you be called Philaster, 'tis to you.
Phi. Kiss her fair hand, and say I will attend her.
[*Exit* Lady.
Dion. Do you know what you do?
Phi. Yes; go to see a woman.
Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?
Phi. Danger in a sweet face!
By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman!
Thra. But are you sure it was the princess sent?
It may be some foul train to catch your life.
Phi. I do not think it, gentlemen; she's noble.
Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her cheeks may steal my soul out;
There's all the danger in't: but, be what may,
Her single name hath arm'd me. [*Exit.*
Dion. Go on,
And be as truly happy as th'art fearless!—
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the King prove false. [*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

SCENE II

ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace*

Enter ARETHUSA *and a* Lady

Are. Comes he not?
Lady. Madam?
Are. Will Philaster come?
Lady. Dear madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.
Are. But didst thou tell me so?
I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under-things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.
How looked he when he told thee he would come?
Lady. Why, well.
Are. And not a little fearful?
Lady. Fear, madam! sure, he knows not what it is.
Are. You are all of his faction; the whole court
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drowned in the doing. But, I know he fears.
Lady. Fear, madam! methought, his looks hid more
Of love than fear.
Are. Of love! to whom? to you?
Did you deliver those plain words I sent,
With such a winning gesture and quick look
That you have caught him?
Lady. Madam, I mean to you.
Are. Of love to me! alas, thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births!
Nature, that loves not to be questionèd
Why she did this or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world

Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: if a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of love to me!
Lady. Madam, I think I hear him.
Are. Bring him in. [*Exit* Lady.
You gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,
To make the passions of a feeble maid
The way unto your justice, I obey.

Re-enter Lady *with* PHILASTER

Lady. Here is my lord Philaster.
Are. Oh, 'tis well.
Withdraw yourself. [*Exit* Lady.
Phi. Madam, your messenger
Made me believe you wished to speak with me.
Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loath to speak them. Have you known
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wronged you? or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?
Phi. Never, madam, you.
Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great,
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?
Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be
Foolish: but, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wished.
Are. Philaster, know,
I must enjoy these kingdoms.

Phi. Madam, both?
Are. Both, or I die: by fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.
Phi. I would do much to save that noble life:
Yet would be loath to have posterity
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
His right unto a sceptre and a crown
To save a lady's longing.
Are. Nay then, hear:
I must and will have them, and more —
Phi. What more?
Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.
Phi. Madam, what more?
Are. Turn then, away thy face.
Phi. No.
Are. Do.
Phi. I can endure it. Turn away my face!
I never yet saw enemy that looked
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he; or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;
Nor beast that I could turn from: shall I then
Begin to fear sweet sounds? a lady's voice,
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my life;
Why, I will give it you; for it is of me
A thing so loathed, and unto you that ask
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:
If you entreat, I will unmovedly hear.
Are. Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks.
Phi. I do.
Are. Then know, I must have them and thee.
Phi. And me?
Are. Thy love; without which all the land
Discovered yet will serve me for no use
But to be buried in.

Phi. Is't possible?
Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which, know, it may,) I have unripped my breast.
Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a train for this contemnèd life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you!
By all my hopes, I do, above my life!
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous.
Are. Another soul into my body shot
Could not have filled me with more strength and spirit
Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us.
And we should part without it.
Phi. 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long.
Are. 'Tis true; and worse
You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread?
Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,

Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story:
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country-people hold,
Did signify, and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief; and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country-art
That could be wished: so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained
Him, who was glad to follow; and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Re-enter Lady

Are. 'Tis well; no more.
Lady. Madam, the prince is come to do his service.
Are. What will you do, Philaster, with yourself?
Phi. Why, that which all the gods have pointed out for me.
Are. Dear, hide thyself. —
Bring in the prince. [*Exit* Lady.
Phi. Hide me from Pharamond!
When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Jove,
Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;
And shall a stranger-prince have leave to brag
Unto a foreign nation, that he made

Philaster hide himself?

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,
It is a simple sin to hide myself,
Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

Are. Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way
In what he says; for he is apt to speak
What you are loath to hear: for my sake, do.

Phi. I will.

Re-enter Lady *with* PHARAMOND

Pha. My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,
I come to kiss these fair hands, and to show, [*Exit* Lady.
In outward ceremonies, the dear love
Writ in my heart.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have answer?

Are. To his claim unto the kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbare you before the King —

Phi. Good sir, do so still: I would not talk with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter: do but offer
To make mention of right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable, —

Phi. Good sir, let me go.

Pha. And by the gods —

Phi. Peace, Pharamond! if thou —

Are. Leave us, Philaster.

Phi. I have done.

Pha. You are gone! by Heaven I'll fetch you back.

Phi. You shall not need.

Pha. What now?

Phi. Know, Pharamond,
I loathe to brawl with such a blast as thou,
Who art nought but a valiant voice; but if
Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,

"Thou wert," and not lament it.
Pha. Do you slight
My greatness so, and in the chamber of
The princess?
Phi. It is a place to which I must confess
I owe a reverence; but were't the church,
Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe,
Where thou darest injure me, but I dare kill thee:
And for your greatness, know, sir, I can grasp
You and your greatness thus, thus into nothing.
Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell. [*Exit.*
Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, madam; we must stop
His mouth with some office when we are married.
Are. You were best make him your controller.
Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,
I hope our hearts are knit; and yet so slow
The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long
Before our hands be so. If then you please,
Being agreed in heart, let us not wait
For dreaming form, but take a little stolen
Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.
Are. If you dare speak such thoughts,
I must withdraw in honour. [*Exit.*
Pha. The constitution of my body will never hold out
till the wedding; I must seek elsewhere. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND

Scene I

An Apartment in the Palace

Enter Philaster *and* Bellario

Phi. And thou shalt find her honourable, boy;
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty; and, for my sake,
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,
Ay, or deserve.
Bel. Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing; and only yet am something
By being yours. You trusted me unknown;
And that which you were apt to conster
A simple innocence in me, perhaps
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft: yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me; for which,
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you.
Phi. But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet;
But when thy judgement comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends
That placed thee in the noblest way of life.
She is a princess I prefer thee to.
Bel. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a servant he thought trusty: I remember,

My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he: but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.
Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.
Bel. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge; and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once. What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off; and I shall mend.
Phi. Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.
Alas, I do not turn thee off! thou knowest
It is my business that doth call thee hence;
And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me.
Think so, and 'tis so: and when time is full,
That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
Laid on so weak a one, I will again
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will!
Nay, weep not, gentle boy. 'Tis more than time
Thou didst attend the princess.
Bel. I am gone.
But since I am to part with you, my lord,
And none knows whether I shall live to do
More service for you, take this little prayer:
Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs!
May sick men, if they have your wish, be well;
And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one!
[*Exit.*
Phi. The love of boys unto their lords is strange;
I have read wonders of it: yet this boy

For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
And speech) would out-do story. I may see
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

A Gallery in the Palace

Enter PHARAMOND

Pha. Why should these ladies stay so long? They must come this way: I know the queen employs 'em not; for the reverend mother sent me word, they would all be for the garden. If they should all prove honest now, I were in a fair taking; I was never so long without sport in my life, and, in my conscience, 'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country ladies!

Enter GALATEA

Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her. Madam!
Gal. Your grace!
Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?
Gal. Not to me, sir.
Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick. By this sweet hand —
Gal. You'll be forsworn, sir; 'tis but an old glove.
If you will talk at distance, I am for you:
But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do not brag;
These two I bar;
And then, I think, I shall have sense enough
To answer all the weighty apophthegms
Your royal blood shall manage.
Pha. Dear lady, can you love?
Gal. Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er cost you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear repentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, sir, to blush the sin out it

was given for. This wire[n] mine own hair covers; and this face has been so far from being dear to any, that it ne'er cost penny painting; and, for the rest of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it,[n] to make the jealous mercer's wife curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake me, lady.

Gal. Lord, I do so: would you or I could help it!

Pha. Y'are very dangerous bitter, like a potion.

Gal. No, sir, I do not mean to purge you, though I mean to purge a little time on you.

Pha. Do ladies of this country use to give
No more respect to men of my full being?

Gal. Full being! I understand you not, unless your grace means growing to fatness; and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge, prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white wine brewed with carduus;[n] then fast till supper; about eight you may eat: use exercise, and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a tiller: but, of all, your grace must fly phlebotomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified whey; they are all dullers of the vital spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing all this while.

Gal. 'Tis very true, sir; I talk of you.

Pha. [*Aside.*] This is a crafty wench; I like her wit well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite: she's a Danaë, and must be courted in a shower of gold. — Madam, look here; all these, and more than —

Gal. What have you there, my lord? gold! now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have silver for it, to play with the pages: you could not have taken me in a worse time; but, if you have present use, my lord, I'll send my man with silver, and keep your gold safe for you. [*Takes gold.*

Pha. Lady, lady!

Gal. She's coming, sir, behind, will take white money.[n] —

[*Aside.*] Yet for all this I'll match ye.

[*Exit* GAL. *behind the hangings.*

Pha. If there be but two such more in this kingdom, and near the court, we may even hang up our harps. Ten such camphire-constitutions[n] as this would call the golden age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill-faced husband to get his own children; and what a mischief that would breed, let all consider.

Enter MEGRA

Here's another: if she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on. — Many fair mornings, lady!

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days,
Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace!

Pha. She gives good words yet; sure this wench is free.—
If your more serious business do not call you, Lady,
Let me hold quarter with[n] you; we'll talk an hour
Out quickly.

Meg. What would your grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty subject as yourself:
I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;
There's theme enough for one man for an age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,
Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough,
Or my glass wrongs me.

Pha. Oh, they are two twinned cherries dyed in blushes
Which those fair suns above with their bright beams
Reflect upon and ripen! Sweetest beauty,
Bow down those branches, that the longing taste
Of the faint looker-on may meet those blessings,
And taste and live.

Meg. Oh, delicate sweet prince!
She that hath snow enough about her heart
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a nun without probation. — Sir,
You have in such neat poetry gathered a kiss,

That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead or your cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life, but you shall not;
I'll prompt you first. [*Kisses her.*] Can you do it now?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easy, now you ha' done't before me;
But yet should I stick at it —

Pha. Stick till to-morrow;
I'll never part you, sweetest. But we lose time:
Can you love me?

Meg. Love you, my lord! how would you have me love you?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory; this is all: love me, and lie with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you, that you said? 'tis impossible.

Pha. Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour: if I do not teach you to do it as easily in one night as you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why, prince, you have a lady of your own
That yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imaginations about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault indeed;
But time and your good help will wear it out, sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the schoolmaster, and leap a dairy-maid.

Meg. Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

Pha. Out upon her! she's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: she sailed by but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, sir?

Pha. I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome? 132

Meg. Whither?

Pha. To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnoblest wrong.

Meg. I dare not, prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful; 141

Speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this,
And with it me: soon I will visit you. [*Gives her a ring.*

Meg. My lord,
My chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night,
I'll find some means to slip into your lodging:
Till when —

Pha. Till when, this and my heart go with thee!
[*Exeunt severally.*

Re-enter GALATEA, *from behind the hangings*

Gal. Oh, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: and, Lady Towsabel, I'll fit you for't. [*Exit.* 151

SCENE III

ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace*

Enter ARETHUSA *and a* Lady

Are. Where's the boy?

Lady. Within, madam.

Are. Gave you him gold to buy him clothes?
Lady. I did.
Are. And has he done't?
Lady. Yes, madam.
Are. 'Tis a pretty sad-talking boy, is it not?
Asked you his name?
Lady. No, madam.

Enter GALATEA

Are. Oh, you are welcome. What good news?
Gal. As good as any one can tell your grace,
That says, she has done that you would have wished.
Are. Hast thou discovered?
Gal. I have strained a point of modesty for you.
Are. I prithee, how?
Gal. In listening after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry; your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!
Are. With whom?
Gal. Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.
Are. Oh, when, and where?
Gal. To-night, his lodging.
Are. Run thyself into the presence; mingle there again
With other ladies; leave the rest to me. — [*Exit* GALATEA.
If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,
'Why thou didst this?') have not decreed it so,
In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters
Were never altered yet), this match shall break. —
Where's the boy?
Lady. Here, madam.

Enter BELLARIO, *richly dressed*

Are. Sir,
You are sad to change your service; is't not so?
Bel. Madam, I have not changed; I wait on you,

To do him service.
Are. Thou disclaim'st in me.[n]
Tell me thy name.
Bel. Bellario.
Are. Thou canst sing and play?
Bel. If grief will give me leave, madam, I can.
Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?
Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of other grief;
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves, to abide in them.
Come, sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?
Bel. Love, madam! I know not what it is.
Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceived, boy. Does he speak of me
As if he wished me well?
Bel. If it be love
To forget all respect of his own friends
In thinking of your face; if it be love
To sit cross-armed and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i' the streets do fire;
If it be love to weep himself away
When he but hears of any lady dead
Or killed, because it might have been your chance;
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you.
Are. Oh, y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit! but thou know'st a lie
That bears this sound is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.
Lead the way, boy. — Do you attend me too. —
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Before PHARAMOND'S *Lodging in the Court of the Palace*

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, MEGRA, *and* GALATEA

Dion. Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour
After supper: 'tis their exercise.
Gal. 'Tis late.
Meg. 'Tis all
My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.
Gal. I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce find
The way to your own lodging with 'em to-night.

Enter PHARAMOND

Thra. The prince!
Pha. Not a-bed, ladies? y'are good sitters-up:
What think you of a pleasant dream, to last
Till morning?
Meg. I should choose, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

Enter ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO

Are. 'Tis well, my lord; y'are courting of these ladies. —
Is't not late, gentlemen?
Cle. Yes, madam.
Are. Wait you there. [*Exit.*
Meg. [*Aside.*] She's jealous, as I live. — Look you, my lord,
The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.
Pha. His form is angel-like.
Meg. Why, this is he that must, when you are wed,
Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with
His hand and voice binding your thoughts in sleep;

The princess does provide him for you and for herself.
Pha. I find no music in these boys.
Meg. Nor I:
They can do little, and that small they do,
They have not wit to hide.
Dion. Serves he the princess?
Thra. Yes.
Dion. 'Tis a sweet boy: how brave she keeps him!
Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck
To-morrow morning ere y'have done your dreams.
Meg. All happiness attend your grace! [*Exit* PHARAMOND.] Gentlemen, good rest. —
Come, shall we to-bed?
Gal. Yes. — All good night.
Dion. May your dreams be true to you! —
[*Exeunt* GALATEA *and* MEGRA.
What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The King
Is up still: see, he comes; a guard along
With him.

Enter King, ARETHUSA, *and* Guard

King. Look your intelligence be true.
Are. Upon my life, it is: and I do hope
Your highness will not tie me to a man
That in the heat of wooing throws me off,
And takes another.
Dion. What should this mean?
King. If it be true,
That lady had been better have[n] embraced
Cureless diseases. Get you to your rest:
You shall be righted. [*Exeunt* ARETHUSA *and* BELLARIO.
— Gentlemen, draw near;
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond
Come to his lodging?
Dion. I saw him enter there.
King. Haste, some of you, and cunningly discover
If Megra be in her lodging. [*Exit* DION.

Cle. Sir,
She parted hence but now, with other ladies.
King. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspicion. —
You gods, I see that who unrighteously
Holds wealth or state from others shall be cursed
In that which meaner men are blessed withal:
Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from earth; if he have any child,
It shall be crossly matched; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.
Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin
I have committed; let it not fall
Upon this understanding child of mine!
She has not broke your laws. But how can I
Look to be heard of gods that must be just,
Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

Re-enter DION

Dion. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within; but they, I think, are bawds. I told 'em, I must speak with her; they laughed, and said, their lady lay speechless. I said, my business was important; they said, their lady was about it. I grew hot, and cried, my business was a matter that concerned life and death; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their lady was. I urged again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her; they smiled again, and seemed to instruct me that sleeping was nothing but lying down and winking. Answers more direct I could not get; in short, sir, I think she is not there.

King. 'Tis then no time to dally. — You o' the guard,
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives. —
Knock, gentlemen; knock loud; louder yet.

What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing? —
I'll break your meditations. — Knock again. —
Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this
Larum by him. — Once more. — Pharamond! prince!
[PHARAMOND *above.*

Pha. What saucy groom knocks at this dead of night?
Where be our waiters? By my vexèd soul,
He meets his death that meets me, for this boldness.

King. Prince, prince, you wrong your thoughts; we are your friends:
Come down.

Pha. The King!

King. The same, sir. Come down, sir:
We have cause of present counsel with you.

Enter PHARAMOND *below*

Pha. If your grace please to use me, I'll attend you
To your chamber.

King. No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private reasons to myself
Make me unmannerly, and say, you cannot. —
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must come
Through my life that comes here.

King. Sir, be resolved I must and will come. — Enter!

Pha. I will not be dishonoured:
He that enters enters upon his death.
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber
At these unseasoned hours.

King. Why do you
Chafe yourself so? you are not wronged nor shall be;
Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause
To ourself known. — Enter, I say.

Pha. I say, no. [MEGRA *above.*

Meg. Let 'em enter, prince, let 'em enter;

I am up and ready: I know their business;
'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour
They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it. —
You have your business, gentlemen; I lay here.
Oh, my lord the King, this is not noble in you
To make public the weakness of a woman!

King. Come down.

Meg. I dare, my lord. Your whootings and your clamours,
Your private whispers and your broad fleerings,
Can no more vex my soul than this base carriage:
But I have vengeance yet in store for some
Shall, in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.

King. Will you come down?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst; but I shall wring you,
If my skill fail me not. [*Exit above.*

King. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness;
You have wronged a worthy lady: but, no more. —
Conduct him to my lodging and to bed.

[*Exeunt* PHARAMOND *and* Attendants.

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring him to bed indeed.

Dion. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stage
Or two, to breath himself, without a warrant.
If his gear hold, that lodgings be searched thus,
Pray Heaven we may lie with our own wives in safety,
That they be not by some trick of state mistaken!

Enter MEGRA *below*

King. Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now?
No man can fit your palate but the prince:
Thou most ill-shrouded rottenness, thou piece
Made by a painter and a 'pothecary,
Thou troubled sea of lust, thou wilderness

Inhabited by wild thoughts, thou swoln cloud
Of infection, thou ripe mine of all diseases,
Thou all-sin, all-hell, and last all-devils, tell me,
Had you none to pull on with your courtesies
But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter?
By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,
And all the court, shall hoot thee through the court,
Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,
And sear thy name with candles upon walls!
Do you laugh, lady Venus?
Meg. Faith, sir, you must pardon me;
I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.
If you do this, O King! nay, if you dare do it,
By all those gods you swore by, and as many
More of my own, I will have fellows, and such
Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth!
The princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me
On walls, and sung in ballads, anything:
Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all;
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy
She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;
Know what she does with him, where, and when.
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,
The glory of a fury; and if I do not
Do it to the height —
King. What boy is this she raves at?
Meg. Alas! good-minded prince, you know not these things!
I am loath to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,
As you would keep your health from the hot air
Of the corrupted people, or, by Heaven,
I will not fall alone. What I have known
Shall be as public as a print; all tongues
Shall speak it as they do the language they
Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,
Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at,

And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms far and foreign
Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, till they find
No tongue to make it more, nor no more people;
And then behold the fall of your fair princess!

King. Has she a boy?

Cle. So please your grace, I have seen a boy wait on her,
A fair boy.

King. Go, get you to your quarter:
For this time I will study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you. [*Exeunt* King, MEGRA, *and* Guard.

Cle. Why, here's a male spirit fit for Hercules. If ever there be Nine Worthies[n] of Women, this wench shall ride astride and be their captain.

Dion. Sure, she has a garrison of devils in her tongue, she uttereth such balls of wild-fire: she has so nettled the King, that all the doctors in the country will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange-found-out antidote to cure her infection; that boy, that princess' boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy; and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these considered, can make nothing else, — but there I leave you, gentlemen.

Thra. Nay, we'll go wander with you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I

The Court of the Palace

Enter DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE

Cle. Nay, doubtless, 'tis true.
Dion. Ay; and 'tis the gods
That raised this punishment, to scourge the King
With his own issue. Is it not a shame
For us that should write noble in the land,
For us that should be freemen, to behold
A man that is the bravery of his age,
Philaster, pressed down from his royal right
By this regardless King? and only look
And see the sceptre ready to be cast
Into the hands of that lascivious lady
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to be married
To yon strange prince, who, but that people please
To let him be a prince, is born a slave
In that which should be his most noble part,
His mind?
Thra. That man that would not stir with you
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget
That such a creature walks upon the earth!
Cle. Philaster is too backward in't himself,
The gentry do await it, and the people,
Against their nature,[n] are all bent for him,
And like a field of standing corn, that's moved
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.
Dion. The only cause that draws Philaster back
From this attempt is the fair princess' love,
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Thra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.
Dion. Why, gentlemen, 'tis without question so.
Cle. Ay, 'tis past speech, she lives dishonestly;
But how shall we, if he be curious, work
Upon his faith?
Thra. We all are satisfied within ourselves.
Dion. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge;
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.
Cle. It will be best.
Thra. 'Twill move him.
Dion. Here he comes.

Enter PHILASTER

Good morrow to your honour: we have spent
Some time in seeking you.
Phi. My worthy friends,
You that can keep your memories to know
Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown
On men disgraced for virtue, a good day
Attend you all! What service may I do
Worthy your acceptation?
Dion. My good lord,
We come to urge that virtue, which we know
Lives in your breast, forth. Rise, and make a head:
The nobles and the people are all dulled
With this usurping King; and not a man,
That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing
As virtue, but will second your attempts.
Phi. How honourable is this love in you
To me that have deserved none! Know, my friends,
(You, that were born to shame your poor Philaster
With too much courtesy,) I could afford
To melt myself in thanks; but my designs
Are not yet ripe: suffice it, that ere long
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time

Is short of what I would.
Dion. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect;
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be reached
By violence may now be caught. As for the King,
You know the people have long hated him;
But now the princess whom they loved —
Phi. Why, what of her?
Dion. Is loathed as much as he.
Phi. By what strange means?
Dion. She's known a whore.
Phi. Thou liest!
Dion. My lord —
Phi. Thou liest,
[*Offers to draw, and is held.*
And thou shalt feel it! I had thought thy mind
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady
Of her good name, is an infectious sin
Not to be pardoned: be it false as hell,
'Twill never be redeemed, if it be sown
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
That I may cut off falsehood whilst it springs!
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
That utters this, and I will scale them all,
And from the utmost top fall on his neck
Like thunder from a cloud.
Dion. This is most strange:
Sure he does love her.
Phi. I do love fair truth:
She is my mistress, and who injures her
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.
Thra. Nay, good my lord, be patient.
Cle. Sir, remember this is your honoured friend,
That comes to do his service, and will show you
Why he uttered this.
Phi. I ask you pardon, sir;
My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:

Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
Behind your back, untruly, I had been
As much distempered and enraged as now.
Dion. But this, my lord, is truth.
Phi. Oh, say not so! Good sir, forbear to say so;
'Tis then truth that all womankind is false:
Urge it no more; it is impossible.
Why should you think the princess light?
Dion. Why, she was taken at it.
Phi. 'Tis false! by Heaven, 'tis false! it cannot be!
Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for God's love, speak!
Is't possible? can women all be damned?
Dion. Why, no, my lord.
Phi. Why, then, it cannot be.
Dion. And she was taken with her boy.
Phi. What boy?
Dion. A page, a boy that serves her.
Phi. Oh, good gods!
A little boy?
Dion. Ay; know you him, my lord?
Phi. Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you are deceived;
I'll reason it a little coldly with you:
If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
That knows not yet desire? she would have one
Should meet her thoughts and know the sin he acts,
Which is the great delight of wickedness.
You are abused, and so is she, and I.
Dion. How you, my lord?
Phi. Why, all the world's abused
In an unjust report.
Dion. Oh, noble sir, your virtues
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman!
In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.
Phi. Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly from my rage!
Would thou hadst ta'en devils engendering plagues,
When thou did'st take them! Hide thee from my eyes!

Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,
When thou didst take them; or been strucken dumb
For ever; that this foul deed might have slept
In silence!

Thra. Have you known him so ill-tempered?

Cle. Never before.

Phi. The winds, that are let loose
From the four several corners of the earth,
And spread themselves all over sea and land,
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a sword
To run me thorough?

Dion. Why, my lord, are you so moved at this?

Phi. When any fall from virtue, I am distracted;
I have an interest in't.

Dion. But, good my lord, recall yourself, and think
What's best to be done.

Phi. I thank you; I will do it:
Please you to leave me; I'll consider of it.
To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,
And give you answer.

Dion. All the gods direct you
The readiest way!

Thra. He was extreme impatient.

Cle. It was his virtue and his noble mind.

[*Exeunt* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them;
I'll follow him. Oh, that I had a sea
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!
More circumstances will but fan this fire:
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done;
And he that tells me this is honourable,
As far from lies as she is far from truth.
Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve ourselves
With that we see not! Bulls and rams will fight
To keep their females, standing in their sight;
But take 'em from them, and you take at once

Their spleens away; and they will fall again
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;
And taste the waters of the springs as sweet
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep:
But miserable man —

Enter BELLARIO

See, see, you gods,
He walks still; and the face you let him wear
When he was innocent is still the same,
Not blasted! Is this justice? do you mean
To intrap mortality, that you allow
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now
Think he is guilty.

Bel. Health to you, my lord!
The princess doth commend her love, her life,
And this, unto you. [*He gives him a letter.*

Phi. Oh, Bellario,
Now I perceive she loves me! she does show it
In loving thee, my boy: she has made thee brave.

Bel. My lord, she has attired me past my wish,
Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,
Though far unfit for me who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy. — Oh, let all women,
That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
Here, by this paper! She does write to me
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world besides; but, unto me,
A maiden-snow that melted with my looks. —
Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use thee?
For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bel. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
Something allied to her, or had preserved
Her life three times by my fidelity;
As mothers fond do use their only sons,
As I'd use one that's left unto my trust,

For whom my life should pay if he met harm,
So she does use me.
Phi. Why, this is wondrous well:
But what kind language does she feed thee with?
Bel. Why, she does tell me she will trust my youth
With all her loving secrets, and does call me
Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more
For leaving you; she'll see my services
Regarded: and such words of that soft strain,
That I am nearer weeping when she ends
Than ere she spake.
Phi. This is much better still.
Bel. Are you not ill, my lord?
Phi. Ill! no, Bellario.
Bel. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.
Phi. Thou art deceived, boy:
And she strokes thy head?
Bel. Yes.
Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks?
Bel. She does, my lord.
Phi. And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!
Bel. How, my lord?
Phi. She kisses thee?
Bel. Never, my lord, by Heaven!
Phi. That's strange: I know she does.
Bel. No, by my life!
Phi. Why, then, she does not love me. Come, she does.
I bade her do it; I charged her, by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked as to her bed; I took her oath
Thou should'st enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not paralleless? is not her breath
Sweet as Arabian winds when fruits are ripe?

Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls?
Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?
Bel. Ay, now I see why my disturbèd thoughts
Were so perplexed: when first I went to her,
My heart held augury. You are abused;
Some villain has abused you: I do see
Whereto you tend. Fall rocks upon his head
That put this to you! 'tis some subtle train
To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.
Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come,
Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her more
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds.
Hast thou discovered? is she fallen to lust,
As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me.
Bel. My lord, you did mistake the boy you sent:
Had she the lust of sparrows or of goats,
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid
Her base desires: but what I came to know
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.
Phi. O my heart!
This is a salve worse than the main disease. —
Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
[*Draws his sword.*
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain
As I do now thy face.
Bel. Why, so you do.
She is (for aught I know), by all the gods, [*Kneels.*
As chaste as ice! but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it thus, the breath of kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of brass,
Should draw it from me.
Phi. Then it is no time
To dally with thee; I will take thy life,

For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.
Bel. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse;
The gods have not a punishment in store
Greater for me than is your hate.
Phi. Fie, fie,
So young and so dissembling! Tell me when
And where thou didst enjoy her, or let plagues
Fall upon me, if I destroy thee not!
Bel. Heaven knows I never did; and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loathed!
Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away
Better than those that grow, and kiss those limbs
Because you made 'em so.
Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?
Bel. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?
Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know
What 'tis to die.
Bel. Yes, I do know, my lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep;
A quiet resting from all jealousy,
A thing we all pursue; I know, besides,
It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost.
Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjured souls: think but on those, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.
Bel. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjured, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with! If I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of; kill me!
Phi. Oh, what should I do?

Why, who can but believe him? he does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario:
Thy protestations are so deep, and thou
Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,
That, though I know 'em false as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth; a love from me to thee
Is firm, whate'er thou dost: it troubles me
That I have called the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,
Let me not see thee more: something is done
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bel. I will fly as far
As there is morning, ere I give distaste
To that most honoured mind. But through these tears,
Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see
A world of treason practised upon you,
And her, and me. Farewell for evermore!
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest in peace. [*Exit* BELLARIO.

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
Whatever thou deservest!—Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature too unkind;
That made no medicine for a troubled mind! [*Exit.*

SCENE II

ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace*

Enter ARETHUSA

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again:
But that I know my love will question him
Over and over, — how I slept, waked, talked,
How I remembered him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how when I sighed, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such, — I should be angry at his stay.

Enter King

King. What, at your meditations! Who attends you?
Are. None but my single self: I need no guard;
I do no wrong, nor fear none.
King. Tell me, have you not a boy?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. What kind of boy?
Are. A page, a waiting-boy.
King. A handsome boy?
Are. I think he be not ugly, sir:
Well qualified and dutiful I know him;
I took him not for beauty.
King. He speaks and sings and plays?
Are. Yes, sir.
King. About eighteen?
Are. I never asked his age.
King. Is he full of service?
Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?
King. Put him away.
Are. Sir!
King. Put him away, I say.
H'as done you that good service shames me to speak of.

Are. Good sir, let me understand you.
King. If you fear me,
Show it in duty; put away that boy.
Are. Let me have reason for it, sir, and then
Your will is my command.
King. Do you not blush to ask it? Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. Y'are one
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself
What you, myself, have done.
Are. What have I done, my lord?
King. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people speak it well already;
They need no grammar. Understand me well;
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off.
And suddenly: do it! Farewell. [*Exit* King.
Are. Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour fair? Not with the living;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces;
And, when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues,
Oh, how they cast to sink it! and, defeated,
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Enter PHILASTER

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, my dearest mistress!
Are. O my dearest servant, I have a war within me!
Phi. He must be more than man that makes these crystals
Run into rivers. Sweetest fair, the cause?
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,

Your creature, made again from what I was
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.
Are. O my best love, that boy!
Phi. What boy?
Are. The pretty boy you gave me —
Phi. What of him?
Are. Must be no more mine.
Phi. Why?
Are. They are jealous of him.
Phi. Jealous! who?
Are. The King.
Phi. [*Aside.*] Oh, my misfortune!
Then 'tis no idle jealousy. — Let him go.
Are. Oh, cruel!
Are you hard-hearted too? Who shall now tell you
How much I loved you? who shall swear it to you,
And weep the tears I send? who shall now bring you
Letters, rings, bracelets? lose his health in service?
Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise?
Who shall now sing your crying elegies,
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And make them mourn? who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eye-lids, making me dream, and cry,
"O my dear, dear Philaster!"
Phi. [*Aside.*] O my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made me know
This lady was not loyal! — Mistress,
Forget the boy; I'll get thee a far better.
Are. Oh, never, never such a boy again
As my Bellario!
Phi. 'Tis but your fond affection.
Are. With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for itself!
Let all that shall succeed thee for thy wrongs
Sell and betray chaste love!

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?
Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.
Phi. O thou forgetful woman!
Are. How, my lord?
Phi. False Arethusa!
Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,
And do thus.
Are. Do what, sir? would you sleep?
Phi. For ever, Arethusa. O you gods,
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?
Have I seen mischiefs numberless and mighty
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,
And laughed upon it, made it but a mirth,
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,
Under this tyrant King, that languishing
Hears his sad bell and sees his mourners? Do I
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,
That cursèd boy! None but a villain boy
To ease your lust?
Are. Nay, then, I am betrayed:
I feel the plot cast for my overthrow.
Oh, I am wretched!
Phi. Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom: give it to your joy;
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot
For bursting[n] with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts
What woman is, and help to save them from you;
How Heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
More hell than hell has; how your tongues, like scorpions,[n]

Both heal and poison; how your thoughts are woven
With thousand changes in one subtle web,
And worn so by you; how that foolish man,
That reads the story of a woman's face
And dies believing it, is lost for ever;
How all the good you have is but a shadow,
I' the morning with you, and at night behind you
Past and forgotten; how your vows are frosts,
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone;
How you are being taken all together,
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.
So, farewell all my woe, all my delight! [*Exit.*

Are. Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead!
What way have I deserved this? Make my breast
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes,
To find out constancy?

Enter BELLARIO

Save me, how black
And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now!
O thou dissembler, that, before thou spakest,
Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou
May glory in the ashes of a maid,
Fooled by her passion; but the conquest is
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!
Let my command force thee to that which shame
Would do without it. If thou understood'st
The loathèd office thou hast undergone,
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bel. Oh, what god,

Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds! Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell;
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys.
You need not bid me fly; I came to part,
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!
I durst not run away in honesty
From such a lady, like a boy that stole
Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abusèd lord
And mine, that he may know your worth; whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die! [*Exit* BELLARIO.

Are. Peace guide thee! Thou hast overthrown me once;
Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,
Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevelled, through the fiery streets.

Enter a Lady

Lady. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man,[n] let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,
That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
And have my story written in my wounds! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH

Scene I

Before the Palace

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, *and* Attendants

King. What, are the hounds before and all the wood, men,
Our horses ready and our bows bent?
Dion. All, sir.
King. Y'are cloudy, sir: come, we have forgotten
[*To* Pharamond.
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your spirit; here's none dare utter it.
Dion. He looks like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how he sinks! The wench has shot him between wind and water,[n] and, I hope, sprung a leak.
Thra. He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough: his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus; would he would leave off poaching! 12
Dion. And for his horn, h'as left it at the lodge where he lay late. Oh, he's a precious limehound! turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i' the slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him.
King. Is your boy turned away?
Are. You did command, sir, and I obeyed you.
King. 'Tis well done. Hark ye further. 20
[*They talk apart.*
Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a

mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve[n] in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanac[n]) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Dion. See, how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her neighbour! Why, what a devil can a man see in her face but that she's honest!

Thra. Faith, no great matter to speak of; a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat;[n] but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

Dion. See how they muster one another! Oh, there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours and his dam drum-major! now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage.

Cle. Sure this lady has a good turn done her against her will; before she was common talk, now none dare say cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these licences!

King. To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A Forest

Enter two Woodmen

1st Wood. What, have you lodged the deer?
2nd Wood. Yes, they are ready for the bow.
1st Wood. Who shoots?

2nd Wood. The princess.

1st Wood. No, she'll hunt.

2nd Wood. She'll take a stand, I say.

1st Wood. Who else?

2nd Wood. Why, the young stranger-prince.

1st Wood. He shall shoot in a stone-bow for me. I never loved his beyond-sea-ship since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings.[n] He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, his steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to turf his hat withal. I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristram;[n] for, if you be remembered, he forsook the stag once to strike a rascal miching in a meadow, and her he killed in the eye. Who shoots else?

2nd Wood. The lady Galatea.

1st Wood. That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, by the gods, they say she's honest; and whether that be a fault or no, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2nd Wood. No, one more; Megra.

1st Wood. That's a firker, i' faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds as a hunting saddle, and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable), and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and he has sweat for it. She rides well and pays well. Hark! let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PHILASTER

Phi. Oh, that I had been nourished[n] in these woods
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known
The right of crowns nor the dissembling trains
Of women's looks; but digged myself a cave,

Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain-girl,
Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks
Whereon she dwelt, that might have strewed my bed
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours, and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue! This had been a life
Free from vexation.

Enter BELLARIO

Bel. O wicked men!
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;
Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved lord
Sits as his soul were searching out a way
To leave his body! — Pardon me, that must
Break thy last commandment; for I must speak:
You that are grieved can pity; hear, my lord!
Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?
Bel. O my noble lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing), so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life
From cold and hunger!
Phi. Is it thou? begone!
Go, sell those misbeseeming clothes thou wear'st,
And feed thyself with them.
Bel. Alas, my lord, I can get nothing for them!
The silly country-people think 'tis treason
To touch such gay things.
Phi. Now, by the gods, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.
Th'art fallen again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?

Remains there yet a plague untried for me?
Even so thou wept'st, and looked'st, and spok'st, when first
I took thee up: curse on the time! If thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy art; I'll not betray it.
Which way wilt thou take, that I may shun thee?
For thine eyes are poison unto mine, and I
Am loath to grow in rage. This way, or that way?

Bel. Any will serve; but I will choose to have
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter on one side DION, *and on the other the two* Woodmen

Dion. This is the strangest sudden chance! — You, woodman!

1*st Wood.* My lord Dion?

Dion. Saw you a lady come this way on a sable horse studded with stars of white?

2*nd Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

Dion. Yes. Rode she to the wood or to the plain?

2*nd Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none.

Dion. Pox of your questions then! —

[*Exeunt* Woodmen.

Enter CLEREMONT

What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Dion. Let him seek his daughter himself. She cannot stray about a little necessary natural business, but the whole court must be in arms: when she has done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us. Some say, her horse ran away with her; some, a wolf pursued her; others, 'twas a plot to kill her, and that armed men were seen in the wood: but questionless she rode away willingly.

Enter King, THRASILINE, *and* Attendants

King. Where is she?
Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.
King. How's that?
Answer me so again!
Cle. Sir, shall I lie?
King. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that.
I say again, where is she? Mutter not! —
Sir, speak you; where is she?
Dion. Sir, I do not know.
King. Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heaven,
It is thy last! — You, fellows, answer me;
Where is she? Mark me, all; I am your king:
I wish to see my daughter; show her me;
I do command you all, as you are subjects,
To show her me! What! am I not your king?
If ay, then am I not to be obeyed?
Dion. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.
King. Things possible and honest! Hear me, thou —
Thou traitor, that darest confine thy king to things
Possible and honest! show her me,
Or, let me perish, if I cover not
All Sicily with blood!
Dion. Faith, I cannot,
Unless you tell me where she is.
King. You have betrayed me; you have let me lose
The jewel of my life. Go, bring her me,
And set her here before me: 'tis the King
Will have it so; whose breath can still the winds,
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling sea,
And stop the floods of Heaven. Speak, can it not?
Dion. No.
King. No! cannot the breath of kings do this?
Dion. No; nor smell sweet itself, if once the lungs
Be but corrupted.
King. Is it so? Take heed!

Dion. Sir, take you heed how you dare the powers
That must be just.
King. Alas, what are we kings!
Why do you gods place us above the rest,
To be served, flattered, and adored, till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder,
And when we come to try the power we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings?
I have sinned, 'tis true, and here stand to be punished;
Yet would not thus be punished: let me choose
My way, and lay it on!
Dion. He articles with the gods. Would somebody would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them!

Enter PHARAMOND, GALATEA, *and* MEGRA

King. What, is she found?
Pha. No; we have ta'en her horse;
He galloped empty by. There's some treason.
You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?
Gal. She did command me.
King. Command! you should not.
Gal. 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my birth
To disobey the daughter of my King.
King. Oh, y'are all cunning to obey us for our hurt;
But I will have her.
Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily!
Dion. What, will he carry it to Spain in's pocket?
Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A cook, and a tailor.
Dion. Yes, you may do well to spare your lady-bed-fellow; and her you may keep for a spawner.
King. I see the injuries I have done must be revenged.

Dion. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

King. Run all, disperse yourselves. The man that finds her,
Or (if she be killed) the traitor, I'll make him great.

Dion. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

Pha. Come, let us seek.

King. Each man a several way; here I myself.

Dion. Come, gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must go search too.

Meg. I had rather be searched myself.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III

Another part of the Forest

Enter ARETHUSA

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head:
I'll follow you boldly about these woods,
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and floods.
Heaven, I hope, will ease me: I am sick. [*She sits down.*

Enter BELLARIO

Bel. Yonder's my lady. God knows I want nothing,
Because I do not wish to live; yet I
Will try her charity. — Oh hear, you that have plenty,
From that flowing store drop some on dry ground. — See,
The lively red is gone to guard her heart!
I fear she faints. — Madam? look up! — She breathes not. —
Open once more those rosy twins, and send
Unto my lord your latest farewell! — Oh, she stirs. —

How is it, Madam? speak comfort.
Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

Enter PHILASTER

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage:
I'll tell her coolly when and where I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.—
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, you gods! good gods,
Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here!
Bel. My lord, help, help the princess.
Are. I am well; forbear.
Phi. Let me love lightning, let me be embraced
And kissed by scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women! Some good god look down,
And shrink these veins up; stick me here a stone,
Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this damned act! — Hear me, you wicked ones!
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quenched with tears; for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms! at your meals and beds
Despair await you! What, before my face?
Poison of asps between your lips! diseases
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you!
Are. Dear Philaster, leave
To be enraged, and hear me.
Phi. I have done;
Forgive my passion. Not the calmèd sea,
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,

Is less disturbed than I: I'll make you know it.
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,
[*Offers his drawn sword.*
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you and this boy may live and reign
In lust without control. — Wilt thou, Bellario?
I prithee, kill me: thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts; when I am dead,
Thy way were freer. — Am I raging now?
If I were mad, I should desire to live.
Sirs,[n] feel my pulse, whether you have known
A man in a more equal tune to die?
Bel. Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps madman's time!
So does your tongue.
Phi. You will not kill me, then?
Are. Kill you!
Bel. Not for the world.
Phi. I blame not thee,
Bellario: thou hast done but that which gods
Would have transformed themselves to do. Begone,
Leave me without reply; this is the last
Of all our meetings. — [*Exit* BELLARIO.] Kill me with this sword;
Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
Or suffer.
Are. If my fortune be so good to let me fall
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
No jealousies in the other world; no ill there?
Phi. No.
Are. Show me, then, the way.
Phi. Then guide my feeble hand,
You that have power to do it, for I must
Perform a piece of justice! — If your youth
Have any way offended Heaven, let prayers

Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Are. I am prepared.

Enter a Country Fellow

C. Fell. I'll see the King, if he be in the forest; I have hunted him these two hours; if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that out-ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These kings had need of good brains; this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. — There's a courtier with his sword drawn; by this hand, upon a woman I think!

Phi. Are you at peace?

Are. With Heaven and earth.

Phi. May they
Divide thy soul and body! [*Wounds her.*

C. Fell. Hold, dastard! strike a woman! Th'art a craven, I warrant thee: thou wouldst be loath to play half a dozen venies at wasters with a good fellow for a broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Are. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself
Upon our private sports, our recreations?

C. Fell. God 'uds me, I understand you not; but I know the rogue has hurt you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs: it will be ill
To multiply blood upon my head; which thou
Wilt force me to.

C. Fell. I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest! [*They fight.*

Are. Heaven guard my lord!

C. Fell. Oh, do you breathe?

Phi. I hear the tread of people. I am hurt:
The gods take part against me; could this boor
Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,

Though I do loathe it. I would find a course
To lose it rather by my will than force. [*Exit* PHILASTER.

C. Fell. I cannot follow the rogue. I pray thee, wench, come kiss me now.

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, *and* Woodmen

Pha. What art thou?

C. Fell. Almost killed I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The princess, gentlemen! — Where's the wound, madam!
Is it dangerous?

Are. He has not hurt me.

C. Fell. By God, she lies; h'as hurt her in the breast; Look else.

Pha. O sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion. 'Tis above wonder! who should dare this?

Are. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

C. Fell. Is it the princess?

Dion. Ay.

C. Fell. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her?

C. Fell. I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

Pha. Madam, who did it?

Are. Some dishonest wretch; Alas, I know him not, and do forgive him!

C. Fell. He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him?

Are. Not at all; 'tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all to you in my hat.

Are. Nay, good sir,
If you do take him, bring him quick to me,

And I will study for a punishment
Great as his fault.
Pha. I will.
Are. But swear.
Pha. By all my love, I will! —
Woodmen, conduct the princess to the King,
And bear that wounded fellow to dressing. —
Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.
[*Exeunt on one side* PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE; *exit on the other*, ARETHUSA *attended by the* First Woodman.
C. Fell. I pray you, friend, let me see the King.
2nd Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.
C. Fell. If I get clear of this, I'll go see no more gay sights. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Another part of the Forest

Enter BELLARIO

Bel. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all, [*Lies down.*
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish
I rather were a corse strewed o'er with you
Than quick above you. Dullness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep that I might never wake! [*Sleeps.*

Enter PHILASTER

Phi. I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,
To strike at her that would not strike at me.
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
The gods to guard me. She may be abused,
And I a loathèd villain: if she be,

She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds
And cannot follow; neither knows he me.
Who's this? Bellario sleeping! If thou be'st
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wronged,
[*Cry within.*
So broken. — Hark! I am pursued. You gods,
I'll take this offered means of my escape:
They have no mark to know me but my blood,
If she be true; if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
Upon this sleeping boy! I ha' none, I think,
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.
[*Wounds* BELLARIO.

Bel. Oh, death, I hope, is come! Blest be that hand!
It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!

Phi. I have caught myself; [PHI. *falls.*
The loss of blood hath stayed my flight. Here, here,
Is he that struck thee: take thy full revenge;
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death;
I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand
Wounded the princess; tell my followers
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee; get a reward.

Bel. Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!

Phi. How's this?
Wouldst thou I should be safe?

Bel. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have
Ha' not bled much: reach me that noble hand;
I'll help to cover you.

Phi. Art thou then true to me?

Bel. Or let me perish loathed! Come, my good lord,
Creep in amongst those bushes: who does know
But that the gods may save your much-loved breath?

Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou do?

Bel. Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear 'em come.
[PHILASTER *creeps into a bush.*
[*Voices within.*] Follow, follow, follow! that way they went.
Bel. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows
That I can stand no longer. [*Falls.*

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE

Pha. To this place we have tracked him by his blood.
Cle. Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.
Dion. Stay, sir! what are you?
Bel. A wretched creature, wounded in these woods
By beasts: relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.
Dion. This is he, my lord,
Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy, that served her.
Pha. O thou damned in thy creation!
What cause couldst thou shape to hurt the princess?
Bel. Then I am betrayed.
Dion. Betrayed! no, apprehended.
Bel. I confess,
(Urge it no more) that, big with evil thoughts
I set upon her, and did make my aim
Her death. For charity let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.
Pha. I will know
Who hired thee to this deed.
Bel. Mine own revenge.
Pha. Revenge! for what?
Bel. It pleased her to receive
Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebbed,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower

Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes till they overflowed their banks,
Threatening the men that crossed 'em; when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turned her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestowed, leaving me worse
And more contemned than other little brooks,
Because I had been great. In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die revenged.

Pha. If tortures can be found
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour.

Cle. Help to lead him hence,

[PHILASTER *creeps out of the bush.*

Phi. Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?

Pha. Who's that?

Dion. 'Tis the lord Philaster.

Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue. It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a Pyramis
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-world
The worth that dwells in him!

Pha. How's this?

Bel. My lord, some man
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario.

Bel. Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And gods do punish most when men do break,
He touched her not. — Take heed, Bellario,

How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown
With perjury. — By all the gods, 'twas I!
You know she stood betwixt me and my right.
Pha. Thy own tongue be thy judge!
Cle. It was Philaster.
Dion. Is't not a brave boy?
Well, sirs, I fear me we were all deceived.
Phi. Have I no friend here?
Dion. Yes.
Phi. Then show it: some
Good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you die?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods and breathe forth my spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold [*Embraces* BEL.
Locked in the heart of earth, can buy away
This arm-full from me: this had been a ransom
To have redeemed the great Augustus Cæsar,
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh
To stop his life? to bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe 'em. — Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster!

Enter King, ARETHUSA, *and* Guard

King. Is the villain ta'en?
Pha. Sir, here be two confess the deed; but sure
It was Philaster.
Phi. Question it no more; it was.
King. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us
That.
Are. Aye me! I know he will.
King. Did not you know him?
Are. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so. O my stars, that I should live still!

King. Thou ambitious fool,
Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life! —
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.
Bear them to prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life; should it pass unrevenged,
I should to earth go weeping; grant me, then,
By all the love a father bears his child,
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths.

Dion. Death!
Soft; our law will not reach that for this fault.

King. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you with a guard. —
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match. —

[*Exeunt all except* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* TIRASILINE.

Cle. I pray that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.

Dion. Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH

Scene I

Before the Palace

Enter Dion, Cleremont, *and* Thrasiline

Thra. Has the King sent for him to death?

Dion. Yes; but the King must know 'tis not in his power to war with Heaven.

Cle. We linger time: the King sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.

Thra. Are all his wounds well?

Dion. All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, gentlemen.

Thra. Away! 10

Dion. We'll scuffle hard before he perish. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A Prison

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, *and* Bellario

Are. Nay, faith, Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

Bel. Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.

Phi. O Arethusa, O Bellario, leave to be kind!
I shall be shut from Heaven, as now from earth,
If you continue so. I am a man
False to a pair of the most trusty ones
That ever earth bore: can it bear us all?

Forgive, and leave me. But the King hath sent
To call me to my death: oh, show it me,
And then forget me! and for thee, my boy,
I shall deliver words will mollify
The hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence.
Bel. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts! 'tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.
Should I outlive you, I should then outlive
Virtue and honour; and when that day comes,
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,
May I live spotted for my perjury,
And waste by time to nothing!
Are. And I (the woeful'st maid that ever lived,
Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)
Do by the honour of a virgin swear
To tell no hours beyond it!
Phi. Make me not hated so.
Are. Come from this prison all joyful to our deaths!
Phi. People will tear me, when they find you true
To such a wretch as I; I shall die loathed.
Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I
For ever sleep forgotten with my faults:
Every just servant, every maid in love,
Will have a piece of me, if you be true.
Are. My dear lord, say not so.
Bel. A piece of you!
He was not born of woman that can cut it
And look on.
Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,
For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.
Are. Why, 'tis well.
Bel. Lament no more.
Phi. Why, what would you have done
If you had wronged me basely, and had found
Your life no price compared to mine? for love, sirs,
Deal with me truly.

Bel. 'Twas mistaken, sir.
Phi. Why, if it were?
Bel. Then, sir, we would have asked
Your pardon.
Phi. And have hope to enjoy it?
Are. Enjoy it! ay.
Phi. Would you indeed? be plain.
Bel. We would, my lord.
Phi. Forgive me, then.
Are. So, so.
Bel. 'Tis as it should be now.
Phi. Lead to my death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

A State-room in the Palace

Enter King, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE

King. Gentlemen, who saw the prince?
Cle. So please you, sir, he's gone to see the city
And the new platform, with some gentlemen
Attending on him.
King. Is the princess ready
To bring her prisoner out?
Thra. She waits your grace.
King. Tell her we stay. — [*Exit* THRASILINE.
Dion. King, you may be deceived yet:
The head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off;
Like a wild overflow, that soops before him
A golden stack, and with it shakes down bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable-roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And, so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride
Charges strong towns, towers, castles, palaces,

And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

Enter ARETHUSA, PHILASTER, BELLARIO *in a robe and garland, and* THRASILINE

King. How now? what masque is this?
Bel. Right royal sir, I should
Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,
But having lost my best airs with my fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessèd union on, thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches
The noblest of the mountain where they grew,
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their lairs, and slept
Free from the fervour of the Sirian star[n]
And the fell thunder-stroke, free from the clouds,
When they were big with humour, and delivered,
In thousand spouts their issues to the earth;
Oh, there was none but silent there!
Till never-pleasèd Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so, and did reign
Over the mountain, and choke up his beauty
With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the sun
Scorched them even to the roots and dried them there:
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,
That made these branches meet and twine together,
Never to be unarmed. The god that sings
His holy numbers over marriage-beds
Hath knit their noble hearts; and here they stand
Your children, mighty King: and I have done.
King. How, how?
Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,

(For now there is no masquing in't,) this gentleman,
The prisoner that you gave me, is become
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes
Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought him,
Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length
Arrived here my dear husband.
King. Your dear husband! —
Call in the Captain of the Citadel. —
There you shall keep your wedding. I'll provide
A masque shall make your Hymen turn his saffron[n]
Into a sullen coat, and sing sad requiems
To your departing souls;
Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,
An ax shall hang like a prodigious meteor,
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, you gods!
From this time do I shake all title off
Of father to this woman, this base woman;
And what there is of vengeance in a lion
Chafed among dogs or robbed of his dear young,
The same, enforced more terrible, more mighty,
Expect from me!
Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.
What I have done, I have done without repentance;
For death can be no bugbear unto me,
So long as Pharamond is not my headsman.
Dion. [*Aside.*] Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou worthy maid,
Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll excuse thee,
Or be thy prologue. —
Phi. Sir, let me speak next;
And let my dying words be better with you
Than my dull living actions. If you aim
At the dear life of this sweet innocent,
You are a tyrant and a savage monster,
That feeds upon the blood you gave a life to;

Your memory shall be as foul behind you,
As you are living; all your better deeds
Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;
No chronicle shall speak you, though your own,
But for the shame of men. No monument,
Though high and big as Pelion, shall be able
To cover this base murder: make it rich
With brass, with purest gold and shining jasper,
Like the Pyramides; lay on epitaphs
Such as make great men gods; my little marble
That only clothes my ashes, not my faults,
Shall far outshine it. And for after-issues,
Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
That they will give you more for your mad rage
To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle you.
Remember my father, King! there was a fault,
But I forgive it: let that sin persuade you
To love this lady; if you have a soul,
Think, save her, and be savèd. For myself,
I have so long expected this glad hour,
So languished under you, and daily withered,
That, by the gods, it is a joy to die;
I find a recreation in't.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Where's the King?
King. Here.
Mess. Get you to your strength,
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger;
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,
Fearing[n] the lord Philaster.
Dion. [*Aside.*] O brave followers!
Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!
Now, my brave valiant foremen, show your weapons
In honour of your mistresses!

Enter another Messenger

2nd Mess. Arm, arm, arm, arm!

King. A thousand devils take these Citizens!

Dion. [*Aside.*] A thousand blessings on 'em!—

2nd Mess. Arm, O King! The city is in mutiny,
Led by an old grey Ruffin, who comes on
In rescue of the lord Philaster.

King. Away to the citadel!—
[*Exeunt* ARE., PHI., BEL., *guarded.*
I'll see them safe,
And then cope with these burghers. Let the guard
And all the gentlemen give strong attendance.

[*Exeunt all except* DION, CLEREMONT, *and* THRASILINE.

Cle. The city up! this was above our wishes.

Dion. Ay, and the marriage too. By all the gods,
This noble lady has deceived us all.
A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,
For having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour!
Oh, I could beat myself! or do you beat me,
And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Dion. You say true. Are your swords sharp?—Well, my dear countrymen What-you-lacks, if you continue and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all-to-be-praised and sung in sonnets, and bawled in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall troul you in *sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.

Thra. What, if a toy take 'em i' the heels now, and they run all away, and cry, "the devil take the hindmost?"

Dion. Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speeding! May they have murrains reign to keep the gentlemen at home unbound in easy frieze![n] may the moth branch

their velvets, and their silks only to be worn before sore eyes! [n] may their false lights [n] undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! may they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! may they have many children, and none like the father! may they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parcels, unless it be the goatish Latin [n] they write in their bonds — and may they write that false, and lose their debts! 154

Re-enter the King

King. Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them! How they swarm together! what a hum they raise! — Devils choke your wild throats! — If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: they will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster! speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him. Oh, my wits, my wits! [*Exit* CLEREMONT. 165

Dion. [*Aside.*] O my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this; nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you, and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking. — 171

King. What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

Dion. [*Aside.*] Why, sir, they'll flay him, and make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebellion; then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a sign. —

Re-enter CLEREMONT *with* PHILASTER

King. O worthy sir, forgive me! do not make

Your miseries and my faults meet together,
To bring a greater danger. Be yourself,
Still sound amongst diseases. I have wronged you;
And though I find it last, and beaten to it,
Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,
And be what you were born to: take your love,
And with her my repentance, all my wishes
And all my prayers. By the gods, my heart speaks this;
And if the least fall from me not performed,
May I be struck with thunder!

Phi. Mighty sir,
I will not do your greatness so much wrong,
As not to make your word truth. Free the princess
And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock
Of this mad sea-breach, which I'll either turn,
Or perish with it.

King. Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your royal word. Be kingly,
And be not moved, sir: I shall bring you peace
Or never bring myself back.

King. Now all the gods go with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

A Street

Enter an old Captain *and* Citizens *with* PHARAMOND

Cap. Come, my brave myrmidons, let us fall on.
Let your caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues
Forget your mother gibberish of "what do you lack,"
And set your mouths ope, children, till your palates
Fall frighted half a fathom past the cure
Of bay-salt and gross pepper, and then cry
"Philaster, brave Philaster!" Let Philaster
Be deeper in request, my ding-dongs,
My pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs,

Than your cold water camlets, or your paintings
Spitted with copper. Let not your hasty silks,
Or your branched cloth of bodkin, or your tissues,
Dearly belovèd of spiced cake and custard,
You Robin Hoods, Scarlets, and Johns, tie your affections
In darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers,
Up with your three-piled spirits, your wrought valours;
And let your uncut cholers make the King feel
The measure of your mightiness. Philaster!
Cry, my rose-nobles, cry![n]
All. Philaster! Philaster!
Cap. How do you like this, my lord-prince?
These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things
That will not strike their top-sails to a foist,
And let a man of war, an argosy,
Hull and cry cockles.[n]
Pha. Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?
Cap. My pretty prince of puppets, we do know;
And give your greatness warning that you talk
No more such bug's-words, or that soldered crown
Shall be scratched with a musket. Dear prince Pippin,
Down with your noble blood, or, as I live,
I'll have you coddled.[n] — Let him loose, my spirits:
Make us a round ring with your bills, my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares do.
Now, sir, have at you! here I lie;
And with this swashing blow (do you see, sweet prince?)
I could hock your grace, and hang you up cross-legged,
Like a hare at a poulter's, and do this with this wiper.
Pha. You will not see me murdered, wicked villains?
1st Cit. Yes, indeed, will we, sir; we have not seen one
For a great while.
Cap. He would have weapons, would he?
Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes;
Branch me his skin in flowers like a satin,

And between every flower a mortal cut. —
Your royalty shall ravel! — Jag him, gentlemen;
I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the seams.
Oh for a whip to make him galloon-laces!
I'll have a coach-whip.
Pha. Oh, spare me, gentlemen!
Cap. Hold, hold;
The man begins to fear and know himself;
He shall for this time only be seeled up,
With a feather through his nose, that he may only
See Heaven, and think whither he is going.
Nay, my beyond-sea sir, we will proclaim you:
You would be king!
Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale,[n]
Thou slight prince of single sarcenet,[n]
Thou royal ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing
But poor men's poultry, and have every boy
Beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!
Pha. Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!
1st Cit. Shall's geld him, captain?
Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donzels;
As you respect the ladies, let them flourish:
The curses of a longing woman kill
As speedy as a plague, boys.
1st Cit. I'll have a leg, that's certain.
2nd Cit. I'll have an arm.
3rd Cit. I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge build
A college and clap't upon the gate.[n]
4th Cit. I'll have his little gut to string a kit with:
For certainly a royal gut will sound like silver.
Pha. Would they were in thy belly, and I past
My pain once!
5th Cit. Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.
Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.
Pha. Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortured.

1st Cit. Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your two-hand sword,
And let me have his skin to make false scabbards.
2nd Cit. He had no horns, sir, had he?
Cap. No, sir, he's a pollard:
What wouldst thou do with horns?
2nd Cit. Oh, if he had had,
I would have made rare hafts and whistles of 'em;
But his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

Enter PHILASTER

All. Long live Philaster, the brave Prince Philaster!
Phi. I thank you, gentlemen. But why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?
Cap. My royal Rosicleer,[n]
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers;
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,
Thou Mars of men? is the King sociable,
And bids thee live? art thou above thy foemen,
And free as Phœbus? speak. If not, this stand
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt, and run
Even to the lees of honour.
Phi. Hold, and be satisfied: I am myself;
Free as my thoughts are: by the gods, I am!
Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?[n]
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their gummed golls,[n] and cry "We are your servants?"
Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy castle,
And this man sleeps.
Phi. I am what I desire to be, your friend;

I am what I was born to be, your prince.
Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you;
You have a noble soul: forget my name,
And know my misery: set me safe aboard
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing, —
Perpetual prisonment, cold, hunger, sickness
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madness, age,
To be as many creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do, nay, to despair, —
But I would rather make it a new nature,
And live with all those, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.
Phi. I do pity you. — Friends, discharge your fears;
Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you
I shall be old enough to find my safety.
3rd Cit. Good sir, take heed he does not hurt you;
He's a fierce man, I can tell you, sir.
Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'll have a surcingle,
And mail you like a hawk.
Phi. Away, away, there is no danger in him:
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off!
Look you, friends, how gently he leads! Upon my word,
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good my friends, go to your houses,
And by me have your pardons and my love;
And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes:
To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.
Continue still your love; and, for an earnest,
Drink this. [*Gives money.*
All. Long mayst thou live, brave prince, brave prince, brave prince! [*Exeunt* PHI. *and* PHA.
Cap. Go thy ways, thou art the king of courtesy!
Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come,
And every man trace to his house again,

And hang his pewter up; then to the tavern,
And bring your wives in muffs. We will have music;
And the red grape shall make us dance and rise, boys.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

An Apartment in the Palace

Enter King, ARETHUSA, GALATEA, MEGRA, DION, CLEREMONT, THRASILINE, BELLARIO, *and* Attendants

King. Is it appeased?
Dion. Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster
Brings on the prince himself.
King. Kind gentleman!
I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him: I have heaped a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away.

Enter PHILASTER *and* PHARAMOND

Cle. My lord is come.
King. My son!
Blest be the time that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams of grief
That I have wronged thee, and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take her;
She is thy right too; and forget to urge
My vexèd soul with that I did before.
Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten. — For you, prince of Spain,
Whom I have thus redeemed, you have full leave

To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnished to your realm
With fair provision, I do see a lady,
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:
How like you this piece?
Meg. Sir, he likes it well,
For he hath tried it, and hath found it worth
His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed;
I know your meaning. I am not the first
That nature taught to seek a fellow forth;
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or have princes salves
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?
Phi. What mean you?
Meg. You must get another ship,
To bear the princess and her boy together.
Dion. How now!
Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him
At that all women may be ta'en some time:
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure
Weather and wind alike.
King. Clear thou thyself, or know not me for father.
Are. This earth, how false it is! What means is left for me
To clear myself? It lies in your belief:
My lords, believe me; and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.
Bel. Oh, stop your ears, great King, that I may speak
As freedom would! then I will call this lady
As base as are her actions: hear me, sir;
Believe your heated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.
Meg. By this good light, he bears it handsomely.
Phi. This lady! I will sooner trust the wind
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,
Than her with any thing. Believe her not.
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,

I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take
Revenge on you; then what were to be known
But death?
King. Forget her, sir, since all is knit
Between us. But I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.[n]
Phi. Command, whate'er it be.
King. Swear to be true
To what you promise.
Phi. By the powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted!
King. Bear away that boy
To torture: I will have her cleared or buried.
Phi. Oh, let me call my word back, worthy sir!
Ask something else: bury my life and right
In one poor grave; but do not take away
My life and fame at once.
King. Away with him! It stands irrevocable.
Phi. Turn all your eyes on me: here stands a man,
The falsest and the basest of this world.
Set swords against this breast, some honest man,
For I have lived till I am pitied!
My former deeds were hateful; but this last
Is pitiful, for I unwillingly
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture. Is it in the power
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Are. Dear sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay that hand!
King. Sirs, strip that boy.
Dion. Come, sir; your tender flesh
Will try your constancy.
Bel. Oh, kill me, gentlemen!
Dion. No. — Help, sirs.
Bel. Will you torture me?
King. Haste there;

Why stay you?

Bel. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all.

King. How's that? will he confess?

Dion. Sir, so he says.

King. Speak then.

Bel. Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known; and stranger things than these
You hear not often.

King. Walk aside with him. 90

[DION *and* BELLARIO *walk apart.*

Dion. Why speak'st thou not?

Bel. Know you this face, my lord?

Dion. No.

Bel. Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bel. I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me
They that would flatter my bad face would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, dressed alike.

Dion. By Heaven, and so there is!

Bel. For her fair sake, 100
Who now doth spend the springtime of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the King,
That I may scape this torture.

Dion. But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia as thou dost look.
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage?

Bel. I know it not, my lord;
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Dion. Oh, my shame! is 't possible? Draw near,

That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,
Or else her murderer?[n] where wert thou born?
Bel. In Syracusa.
Dion. What's thy name?
Bel. Euphrasia.
Dion. Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she!
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!
How shall I own thee? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more?
Bel. Would I had died indeed! I wish it too:
And so I must have done by vow, ere published
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear.
King. What, have you done?
Dion. All is discovered.
Phi. Why then hold you me?
[*Offers to stab himself.*
All is discovered! Pray you, let me go.
King. Stay him.
Are. What is discovered?
Dion. Why, my shame.
It is a woman: let her speak the rest.
Phi. How? that again!
Dion. It is a woman.
Phi. Blessed be you powers that favour innocence!
King. Lay hold upon that lady. [MEGRA *is seized.*
Phi. It is a woman, sir! — Hark, gentlemen,
It is a woman! — Arethusa, take
My soul into thy breast, that would be gone
With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,
And virtuous still to ages, in despite
Of malice.
King. Speak you, where lies his shame?
Bel. I am his daughter.
Phi. The gods are just.

Dion. I dare accuse none; but, before you two,
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee
For mercy.
Phi. Take it freely; for I know,
Though what thou didst were undiscreetly done,
'Twas meant well.
Are. And for me,
I have a power to pardon sins, as oft
As any man has power to wrong me.
Cle. Noble and worthy!
Phi. But, Bellario,
(For I must call thee still so,) tell me why
Thou didst conceal thy sex. It was a fault,
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds
Of truth outweighed it: all these jealousies
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered
What now we know.
Bel. My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so praised. But yet all this
Was but a maiden-longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought (but it was you), enter our gates:
My blood flew out and back again, as fast
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in
Like breath: then was I called away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man,
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever: I did hear you talk,
Far above singing. After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so: alas, I found it love!
Yet far from lust; for, could I but have lived

In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you; and, understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seemed, that I might ever
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,
Where first you took me up.

King. Search out a match
Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself
Wilt well deserve him.

Bel. Never, sir, will I
Marry; it is a thing within my vow:
But, if I may have leave to serve the princess,
To see the virtues of her lord and her,
I shall have hope to live.

Are. I, Philaster,
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady
Dressed like a page to serve you; nor will I
Suspect her living here. — Come, live with me;
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,
Cursed be the wife that hates her!

Phi. I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth
Without an heir. — Hear me, my royal father:
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,
To think to take revenge of that base woman;
Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

King. Set her at liberty. — But leave the court;
This is no place for such. — You, Pharamond,

Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
Worthy so great a prince. When you come there,
Remember 'twas your faults that lost you her,
And not my purposed will.
Pha. I do confess,
Renownèd sir.
King. Last, join your hands in one. Enjoy, Philaster,
This kingdom, which is yours, and, after me,
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!
All happy hours be at your marriage joys,
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,
And live to see your plenteous branches spring
Wherever there is sun! Let princes learn
By this to rule the passions of their blood;
For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.
[*Exeunt.*

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

The Faithful Shepherdess is the work of Fletcher, writing alone, and there is no reason to assign to Beaumont any part in it. It is alluded to, with *Philaster*, in 1620, in Davies' *Scourge of Folly*, and may have been on the stage a year or more earlier. The play was not at first a success, as Fletcher himself confesses in his prefatory address "To the Reader." As later revived, however, in the reign of King Charles, it enjoyed a great and continued popularity. There are five quartos of *The Faithful Shepherdess;* the earliest, which is undated, offers the authoritative text, as Fletcher seems, in this case, to have seen his drama through the press with care. Although he is true in the main to the literary traditions of the pastoral drama as practised by Tasso and Guarini, the plot of *The Faithful Shepherdess* is Fletcher's own, and he has developed his intrigue in remarkable independence of the conventions of this kind of play.

TO THE READER

If you be not reasonably assured of your knowledge in this kind of poem, lay down the book, or read this, which I would wish had been the prologue. It is a pastoral tragi-comedy, which the people seeing when it was played, having ever had a singular gift in defining, concluded to be a play of country hired shepherds in grey cloaks, with curtailed dogs in strings, sometimes laughing together, and sometimes killing one another; and, missing Whitsun-ales, cream, wassail, and morris-dances, began to be angry. In their error I would not have you fall, lest you incur their censure. Understand, therefore, a pastoral to be a representation of shepherds and shepherdesses with their actions and passions, which must be such as may agree with their natures, at least not exceeding former fictions and vulgar traditions; they are not to be adorned with any art, but such improper[1] ones as nature is said to bestow, as singing and poetry; or such as experience may teach them, as the virtues of herbs and fountains, the ordinary course of the sun, moon, and stars, and such like. But you are ever to remember shepherds to be such as all the ancient poets, and modern, of understanding, have received them; that is, the owners of flocks, and not hirelings. A tragi-comedy is not so called in respect of mirth and killing, but in respect it wants deaths, which is enough to make it no tragedy, yet brings some near it, which is enough to make it no comedy, which must be a representation of familiar people, with such kind of trouble as no life be questioned; so that a god is as lawful in this as in a tragedy, and mean people as in a comedy. Thus much I hope will serve to justify my poem, and make you understand it; to teach you more for nothing, I do not know that I am in conscience bound.

John Fletcher.

[1] *i.e.* common, ordinary.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PERIGOT.
THENOT.
DAPHNIS.
ALEXIS.
Sullen Shepherd.
Old Shepherd.
Priest of Pan.
God of the River.
Satyr.
Shepherds.

CLORIN.
AMORET.
AMARILLIS.
CLOE.
Shepherdesses.

SCENE — THESSALY.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

ACT THE FIRST

Scene I

The Wood before Clorin's *Bower*

Enter Clorin

Clorin. Hail, holy earth, whose cold arms do embrace
The truest man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!
Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy still-lovèd ashes; thus I free
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires
Of love; all sports, delights, and merry games,
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now no more shall these smooth brows be girt
With youthful coronals, and lead the dance;
No more the company of fresh fair maids
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes
Under some shady dell, when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: all be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side
How often have I sat crowned with fresh flowers
For summer's queen, whilst every shepherd's boy
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan!
But thou art gone, and these are gone with thee,
And all are dead but thy dear memory;
That shall outlive thee, and shall ever spring,

Whilst there are pipes or jolly shepherds sing.
And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes;
Only remembering what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs:
That will I practise, and as freely give
All my endeavours as I gained them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,
Or charmed with powerful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-sick, or through too much heat
Grown wild or lunatic, their eyes or ears
Thickened with misty film of dulling rheum;
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies
In herbs applièd by a virgin's hand.
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,
Berries and chestnuts, plantains, on whose cheeks
The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit
Pulled from the fair head of the straight-grown pine
On these I'll feed with free content, and rest,
When night shall blind the world, by thy side blest.

Enter a Satyr *bearing Fruits, etc.*

Sat. Thorough yon same bending plain,
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose bottom never kissed the sun
Since the lusty spring began;
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright. —
But, behold, a fairer sight!

[*Seeing* CLORIN, *he stands amazed.*

By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells:
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learnèd poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them!
For these black-eyed Dryope[n]
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my claspèd knee to climb:
See how well the lusty time
Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread!
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat,
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long

Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*

Clo. And all my fears go with thee!
What greatness, or what private hidden power,
Is there in me, to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? Sure I am mortal,
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal: prick my hand,
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink
Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal.
Yet I have heard — my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it — if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts these groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on,
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin.
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself and more mis-shapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there is a power
In that great name of virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: then, strong chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell! [*Exit.*

SCENE II

In the Neighbourhood of a Village

Enter an Old Shepherd, *with him four couples of* Shepherds *and* Shepherdesses, *among whom are* PERIGOT *and* AMORET

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy festival
In honour of our great god, and his rites
Performed, prepare yourselves for chaste
And uncorrupted fires; that as the priest
With powerful hand shall sprinkle on your brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts free.
Kneel, shepherds, kneel; here comes the priest of Pan.
[*They kneel.*

Enter Priest

Priest. Shepherds, thus I purge away
[*Sprinkling them with water.*
Whatsoever this great day,
Or the past hours, gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden blood.
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,
From the wanton quick desires
They do kindle by their fires
I do wash you with this water;
Be you pure and fair hereafter!
From your livers[n] and your veins
Thus I take away the stains:
All your thoughts be smooth and fair;
Be ye fresh and free as air!
Never more let lustful heat
Through your purgèd conduits beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verse be spoken

In a shepherdess's ear:
Go your ways, ye are all clear.
[*They rise and sing in praise of Pan.*

Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our sheep;
And arm in arm
Tread we softly in a round,
Whilst the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, O great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we sing!
Thou that keep'st us chaste and free
As the young spring;
Ever be thy honour spoke,
From that place the Morn is broke
To that place Day doth unyoke!
[*Exeunt all except* PERIGOT *and* AMORET.

Peri. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-browed maid;
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.
Amo. Speak; I give
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was, as free from ill
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city; be thou ever true!
Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,
First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,
That, being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go!

Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so:
I do believe thee; 'tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul.
Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides[n] the wandering seaman through the deep;
Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
Head of an agèd mountain, and more white
Than the new milk we strip before day-light
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo!
Amo. Shepherd, be not lost;
Ye are sailed too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.
Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I have sent to heaven? did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not, then,
Give back again those sweets to other men,
You yourself vowed were mine.
Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand: be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy!
Peri. I take it as my best good; and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service: say, sweet, shall it hold?
Amo. Dear friend, you must not blame me, if I make
A doubt of what the silent night may do,
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood:
Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not been
Washed white enough, for yet I see a stain

Stick in your liver: go and purge again.
Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth!
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
Of the great Dian: only my intent
To draw you thither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls.
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality:
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given
In hope of coming happiness;
By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crowned the head of her long-lovèd shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity;
There grows all herbs fit to cool looser flames
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their power those hidden sparks
That else would break out, and provoke our sense
To open fires; so virtuous is that place.
Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant:
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires
He ever aimed at, and —
Amo. Thou hast prevailed: farewell. This coming night
Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-wished delight.
Peri. Our great god Pan reward thee for that good
Thou hast given thy poor shepherd! Fairest bud

Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chastity,
Let me deserve the hot polluted name
Of a wild woodman, or affect some dame
Whose often prostitution hath begot
More foul diseases than ever yet the hot
Sun bred through his burnings, whilst the Dog
Pursues the raging Lion,[n] throwing fog
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death!

[*Exit* AMORET.

Enter AMARILLIS

Amar. Shepherd, may I desire to be believed,
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Fair maid, you may.

Amar. Then, softly thus: I love thee, Perigot;
And would be gladder to be loved again
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
To clip the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,
Nor wonder that I woo thee, thou that art
The prime of our young grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty shepherds. What dull eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighbouring veins?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
Then, do not blame me, shepherd, if I be
One to be numbered in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
To your complaints; but sure I shall not love:
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,

Are given already. Do not love him, then,
That cannot love again; on other men
Bestow those heats, more free that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.
Amar. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?
If I were old, or had agreed with art
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common mistress to the love
Of every swain, or could I with such ease
Call back my love as many a wanton doth,
Thou mightst refuse me, shepherd; but to thee
I am only fixed and set; let it not be
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse
The love of silly maid.
Peri. Fair soul, you use
These words to little end: for know, I may
Better call back that time was yesterday,
Or stay the coming night, than bring my love
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.
I will no longer hold you with delays:
This present night I have appointed been
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul,
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceived no longer, choose again:
These neighbouring plains have many a comely swain,
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was;
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.
Farewell: be happy in a better choice! [*Exit.*
Amar. Cruel, thou hast struck me deader with thy voice
Than if the angry heavens with their quick flames
Had shot me through. I must not leave to love,
I cannot; no, I must enjoy thee, boy,
Though the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shown

More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow
When he sits frowning on the births of men;
One that doth wear himself away in loneness,
And never joys, unless it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls;
One that lusts after every several beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth
Than Phœbe in her fullness, or the youth
Of smooth Lyæus;[n] whose nigh-starvèd flocks
Are always scabby, and infect all sheep
They feed withal; whose lambs are ever last,
And die before their weaning; and whose dog
Looks, like his master, lean and full of scurf,
Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man may,
If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me passage to my long desires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd

Sull. Shep. Fresh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be partner of your loneness: 'twas
My love, that ever-working passion, drew
Me to this place, to seek some remedy
For my sick soul. Be not unkind and fair,
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom
Hath sworn to be avenged on; then, give room
To my consuming fires, that so I may
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay
Those flames that else would burn my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart were sound
As thy words seem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-consuming misery
The love-sick soul endures never was pleasing:

I could be well content with the quick easing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and farther service to be sure.
Sull. Shep. Name but that great work, danger, or what can
Be compassed by the wit or art of man.
And, if I fail in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the rising day!
Amar. Then, thus I try thee, shepherd. This same night
That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair
Have promised equal love, and do appoint
To make yon wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be tied for ever: break their meeting
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.
Sull. Shep. Tell me their names, and if I do not move,
By my great power, the centre of their love
From his fixed being, let me never more
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore.
Amar. Come; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Enter Cloe

Cloe. How have I wronged the times or men, that thus,
After this holy feast, I pass unknown
And unsaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen with the younger company
Of jolly shepherds; 'twas not then held good
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, most unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull chastity.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or else not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain

The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain.
Yet, if I may believe what others say,
My face has foil enough; nor can they lay
Justly too strict a coyness to my charge;
My flocks are many, and the downs as large
They feed upon: then, let it ever be
Their coldness, not my virgin-modesty
Makes me complain.

Enter THENOT

The. Was ever man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?
Where shall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in constancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.
Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast thou been?
Or whither goest thou? Here be woods as green
As any; air as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curlèd streams; with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves, and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

The. Far from me are these
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease;
I have forgot what love and loving meant;
Rhymes, songs, and merry rounds, that oft are sent
To the soft ear of maid, and strange to me:
Only I live t' admire a chastity,
That neither pleasing age,[n] smooth tongue, or gold,
Could ever break upon,[n] so sure a mould
Is that her mind was cast in; 'tis to her
I only am reserved; she is my form I stir
By, breathe and move; 'tis she, and only she,
Can make me happy, or give misery.

Cloe. Good shepherd, may a stranger crave to know
To whom this dear observance you do owe?

The. You may, and by her virtue learn to square
And level out your life; for to be fair,
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth and swelling vanity.
Then, know, she's called the Virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long since buried her chaste love,
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear soul
She hath vowed herself into the holy roll
Of strict virginity: 'tis her I so admire,
Not any looser blood or new desire. [*Exit.*

Cloe. Farewell, poor swain! thou art not for my bend;
I must have quicker souls, whose words may tend
To some free action: give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove!

THE SONG

Come, shepherds, come!
Come away without delay,
Whilst the gentle time doth stay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any

Those dear kisses, and those many
Sweet embraces that are given;
Dainty pleasures, that would even
Raise in coldest age a fire,
And give virgin-blood desire.
Then, if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it:
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

Enter DAPHNIS

[*Aside.*] Here comes another. Better be my speed,
Thou god of blood! But certain, if I read
Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,
Whisper, or boldly ask that wishèd thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldness. In this thing
My hopes are frozen; and, but fate doth bring
Him hither, I would sooner choose
A man made out of snow, and freer use
An eunuch to my ends; but since he's here,
Thus I attempt him. — Thou, of men most dear,
Welcome to her that only for thy sake
Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was given away to any; and but sit
Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly cull
The choicest delicates from yonder mead,
To make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread
Under our fainting bodies, when delight

Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight
Of those smooth rising cheeks renew the story
Of young Adonis, when in pride and glory
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow
More sweetness than the painters can allow
To their best pieces. Not Narcissus, he
That wept himself away in memory
Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy,[n]
Nor the twice-ravished maid,[n] for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee
Be otherwise compared, than some dead tree
To a young fruitful olive.
Daph. I can love,
But I am loath to say so, lest I prove
Too soon unhappy.
Cloe. Happy, thou wouldst say.
My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day
To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then
When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: speak, shall our meeting hold?
Indeed ye are too bashful; be more bold,
And tell me ay.
Daph. I am content to say so,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray so
Much from your fairness, that you would be true.
Cloe. Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.
Daph. Fresh maid, adieu.
Yet one word more: since you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Though your bright self would ask it, for his fill
Of this world's goodness; do not fear him, then,
But keep your pointed time. Let other men

Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never. [*Exit.*
Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continual power upon his sides?
Oh, happy be your names that have been brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine!
And far more heavy be thy grief and tine,
Thou lazy swain, that mayst relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whose liver[n] always feeds
A hungry vulture!

Enter ALEXIS

Alex. Can such beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein,
And wishèd freedom to the labouring vein?
Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know
The cause of your retirement, why ye go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are sweeter,
And the young company of swains more meeter,
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.
Give not yourself to loneness, and those graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongst us swains.
Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd: in all my life I have not seen
A man, in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thyself art. I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to restore

My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red,
Thou shamefast Morning, when from Tithon's bed
Thou risest ever-maiden!
Alex. If for me,
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,
Speak, and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may be —
Cloe. Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the sea,
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,
Meet me in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, shepherd.
Alex. If I stay behind,
An everlasting dullness, and the wind,
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream
Of Rhine or Volga, whilst the sun's hot beam
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn
To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.
Cloe. My name shall be your word.
Alex. Fly, fly, thou day! [*Exit.*
Cloe. My grief is great, if both these boys should fail:
He that will use all winds must shift his sail. [*Exit.*

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I

A Pasture

Enter an Old Shepherd *ringing a bell, and the* Priest of Pan *following*

Priest. Shepherds all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the sun
Already his great course hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiss
Every little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of crystal beads:
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Hesperus down calling
The dead Night from under ground;
At whose rising mists unsound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hovering o'er the wanton face
Of these pastures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from such danger lock
Every one his lovèd flock;
And let your dogs lie loose without,
Lest the wolf come as a scout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thievish fox
Break upon your simple flocks.
To secure yourselves from these,
Be not too secure in ease;

Let one eye his watches keep,
Whilst the tother eye doth sleep;
So you shall good shepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,
And soft silence, fall in numbers
On your eyelids! So, farewell:
Thus I end my evening's knell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The Wood before CLORIN'S *Bower*

Enter CLORIN, *sorting herbs*

Clo. Now let me know what my best art hath done,
Helped by the great power of the virtuous moon
In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,
You only brood, unto whose happy birth
Virtue was given, holding more of nature
Than man, her first-born and most perfect creature,
Let me adore you! you, that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that span
Of life and breath even to the end of time;
You, that these hands did crop long before prime
Of day, give me your names, and, next, your hidden
power.[n]
This is the clote, bearing a yellow flower;
And this, black horehound; both are very good
For sheep or shepherd bitten by a wood
Dog's venomed tooth: these rhamnus' branches are,
Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door fast, kill all enchantments, charms —
Were they Medea's verses — that do harms
To men or cattle: these for frenzy be
A speedy and a sovereign remedy,
The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold,

Such sympathy with man's good they do hold:
This tormentil, whose virtue is to part
All deadly killing poison from the heart:
And, here, narcissus root, for swellings best:
Yellow lysimachus, to give sweet rest
To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums:
For leprosy, darnel and celandine,
With calamint, whose virtues do refine
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the first hour it breathed, or the best air:
Here, other two; but your rebellious use
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse;
Therefore, foul standergrass, from me and mine
I banish thee, with lustful turpentine;
You that entice the veins and stir the heat
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat
Our reason moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning lust be quenched, by appetite
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light:
And thou, light vervain, too, thou must go after,
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter;
No more shall I dip thee in water now,
And sprinkle every post and every bough
With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, and with joy all the rooms

Enter THENOT

The. This is the cabin where the best of all
Her sex that ever breathed, or ever shall
Give heat or happiness to the shepherd's side,
Doth only to her worthy self abide.
Thou blessèd star, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whose power the darkness of sad night
Is banished from the earth, in whose dull place

Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day
Again from chaos; whiter than that way
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far
Than chastity itself, yon blessèd star
That nightly shines! thou, all the constancy
That in all women was or e'er shall be;
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire
That poets style the mother of desire,
Infusing into every gentle breast
A soul of greater price, and far more blest,
Than that quick power which gives a difference
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense!

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to this place?
No way is trodden; all the verdant grass
The spring shot up stands yet unbruisèd here
Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
Far from the fearèd sound of crookèd horn,
Dwells in this fastness.

The. Chaster than the morn,
I have not wandered, or by strong illusion
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion:
But hither am I come, believe me, fair,
To seek you out, of whose great good the air
Is full, and strongly labours, whilst the sound
Breaks against heaven, and drives into a stound
The amazèd shepherd, that such virtue can
Be resident in lesser than a man.

Clo. If any art I have, or hidden skill,
May cure thee of disease or festered ill
Whose grief or greenness[n] to another's eye
May seem unpossible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.

The. 'Tis no pain
I suffer through disease, no beating vein

Conveys infection dangerous to the heart,
No part impostumed, to be cured by art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grief
Than ever skilful hand did give relief
Dwells on my soul, and may be healed by you,
Fair, beauteous virgin.
Clo. Then, shepherd, let me sue
To know thy grief: that man yet never knew
The way to health that durst not show his sore.
The. Then, fairest, know, I love you.
Clo. Swain, no more!
Thou hast abused the strictness of this place,
And offered sacrilegious foul disgrace
To the sweet rest of these interrèd bones;
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very soul with horror.
The. Let me not,
Thou all perfection, merit such a blot
For my true, zealous faith.
Clo. Dar'st thou abide
To see this holy earth at once divide,
And give her body[n] up? for sure it will,
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill
This hallowed place: therefore repent and go,
Whilst I with prayers appease his ghost below,
That else would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.
The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder;[n] not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,

With veins enamelled richly; nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp,
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wandering soul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In maiden-whiteness as the Alpsian snow:
All these, were but your constancy away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.
But, whilst this honoured strictness you dare keep,
Though all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air were settled here,
In opposition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free
Even in the arm of danger.

Clo. Wouldst thou have
Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave
Those sparks, that long ago were buried here
With my dead friend's cold ashes?

The. Dearest dear,
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.
Remember how he loved ye, and be still
The same opinion speaks ye: let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Desire and fancy from their long exile,
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:
Be, like a rock, made firmly up 'gainst all
The power of angry heaven, or the strong fall
Of Neptune's battery. If ye yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyalty
Ye tie unto this grave I so admire:
And yet there's something else I would desire,
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
O Pan, what an uncertain destiny

Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire;
For, if I longer stay, this double fire
Will lick my life up.
Clo. Do; and let time wear out
What art and nature cannot bring about.
The. Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and be blest
For ever, whilst I wretched rest
Thus to myself! Yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this arbour: yon same dell,
O'ertopped with mourning cypress and sad yew,
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,
Before the sun hath kissed this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which fate doth lay
Upon this head.
Clo. The gods give quick release
And happy cure unto thy hard disease!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Another part of the Wood

Enter Sullen Shepherd

Sull. Shep. I do not love this wench that I should meet;
For never did my unconstant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair
Than the new blossoms when the morning air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden-blushes to our sight
Shoot from his early face: were all these set
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get
The least love from me; some desire it might,
And present burning. All to me in sight
Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; swear as oft,

And weep, as any; melt my words as soft
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her servant, and how strong
My passions are; call her unkind and cruel;
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
Maidens so highly praise; then loathe, and fly:
This do I hold a blessèd destiny.

Enter AMARILLIS

Amar. Hail, shepherd! Pan bless both thy flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me!
Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair shepherdess! Thy loving swain
Gives thee the self-same wishes back again;
Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die
With fresh consumings. Boldly tell me, then,
How shall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I belie him to her? shall I swear
His faith is false and he loves every where?
I'll say he mocked her the other day to you;
Which will by your confirming show as true,
For she is of so pure an honesty,
To think, because she will not, none will lie.
Or else to him I'll slander Amoret,
And say, she but seems chaste; I'll swear she met
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,
And loosely offered up her flame and sprite
Into my bosom; made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread
Her willing body to be pressed by me;
There have I carved her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own. To make this show
More full of seeming, Hobinal, you know,
Son to the agèd shepherd of the glen,

Him I have sorted out of many men,
To say he found us at our private sport,
And roused us fore our time by his resort:
This to confirm, I've promised to the boy
Many a pretty knack and many a toy;
As grins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt
To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt;
A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb
Soft as his own locks or the down of swan.
This have I done to win ye; which doth give
Me double pleasure: discord makes me live.
Amar. Loved swain, I thank ye. These tricks might prevail
With other rustic shepherds, but will fail
Even once to stir, much more to overthrow,
His fixèd love from judgement, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit;
Therefore some stronger way must force his spirit,
Which I have found: give second, and my love
Is everlasting thine.
Sull. Shep. Try me, and prove.
Amar. These happy pair of lovers[n] meet straightway,
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bordering upon yon hill,
In whose hard side nature hath carved a well,
And, but that matchless spring which poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this: by it doth grow,
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,
All simples good for medicine or abuse,
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,
With all their colours; there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;
There's not a grass on which was ever seen
The falling autumn or cold winter's hand;
So full of heat and virtue is the land
About this fountain, which doth slowly break,
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek

That waters all the valley, giving fish
Of many sorts to fill the shepherd's dish.
This holy well, my grandame that is dead,
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said,
Hath power to change the form of any creature,
Being thrice dipped over the head, into what feature
Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to crave,
Who must pronounce this charm too, which she gave
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I should apply unto the patient's brow
That would be changed, casting them thrice asleep,
Before I trusted them into this deep:
All this she showed me, and did charge me prove
This secret of her art, if crossed in love.
I'll this attempt now, shepherd; I have here
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear
To be myself dipped. Come, my temples bind
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you find,
As you do speak your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raise me Amoret;
Which being done, leave me to my affair,
And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,
I will return unto my shepherd's arm;
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,
And the hott'st fire of thine affection slake.

Sull. Shep. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
I long the truth of this well's power to see. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Another part of the Wood

Enter Daphnis

Daph. Here will I stay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss,
Thou bright-eyed virgin; come, oh come, my fair!

Be not abused with fear, or let cold care
Of honour stay thee from thy shepherd's arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way:
My language shall be honest, full of truth,
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth;
I will not entertain that wandering thought,
Whose easy current may at length be brought
To a loose vastness.

Alexis. [*Within.*] Cloe!

Daph. 'Tis her voice,
And I must answer. — Cloe! — Oh, the choice
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains
Our hands shall give! I charge you, all my veins,
Through which the blood and spirit take their way,
Lock up your disobedient heats, and stay
Those mutinous desires that else would grow
To strong rebellion; do not wilder show
Than blushing modesty may entertain.

Alexis. [*Within.*] Cloe!

Daph. There sounds that blessèd name again,
And I will meet it.

Enter ALEXIS

Let me not mistake;
This is some shepherd. Sure, I am awake:
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give myself more knowledge. [*Retires.*

Alexis. Oh, my fire,
How thou consum'st me! — Cloe, answer me!
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too, too long hath hung
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stayest too long;

I am impatient of these mad delays:
I must not leave unsought those many ways
That lead into this centre, till I find
Quench for my burning lust. I come, unkind! [*Exit.*
Daph. Can my imagination work me so much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and still
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and these sights but bold
Illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen
Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error;
But be they far from me with their fond terror!
I am resolved my Cloe yet is true.
Cloe. [*Within.*] Cloe!
Daph. Hark! Cloe! Sure, this voice is new,
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman. — Cloe, tell
Thy blessèd name again.
Cloe. [*Within.*] Here!
Daph. Oh, what a grief is this, to be so near,
And not encounter!

Enter CLOE

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met:
Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,
Soak through your startups.
Daph. Fairest, are you found?
How have we wandered, that the better part
Of this good night is perished? Oh, my heart!
How have I longed to meet ye, how to kiss
Those lily hands, how to receive the bliss
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language! But I fear
I am too much unmannered, far too rude,
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude

These hot behaviours; where regard of fame,
Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,
And such discourse as one fair sister may
Without offence unto the tother say,
Should rather have been tendered. But, believe,
Here dwells a better temper: do not grieve,
Then, ever-kindest, that my first salute
Seasons so much of fancy; I am mute
Henceforth to all discourses but shall be
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue
To those blest pair of fixèd stars for smiles;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me
Be strangers; only to your chastity
I am devoted ever.

Cloe. Honest swain,
First let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love. — [*Aside.*] No, thou art too cold,
Unhappy boy, not tempered to my mould;
Thy blood falls heavy downward. 'Tis not fear
To offend in boldness wins; they never wear
Deservèd favours that deny to take
When they are offered freely. Do I wake,
To see a man of his youth, years, and feature,
And such a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward? What a world of precious art
Were merely lost, to make him do his part!
But I will shake him off, that dares not hold:
Let men that hope to be beloved be bold. —
Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes set
Upon one stake, to give assurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again. Walk you that way,
Whilst I in zealous meditation stray

A little this way: when we both have ended
These rites and duties, by the woods befriended
And secrecy of night, retire and find
An agèd oak, whose hollowness may bind
Us both within his body; thither go;
It stands within yon bottom.
Daph. Be it so. [*Exit.*
Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle shamefastness!
Alexis. [*Within.*] Cloe!
Cloe. 'Tis he!
That dare, I hope, be bolder.
Alexis. [*Within.*] Cloe!
Cloe. Now,
Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our plough!
[*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD

Scene I

Part of the Wood with the holy Well

Enter the Sullen Shepherd, *with* Amarillis *in a sleep*

Sull. Shep. From thy forehead thus I take
These herbs, and charge thee not awake
Till in yonder holy well
Thrice, with powerful magic spell
Filled with many a baleful word,
Thou hast been dipped. Thus, with my cord
Of blasted hemp, by moonlight twined
I do thy sleepy body bind.
I turn thy head into the east,
And thy feet into the west,
Thy left arm to the south put forth,
And thy right unto the north.
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly sound,
And into this holy spring
I let thee slide down by my string. —
[*Lets her down into the well.*
Take this maid, thou holy pit,
To thy bottom; nearer yet;
In thy water pure and sweet
By thy leave I dip her feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet;
Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters washèd be;
There stop. — Fly away,

Every thing that loves the day!
Truth, that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes that cast your coats for new,
Chameleons that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change,[n]
Proteus altering oft and strange,
Hecatè with shapes three,
Let this maiden changèd be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of Amoret!
Cynthia, work thou with my charm! —
Thus I draw thee, free from harm,
[*Draws her out of the well, in the shape of* AMORET.
Up out of this blessèd lake:
Rise both like her and awake! [*She awaketh.*
Amar. Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to sight?
Or hast thou missed in any magic rite,
For want of which any defect in me
May make our practices discovered be?
Sull. Shep. By yonder moon, but that I here do stand,
Whose breath hath thus re-formed thee,[n] and whose hand
Let thee down dry, and plucked thee up thus wet,
I should myself take thee for Amoret!
Thou art, in clothes, in feature, voice and hue,
So like, that sense cannot distinguish you.
Amar. Then, this deceit, which cannot crossèd be,
At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.
Hither she needs must come, by promise made;
And, sure, his nature never was so bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and fear are up, but understood
'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I'll say,
My constant love made me come first and stay;
Then will I lead him further to the grove:
But stay you here, and, if his own true love

Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong path,
Which say her lover lately trodden hath;
I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
Here is another charm, whose power will free
The dazzled sense, read by the moonbeams clear,
And in my own true shape make me appear.

Enter PERIGOT

Sull. Shep. Stand close: here's Perigot; whose constant heart
Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.
[*Retires with* AMARILLIS.

Peri. This is the place, fair Amoret; the hour
Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan power
Delights to be, about yon sacred well,
Which they have blessed with many a powerful spell;
For never traveller in dead of night,
Nor strayèd beasts have fall'n in; but when sight
Hath failed them, then their right way they have found
By help of them, so holy is the ground.
But I will farther seek, lest Amoret
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet. —
My Amoret, Amoret! [*Exit.*

Amar. Perigot!

Peri. [*Within.*] My love!

Amar. I come, my love! [*Exit.*

Sull. Shep. Now she hath got
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be
Of my long-looked-for hopes, as well as she.
How bright the moon shines here, as if she strove
To show her glory in this little grove
To some new-lovèd shepherd!

Enter AMORET

[*Aside.*] Yonder is
Another Amoret. Where differs this

From that? but that she Perigot hath met,
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.
Herbs, woods, and springs, the power that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your properties!
Amo. Methinks it is not night; I have no fear,
Walking this wood, of lion or of bear,
Whose names at other times have made me quake,
When any shepherdess in her tale spake
Of some of them, that underneath a wood
Have torn true lovers that together stood;
Methinks there are no goblins, and men's talk,
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,
Are fables: such a strong heart I have got,
Because I come to meet with Perigot. —
My Perigot! Who's that? my Perigot?
Sull. Shep. Fair maid!
Amo. Aye me, thou art not Perigot?
Sull. Shep. But I can tell ye news of Perigot:
An hour together under yonder tree
He sat with wreathèd arms, and called on thee,
And said, "Why, Amoret, stayest thou so long?"
Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,
Lest thou hadst missed thy way. Were it daylight
He could not yet have borne him out of sight.
Amo. Thanks, gentle shepherd; and beshrew my stay,
That made me fearful I had lost my way
As fast as my weak legs, that cannot be
Weary with seeking him, will carry me,
I'll follow; and, for this thy care of me,
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee! [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. How bright she was, how lovely did she show!
Was it not pity to deceive her so?
She plucked her garments up, and tripped away,
And with a virgin-innocence did pray
For me that perjured her.[n] Whilst she was here,
Methought the beams of light that did appear

Were shot from her; methought the moon gave none
But what it had from her. She was alone
With me; if then her presence did so move,
Why did I not assay to win her love?
She would not sure have yielded unto me,—
Women love only opportunity,
And not the man; or if she had denied,
Alone, I might have forced her to have tried
Who had been stronger: oh, vain fool, to let
Such blessed occasion pass! I'll follow yet;
My blood is up; I cannot now forbear.
I come, sweet Amoret!

Enter ALEXIS *and* CLOE

[*Aside.*] Soft, who is here?
A pair of lovers? He shall yield her me:
Now lust is up, alike all women be. [*Retires.*

Alexis. Where shall we rest? But for the love of me,
Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.

Cloe. Alexis, let us rest here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of every shepherd; for, I understood,
This night a number are about the wood:
Then, let us choose some place, where, out of sight,
We freely may enjoy our stol'n delight.

Alexis. Then, boldly here, where we shall ne'er be found:
No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallowed ground;
No maid seeks here her strayèd cow or sheep;
Fairies and fauns and satyrs do it keep.
Then, carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

Cloe. Then, lie by me: the sooner we begin,
The longer ere the day descry our sin.

Sull. Shep. Forbear to touch my love; or, by yon flame,[n]
The greatest power that shepherds dare to name,

Here where thou sitt'st, under this holy tree,
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be!

Alexis. If Pan himself should come out of the lawns,
With all his troops of satyrs and of fauns,
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes, —
A greater oath than thine — I would not rise!

Sull. Shep. Then, from the cold earth never thou shalt move,
But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.

[*Wounds him with his spear.*

Cloe. Hold, gentle shepherd!

Sull. Shep. Fairest shepherdess,
Come you with me; I do not love ye less
Than that fond man, that would have kept you there
From me of more desert.

Alexis. Oh, yet forbear
To take her from me! Give me leave to die
By her!

Enter the Satyr; *the* Sullen Shepherd *runs one way, and* CLOE *another*

Sat. Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,
And the stars, whose feeble light
Gives a pale shadow to the night,
Are up, great Pan commanded me
To walk this grove about, whilst he,
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortal foot hath stood,
Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,
To entertain a lovely guest;
Where he gives her many a rose,
Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves, grapes, berries of the best;
I never saw so great a feast.
But, to my charge. Here must I stay,
To see what mortals lose their way,

And by a false fire, seeming-bright,
Train them in and leave them right,
Then must I watch if any be
Forcing of a chastity;
If I find it, then in haste
Give my wreathèd horn a blast,
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.
Alexis. O death!
Sat. Back again about this ground;
Sure, I hear a mortal sound. —
I bind thee by this powerful spell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimmering moonbeams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight!
Alexis. Oh!
Sat. Here the foolish mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground. — Arise! —
The poor wight is almost dead;
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his clothes fouled with his blood.
To my goddess in the wood
Will I lead him, whose hands pure
Will help this mortal wight to cure.

[*Exit with* ALEXIS.

Re-enter CLOE

Cloe. Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my breast
Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should hide a beast.
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear:
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I where;
For from one cause of fear I am most free,
It is impossible to ravish me,
I am so willing. Here upon this ground

I left my love, all bloody with his wound;
Yet, till that fearful shape made me begone,
Though he were hurt, I furnished was of one;
But now both lost. — Alexis, speak or move,
If thou hast any life; thou art yet my love! —
He's dead, or else is with his little might
Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite. —
Then, where art thou that struck'st my love? Oh, stay!
Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll say
Thou hast some justice: I will make thee trim
With flowers and garlands that were meant for him;
I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as fast
As I did mean he should have been embraced.
But thou art fled. — What hope is left for me?
I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Who I did mean to mock; though hope be small
To make him bold, rather than none at all.
I'll try him; his heart, and my behaviour too,
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do. [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Sullen Shepherd

Sull. Shep. This was the place. 'Twas but my feeble sight,
Mixed with the horror of my deed, and night,
That shaped these fears, and made me run away,
And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey. —
Speak, gentle shepherdess! I am alone,
And tender love for love. — But she is gone
From me, that, having struck her lover dead,
For silly fear left her alone, and fled.
And see, the wounded body is removed
By her of whom it was so well beloved.

Enter PERIGOT, *and* AMARILLIS *in the shape of* AMORET

But all these fancies must be quite forgot,
I must lie close; here comes young Perigot,

With subtle Amarillis in the shape
Of Amoret. Pray love, he may not scape! [*Retires.*
Amar. Belovèd Perigot, show me some place,
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the chase
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.
Peri. Beshrew my tardy steps! Here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank: no deadly snake
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make;
Here is no poison for the toad to feed;
Here boldly spread thy hands; no venomed weed
Dares blister them; no slimy snail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep;
Here never durst the babbling cuckoo-spit;[n]
No slough of falling star did ever hit
Upon this bank: let this thy cabin be;
This other, set with violets, for me.
Amar. Thou dost not love me, Perigot.
Peri. Fair maid,
You only love to hear it often said;
You do not doubt.
Amar. Believe me, but I do.
Peri. What, shall we now begin again to woo?
'Tis the best way to make your lover last,
To play with him when you have caught him fast.
Amar. By Pan I swear, belovèd Perigot,
And by yon moon, I think thou lov'st me not.
Peri. By Pan I swear — and, if I falsely swear,
Let him not guard my flocks; let foxes tear
My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do sleep,
Fall on the rest; a rot among my sheep —
I love thee better than the careful ewe
The new-yeaned lamb that is of her own hue;
I dote upon thee more than that young lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam!
Were there a sort of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devoured, and it should be my strife

To save thee, whom I love above my life.
Amar. How should I trust thee, when I see thee choose
Another bed, and dost my side refuse?
Peri. 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts might be shown
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.
Amar. Come, Perigot will show his power, that he
Can make his Amoret, though she weary be,
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy Amoret; embrace and kiss.
Peri. What means my love?
Amar. To do as lovers should,
That are to be enjoyed, not to be wooed.
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain
Can kiss thee with more art; there's none can feign
More wanton tricks.
Peri. Forbear, dear soul, to try
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.
Amar. Still think'st thou such a thing as chastity
Is amongst women? Perigot, there's none
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a maid: be not abused
With thy fond first belief; let time be used. —
Why dost thou rise?
Peri. My true heart thou hast slain!
Amar. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again.
Peri. Let go, thou serpent, that into my breast
Hast with thy cunning dived! — Art not in jest?
Amar. Sweet love, lie down.
Peri. Since this I live to see,
Some bitter north wind blast my flocks and me!
Amar. You swore you loved, yet will not do my will.
Peri. Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee still!
Amar. I am as still I was, and all my kind;
Though other shows we have, poor men to blind.
Peri. Then, here I end all love; and, lest my vain

Belief should ever draw me in again,
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,
I end my life! my blood be on thy head!
[*Offers to kill himself.*
Amar. Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry!
Peri. Thou counsel'st well; first, Amoret shall die,
That is the cause of my eternal smart!
Amar. Oh, hold!
Peri. This steel shall pierce thy lustful heart!
[*Exeunt;* PERI., *running after* AMAR. *The* Sull. Shep. *steps out and uncharms her.*
Sull. Shep. Up and down, every where, 321
I strew the herbs, to purge the air:
Let your odour drive hence
All mists that dazzle sense.
Herbs and springs, whose hidden might
Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,
Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to!
Let her fly, let her scape;
Give again her own shape! [*Retires.* 330

Re-enter AMARILLIS *in her own shape, and* PERIGOT *following*

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost mistake;
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake;
And as I crossed thy way, I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near slain me hath.
Peri. Pardon, fair shepherdess: my rage and night
Were both upon me, and beguiled my sight;
But far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood!
[*Exit* AMARILLIS.

Enter AMORET

Amo. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath, 340

To seek her Perigot; yet cannot hear
His voice. — My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.
Peri. See yonder where she is! how fair
She shows! and yet her breath infects the air.
Amo. My Perigot!
Peri. Here.
Amo. Happy!
Peri. Hapless! first
It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst.
[*Wounds her.*
Amo. Stay, Perigot! my love, thou art unjust.
Peri. Death is the best reward that's due to lust. [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. [*Aside.*] Now shall their love be crossed; for, being struck,
I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night-traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her. — Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die!
Amo. No mercy do I crave;
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this, who loved him too,
He struck my soul, and not my body through;
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injured me.
Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent. —
[*Flings her into the well.*
She cannot scape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook. [*Exit.*

The God of the River *riseth with* AMORET *in his arms*

God. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,

With such force that I their god,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Fall'n into my river-head,
Hallowed so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher:
See, upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound.
Yet, she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat. —
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound,
From my watery locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure. —
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding stayed.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber. — Virgin, speak.

Amo. Who hath restored my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?

God. I have healed thy wounds.

Amo. Aye, me!

God. Fear not him that succoured thee.
I am this fountain's god: below,
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen;
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in;
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly:
And, to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble, whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

THE SONG

Do not fear to put thy feet,
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry

And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

Amo. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be wooed
By thee, a god; for ere this, but for thee,
I should have shown my weak mortality:
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betrothed unto a shepherd-swain,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.
God. May he prove to thee as true!
Fairest virgin, now adieu:
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering;
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour-people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offered to my deity;
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass;
Nor shall their meads be overflown
When their grass is newly mown.
Amo. For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,

When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry!
God. Thanks, virgin. I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;
A holy hand was laid upon. [*Descends.*
Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me. [*Exit.* 480

ACT THE FOURTH

Scene I

Another part of the Wood

Enter Perigot

Peri. She is untrue, unconstant, and unkind;
She's gone, she's gone! Blow high, thou north-west wind,
And raise the sea to mountains; let the trees
That dare oppose thy raging fury leese
Their firm foundation; creep into the earth,
And shake the world, as at the monstrous birth
Of some new prodigy; whilst I constant stand,
Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it.

Enter Amarillis, *running*

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand! thou art too hot
Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,
If that thou diest, not all the showers of rain
The heavy clouds send down can wash away
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands:
Believe me, she is constant; not the sands
Can be so hardly numbered as she won.
I do not trifle, shepherd; by the moon,
And all those lesser lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true:
Then, be a free man; put away despair

And will to die; smooth gently up that fair,
Dejected forehead; be as when those eyes
Took the first heat.
Peri. Alas, he double dies
That would believe, but cannot! 'Tis not well
Ye keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worse companions. But, oh, death!
I am not yet enamoured of this breath
So much but I dare leave it; 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after gain
Of many days, can hold me from my will:
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.
Amar. Stay but a little little; but one hour;
And if I do not show thee, through the power
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
Myself turned to thy Amoret, in sight,
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears
Of thine own carving, where your names are set,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The primrose-chaplet, tawdry-lace, and ring,
Thou gav'st her for her singing, with each thing
Else that she wears about her, let me feel
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel!
Peri. I am contented, if there be a hope,
To give it entertainment for the scope
Of one poor hour. Go; you shall find me next
Under yon shady beech, even thus perplexed,
And thus believing.
Amar. Bind, before I go,
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
Till my return.
Peri. By Pan, and by the strife
He had with Phœbus for the mastery,
When golden Midas judged their minstrelsy,
I will not! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II

The Wood before CLORIN'S *Bower*

Enter Satyr *with* ALEXIS, *hurt*

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,
Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at last.
Many a thicket have I past;
Not a twig that durst deny me,
Not a bush that durst descry me
To the little bird that sleeps
On the tender spray; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under sail,
Flying faster than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In some hollow tree, or bed
Of seeded nettles; not a hare
Can be started from his fare
By my footing; nor a wish
Is more sudden, nor a fish
Can be found with greater ease
Cut the vast unbounded seas,
Leaving neither print nor sound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground
I measure many a league an hour.
But, behold, the happy bower
That must ease me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The soul of this sad man, that yet
Lies fast bound in deadly fit:
Heaven and great Pan succour it! —

Hail, thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the paramour
Of my master! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help, to keep from grave
This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when the Destinies
Will undo his thread of life:
View the wound, by cruel knife
Trenched into him.

Enter CLORIN

Clo. What art thou call'st me from my holy rites,
And with the fearèd name of death affrights
My tender ears? speak me thy name and will.
Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
Your lap with early fruit; and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring ye better and more store.
Yet I come not empty now:
See, a blossom from the bough;
But beshrew his heart that pulled it,
And his perfect sight that culled it
From the other springing blooms!
For a sweeter youth the grooms
Cannot show me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighbouring towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him;
Softly in mine arms I bound him;
Hither have I brought him sleeping
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,
In remembrance such youth may
Spring and perish in a day.
Clo. Satyr, they wrong thee that do term thee rude;
Though thou be'st outward rough and tawny-hued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his who brags himself born only heir

To all humanity. Let me see the wound:
This herb will stay the current, being bound
Fast to the orifice, and this restrain
Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain
As the cold air hath forced into the sore;
This to draw out such putrefying gore
As inward falls.
Sat. Heaven grant it may do good!
Clo. Fairly wipe away the blood:
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous spring
On his temples; turn him twice
To the moonbeams; pinch him thrice;
That the labouring soul may draw
From his great eclipse.
Sat. I saw
His eyelids moving.
Clo. Give him breath;
All the danger of cold death
Now is vanished; with this plaster,
And this unction do I master
All the festered ill that may
Give him grief another day.
Sat. See, he gathers up his sprite,
And begins to hunt for light;
Now a' gapes and breathes again:
How the blood runs to the vein
That erst was empty!
Alexis. O my heart!
My dearest, dearest Cloe! Oh, the smart
Runs through my side! I feel some pointed thing
Pass through my bowels, sharper than the sting
Of scorpion. — Pan, preserve me! — What are you?
Do not hurt me: I am true
To my Cloe, though she fly,
And leave me to this destiny:
There she stands, and will not lend

Her smooth white hand to help her friend.
But I am much mistaken, for that face
Bears more austerity and modest grace,
More reproving and more awe,
Than these eyes yet ever saw
In my Cloe. Oh, my pain
Eagerly renews again!
Give me your help for his sake you love best.
Clo. Shepherd, thou canst not possibly take rest,
Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty fires,
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood, and will
To execute; these must be purged until
The vein grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,
And I shall undertake your cure with ease;
Till when, this virtuous plaster will displease
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and rise!
Help him a little, Satyr; for his thighs
Yet are feeble.
Alexis. Sure, I have lost much blood.
Sat. 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good.
Mortal, you must leave your wooing:
Though there be a joy in doing,
Yet it brings much grief behind it;
They best feel it, that do find it.
Clo. Come, bring him in; I will attend his sore. —
When you are well, take heed you lust no more.
Sat. Shepherd, see, what comes of kissing;
By my head, 'twere better missing. —
Brightest, if there be remaining
Any service, without feigning
I will do it; were I set
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to steal from the great queen
Of fairies all her beauty;

I would do it, so much duty
Do I owe those precious eyes.
Clo. I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee, do thy will
To bring them hither.
Sat. I will; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook,
With a line of finest silk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish:
So I take my leave, and wish
On this bower may ever dwell
Spring and summer!
Clo. Friend, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

Part of the Wood

Enter AMORET

Amo. This place is ominous; for here I lost
My love and almost life, and since have crossed
All these woods over; ne'er a nook or dell,
Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,
But I have sought it; never a bending brow
Of any hill, or glade the wind sings through,
Nor a green bank, or shade where shepherds use
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or choose
Their valentines, but I have missed to find
My love in. Perigot! O too unkind,
Why hast thou fled me? whither art thou gone?
How have I wronged thee? was my love alone
To thee worthy this scorned recompense? 'Tis well;

I am content to feel it. But I tell
Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall hear,
Forsaken Amoret is yet as clear
Of any stranger fire, as heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep abyss
From light and happiness; and thou mayst know
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow
Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine
Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,
Or fury more than madness; therefore here,
Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this cursèd place, and on this green
That first divorced us, shortly shall be seen
A sight of so great pity, that each eye
Shall daily spend his spring in memory
Of my untimely fall.

Enter AMARILLIS

Amar. [*Aside.*] I am not blind,
Nor is it through the working of my mind
That this shows Amoret. Forsake me, all
That dwell upon the soul, but what men call
Wonder, or, more than wonder, miracle!
For, sure, so strange as this, the oracle
Never gave answer of; it passeth dreams,
Or madmen's fancy, when the many streams
Of new imagination rise and fall:
'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call
For pity to young Perigot; whilst he
Directed by his fury, bloodily
Lanched up her breast, which bloodless fell and cold;
And, if belief may credit what was told,
After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his arms, being almost slain,
And to the bottom of the holy well
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis she, the very same; 'tis Amoret,

And living yet; the great powers will not let
Their virtuous love be crossed. — Maid, wipe away
Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay
The storm that yet goes high, which, not depressed,
Breaks heart and life and all before it rest.
Thy Perigot —

Amo. Where, which is Perigot?

Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him;
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim
Of sailing pines, that edge yon mountain in.

Amo. I go, I run. Heaven grant me I may win
His soul again! [*Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd

Sull. Shep. Stay, Amarillis, stay!
You are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to day.
I have performed my promise; let us sit
And warm our bloods together, till the fit
Come lively on us.

Amar. Friend, you are too keen;
The morning riseth, and we shall be seen;
Forbear a little.

Sull. Shep. I can stay no longer.

Amar. Hold, shepherd, hold! learn not to be a wronger
Of your word. Was not your promise laid,
To break their loves first?

Sull. Shep. I have done it, maid.

Amar. No; they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet as the stain
Is from the finest lawn.

Sull. Shep. I say, they are
Now at this present parted, and so far
That they shall never meet.

Amar. Swain, 'tis not so;
For do but to yon hanging mountain go,

And there believe your eyes.
Sull. Shep. You do but hold
Off with delays and trifles. Farewell, cold
And frozen bashfulness, unfit for men!
Thus I salute thee, virgin!
Amar. And thus, then,
I bid you follow: catch me if you can! [*Exit.*
Sull. Shep. And, if I stay behind, I am no man! 80
[*Exit, running after her.*

Scene IV

Another part of the Wood

Enter Perigot

Peri. Night, do not steal away; I woo thee yet
To hold a hard hand o'er the rusty bit
That guides thy lazy team. Go back again,
Boötes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wain
Round as a ring, and bring a second night,
To hide my sorrows from the coming light;
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,
And read my falling; give me some black place,
Where never sunbeam shot his wholesome light,
That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite 10
Like running water, never to be known
After the forcèd fall and sound is gone.

Enter Amoret

Amo. This is the bottom. — Speak, if thou be here.
My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy lovèd name.
Peri. What art thou dare
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkness?
Amo. 'Tis thy friend,

Thy Amoret, come hither, to give end
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy:
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy
I suffered for thy sake, and am content
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent
Those curlèd locks, where I have often hung
Ribbons and damask-roses, and have flung
Waters distilled, to make thee fresh and gay,
Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace
From those two little heavens, upon the ground,
Showers of more price, more orient, and more round,
Than those that hang upon the moon's pale brow?
Cease these complainings, shepherd: I am now
The same I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you ask of me;
Indeed, I can and will.
Peri. So spoke my fair!
Oh, you great working powers of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues of so ill intent?
Even such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,
Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,
Came flowing from her tongue; such was her eye,
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. O me, Amoret!
Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle? who hath set
So strong a difference 'twixt myself and me,
That I am grown another? Look, and see
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist
That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist
From those fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret?
Hath not some newer love forced thee forget
Thy ancient faith?

Peri. Still nearer to my love!
These be the very words she oft did prove
Upon my temper; so she still would take
Wonder into her face, and silent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would say,
"Shepherd, remember this another day."
Amo. Am I not Amoret? where was I lost?
Can there be heaven, and time, and men, and most
Of these unconstant? Faith, where art thou fled?
Are all the vows and protestations dead,
The hands held up, the wishes and the heart?
Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all these to be found? Why, then, I see
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.
Peri. Men ever were most blessèd, till cross fate
Brought love and women forth, unfortunate
To all that ever tasted of their smiles;
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles;
Like to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the scent
Of her pursuers.
Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,
And of a nature more refusing good
Than beasts themselves or fishes of the flood.
Peri. Thou art all these, and more than nature meant
When she created all; frowns, joys, content;
Extreme fire for an hour, and presently
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea
Upon whose face sits a continual frost;
Your actions ever driven to the most,
Then down again as low, that none can find
The rise or falling of a woman's mind.
Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time,

Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime
As wronging simple maid? O Perigot,
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot;
Thou that wast every good and every thing
That men called blessèd; thou that wast the spring
From whence our looser grooms drew all their best;
Thou that wast always just and always blessed
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name
Of virtuous given thee, and made good the same
Even from thy cradle; thou that wast that all
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall
Is this, to have been so, and now to be
The only best in wrong and infamy!
And I to live to know this! and by me,
That loved thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we esteem our honour, virgin-state;
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn;
Dearer than thou canst love thy new love, if thou hast
Another, and far dearer than the last;
Dearer than thou canst love thyself, though all
The self-love were within thee that did fall
With that coy swain[n] that now is made a flower,
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a shower!
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Loved worthily to get a wanton's name?
Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,
And noise it to the world, my love is dead!
I am forsaken, I am cast away,
And left for every lazy groom to say
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost
When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet,
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?

Peri. Thou art not worthy of that blessèd name:
I must not know thee: fling thy wanton flame
Upon some lighter blood that may be hot

With words and feignèd passions; Perigot
Was ever yet unstained, and shall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrowed brow.
Amo. Then hear me, Heaven, to whom I call for right,
And you, fair twinkling stars, that crown the night;
And hear me, woods, and silence of this place,
And ye, sad hours, that move a sullen pace;
Hear me, ye shadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkness, and ye powers of hell,
Whilst I breathe out my last! I am that maid,
That yet untainted Amoret, that played
The careless prodigal, and gave away
My soul to this young man that now dares say
I am a stranger, not the same, more wild;
And thus with much belief I was beguiled:
I am that maid, that have delayed, denied,
And almost scorned the loves of all that tried
To win me, but this swain; and yet confess
I have been wooed by many with no less
Soul of affection; and have often had
Rings, belts, and cracknels, sent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks down westward; lambs and doves
By young Alexis; Daphnis sent me gloves;
All which I gave to thee: nor these nor they
That sent them did I smile on or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I resolve to grieve, and not to die?
Happy had been the stroke thou gav'st, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room,
Where every slave is free, and every breast,
That living bred new care, now lies at rest;
And thither will poor Amoret.
Peri. Thou must.
Was ever any man so loath to trust
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any so like as this to Amoret?
For whose dear sake I promise, if there be

A living soul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it. [*He hurts her again.*
Amo. So, this work hath end.
Farewell, and live; be constant to thy friend
That loves thee next.

Enter Satyr; PERIGOT *runs off*

Sat. See, the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold,
Whilst the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit:
The early lark, that erst was mute,
Carols to the rising day
Many a note and many a lay:
Therefore here I end my watch,
Lest the wandering swain should catch
Harm, or lose himself.
Amo. Ah me!
Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be;
I am ready; speak, I say;
By the dawning of the day,
By the power of night and Pan,
I enforce thee speak again!
Amo. Oh, I am most unhappy!
Sat. Yet more blood!
Sure, these wanton swains are wood.
Can there be a hand or heart
Dare commit so vild a part
As this murder? By the moon,
That hid herself when this was done,
Never was a sweeter face:
I will bear her to the place
Where my goddess keeps, and crave
Her to give her life or grave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

The Wood before CLORIN'S *Bower*

Enter CLORIN

Clo. Here whilst one patient takes his rest secure,
I steal abroad to do another cure. —
Pardon, thou buried body of my love,
That from thy side I dare so soon remove;
I will not prove unconstant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone: when I deceive
My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood!
I go by wit to cure a lover's pain,
Which no herb can; being done, I'll come again. [*Exit.*

Enter THENOT

The. Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever lie,
And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die!
Oh, hapless love, which being answered, ends!
And, as a little infant cries and bends
His tender brows, when, rolling of his eye,
He hath espied something that glisters nigh,
Which he would have, yet, give it him, away
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play
With something else; such my affection, set
On that which I should loathe, if I could get.

Re-enter CLORIN

Clo. [*Aside.*] See, where he lies! Did ever man but he
Love any woman for her constancy
To her dead lover, which she needs must end
Before she can allow him for her friend,
And he himself must needs the cause destroy
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?

Poor shepherd, Heaven grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty! —
Shepherd, look up.
The. Thy brightness doth amaze;
So Phœbus may at noon bid mortals gaze;
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,
I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.
Clo. Why dost thou pine away thyself for me?
The. Why dost thou keep such spotless constancy?
Clo. Thou holy shepherd, see what for thy sake
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.
The. [*Starting up.*] Stay there, thou constant Clorin! if there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light, think yet before thou speak.
Clo. See, what a holy vow for thee I break;
I, that already have my fame far spread
For being constant to my lover dead.
The. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love; how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.
Clo. Yet, all I'll lose for thee —
The. Think but how blest
A constant woman is above the rest!
Clo. And offer up myself, here on this ground,
To be disposed by thee.
The. Why dost thou wound
His heart with malice against women more,
That hated all the sex but thee before?
How much more pleasant had it been to me
To die than to behold this change in thee!
Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway!
Clo. Insult not on her now, nor use delay,
Who for thy sake hath ventured all her fame.
The. Thou hast not ventured, but bought certain shame:
Your sex's curse, foul falsehood, must and shall,
I see, once in your lives, light on you all

I hate thee now. Yet turn!
Clo. Be just to me:
Shall I at once lose both my fame and thee?
The. Thou hadst no fame; that which thou didst like good
Was but thy appetite that swayed thy blood
For that time to the best: for as a blast
That through a house comes, usually doth cast
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow some one thing to his proper room,
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do some one thing well.
Yet turn!
Clo. Thou dost but try me, if I would
Forsake thy dear embraces for my old
Love's, though he were alive: but do not fear.
The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace,
Austerity, which sate upon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others. False maid, see,
This is the gain of foul inconstancy! [*Exit.*
Clo. 'Tis done: — great Pan, I give thee thanks for it! —
What art could not have healed is cured by wit.

Re-enter THENOT

The. Will ye be constant yet? will ye remove
Into the cabin to your buried love?
Clo. No, let me die, but by thy side remain.
The. There's none shall know that thou didst ever stain
Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honoured be,
And I will lie again under this tree,
And pine and die for thee with more delight
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.
Clo. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.

The. Thou art of women's race, and full of guilt.
Farewell all hope of that sex! Whilst I thought
There was one good, I feared to find one naught:
But since their minds I all alike espy,
Henceforth I'll choose, as others, by mine eye. [*Exit.*

Clo. Blessed be ye powers that gave such quick redress,
And for my labours sent so good success!
I rather choose, though I a woman be,
He should speak ill of all than die for me.
[*Exit.*

ACT THE FIFTH

Scene I

A Village

Enter Priest *and* Old Shepherd

Priest. Shepherds, rise, and shake off sleep!
See, the blushing morn doth peep
Through the windows, whilst the sun
To the mountain-tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his rising flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing still.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field!
Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield
To the bitter north-east wind.
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longest, that she may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So unfold, and then away!—
What, not a shepherd stirring? Sure, the grooms
Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms
Filled with such new delight and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry sheep and day.
Knock, that they may remember what a shame
Sloth and neglect lays on a shepherd's name.

Old Shep. It is to little purpose; not a swain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain

Within these cotes: the woods, or some near town
That is a neighbour to the bordering down,
Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty sport,
Or spicèd wassail-bowl, to which resort
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.
Priest. God pardon sin! — Show me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.
Old Shep. This to the meads,
And that down to the woods.
Priest. Then, this for me.
Come, shepherd, let me crave your company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The Wood before CLORIN'S *Bower*

CLORIN *and* ALEXIS *are discovered in the Bower*

Clo. Now your thoughts are almost pure,
And your wound begins to cure;
Strive to banish all that's vain,
Lest it should break out again.
Alexis. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid!
I find my former wandering thoughts well staid
Through thy wise precepts; and my outward pain
By thy choice herbs is almost gone again:
Thy sex's vice and virtue are revealed
At once; for what one hurt another healed.
Clo. May thy grief more appease!
Relapses are the worst disease.
Take heed how you in thought offend;
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter the Satyr, *with* AMORET

Amo. Be'st thou the wildest creature of the wood,
That bear'st me thus away, drowned in my blood

And dying, know I cannot injured be;
I am a maid; let that name fight for me.
Sat. Fairest virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but healed to be;
Men are ruder far than we. —
See, fair goddess, in the wood
They have let out yet more blood:
Some savage man hath struck her breast,
So soft and white, that no wild beast
Durst ha' touched, asleep or wake;
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,
Would have lain, from arm to arm,
On her bosom to be warm
All a night, and, being hot,
Gone away, and stung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breast.
A man, sure, is a kind of beast.
Clo. With spotless hand on spotless breast
I put these herbs, to give thee rest:
Which till it heal thee, there will bide,
If both be pure; if not, off slide. —
See, it falls off from the wound!
Shepherdess, thou art not sound,
Full of lust.
Sat. Who would have thought it?
So fair a face!
Clo. Why, that hath brought it.
Amo. For aught I know or think, these words my last,
Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are chaste!
Clo. And so may Pan bless this my cure,
As all my thoughts are just and pure!
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my medicines work. —
Satyr, search if thou canst find it.
Sat. Here away methinks I wind it:
Stronger yet. — Oh, here they be;

Here, here, in a hollow tree,
Two fond mortals have I found.
Clo. Bring them out; they are unsound.

Enter CLOE *and* DAPHNIS

Sat. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my goddess thus I bring ye;
Strife is vain, come gently in. —
I scented them; they're full of sin.
Clo. Hold, Satyr; take this glass,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the air from lustful breath,
To save this shepherdess from death:
And stand you still whilst I do dress
Her wound, for fear the pain increase.
Sat. From this glass I throw a drop
Of crystal water on the top
Of every grass, on flowers a pair:
Send a fume, and keep the air
Pure and wholesome, sweet and blessed,
Till this virgin's wound be dressed.
Clo. Satyr, help to bring her in.
Sat. By Pan, I think she hath no sin,
She is so light. — Lie on these leaves.
Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,
Crown thine eyes and ease thy pain;
May'st thou soon be well again!
Clo. Satyr, bring the shepherd near;
Try him, if his mind be clear.
Sat. Shepherd, come.
Daph. My thoughts are pure.
Sat. The better trial to endure.
Clo. In this flame his finger thrust,
Which will burn him if he lust;
But if not, away will turn,
As loath unspotted flesh to burn. —
See, it gives back; let him go.

Sat. Farewell, mortal: keep thee so. — [*Exit* DAPHNIS.
Stay, fair nymph; fly not so fast;
We must try if you be chaste. —
Here's a hand that quakes for fear;
Sure, she will not prove so clear.
Clo. Hold her finger to the flame;
That will yield her praise or shame.
Sat. To her doom she dares not stand,
But plucks away her tender hand;
And the taper darting sends
His hot beams at her fingers' ends. —
Oh, thou art foul within, and hast
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste!
Alex. Is not that Cloe? 'Tis my love, 'tis she!
Cloe, fair Cloe!
Cloe. My Alexis!
Alex. He.
Cloe. Let me embrace thee.
Clo. Take her hence,
Lest her sight disturb his sense.
Alex. Take not her; take my life first!
Clo. See, his wound again is burst:
Keep her near, here in the wood,
Till I have stopped these streams of blood.
Soon again he ease shall find,
If I can but still his mind.
This curtain thus I do display,
To keep the piercing air away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

In the neighbourhood of the Village

Enter Old Shepherd *and* Priest

Priest. Sure, they are lost for ever: 'tis in vain
To find them out with trouble and much pain,

That have a ripe desire and forward will
To fly the company of all but ill.
What shall be counselled? now shall we retire,
Or constant follow still that first desire
We had to find them?
Old Shep. Stay a little while;
For, if the morning's mist do not beguile
My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain;
One of this jolly troop's come back again.

Enter THENOT

Priest. Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known
Thus without care leaving thy flocks alone,
And following what desire and present blood
Shapes out before thy burning sense for good;
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling off, and say
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,
Spurning at virtue and a virtuous name?
And like a glorious desperate man, that buys
A poison of much price, by which he dies,
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain
Is foul disease, with present age[n] and pain,
And then a grave? These be the fruits that grow
In such hot veins, that only beat to know
Where they may take most ease, and grow ambitious
Through their own wanton fire and pride delicious.
Thc. Right holy sir, I have not known this night
What the smooth face of mirth was, or the sight
Of any looseness; music, joy, and ease,
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please
A stomach lost with weakness, not a game
That I am skilled at throughly: nor a dame,
Went her tongue smoother than the feet of time,
Her beauty ever living like the rhyme

Our blessèd Tityrus[n] did sing of yore;
No, were she more enticing than the store
Of fruitful summer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint traveller be bold and free;
'Twere but to me like thunder gainst the bay,[n]
Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay
Upon his charmèd branches; such am I
Against the catching flames of woman's eye.
Priest. Then, wherefore hast thou wandered?
The. 'Twas a vow
That drew me out last night, which I have now
Strictly performed, and homewards go to give
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.
Priest. 'Tis good to hear ye, shepherd, if the heart
In this well-sounding music bear his part.
Where have you left the rest?
The. I have not seen,
Since yesternight we met upon this green
To fold our flocks up, any of that train;
Yet have I walked these woods round, and have lain
All this long night under an agèd tree;
Yet neither wandering shepherd did I see,
Or shepherdess; or drew into mine ear
The sound of living thing, unless it were
The nightingale, among the thick-leaved spring
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy,[n] that still doth howl
Against the moon's cold beams.
Priest. Go, and beware
Of after-falling.
The. Father, 'tis my care. [*Exit.*

Enter DAPHNIS

Old Shep. Here comes another straggler; sure I see
A shame in this young shepherd. — Daphnis?

Daph. He.
Priest. Where hast thou left the rest, that should have been
Long before this grazing upon the green
Their yet-imprisoned flocks?
Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing, till I can
Be able to unfold what I have seen;
Such horror, that the like hath never been
Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings! You all know the bower
Where the chaste Clorin lives, by whose great power
Sick men and cattle have been often cured;
There lovely Amoret, that was assured
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,
Forced by some iron hand and fatal knife;
And, by her, young Alexis.

Enter AMARILLIS, *running*

Amar. If there be
Ever a neighbour-brook or hollow tree,
Receive my body, close me up from lust
That follows at my heels! Be ever just,
Thou god of shepherds, Pan, for her dear sake
That loves the rivers' brinks, and still doth shake
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit;
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst every blast
Sings through my slender leaves that I was chaste!
Priest. This is a night of wonder. — Amarill,
Be comforted: the holy gods are still
Revengers of these wrongs.
Amar. Thou blessèd man,
Honoured upon these plains, and loved of Pan,
Hear me, and save from endless infamy

My yet-unblasted flower, virginity!
By all the garlands that have crowned that head,
By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed
That still is blessed by thee; by all the rites
Due to our god, and by those virgin lights
That burn before his altar; let me not
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot
That never shall be purged! I am not now
That wanton Amarillis: here I vow
To Heaven, and thee, grave father, if I may
Scape this unhappy night, to know the day
A virgin, never after to endure
The tongues or company of men unpure!
I hear him come; save me!
Priest. Retire a while
Behind this bush, till we have known that vile
Abuser of young maidens. [*They retire.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd

Sull. Shep. Stay thy pace,
Most lovèd Amarillis; let the chase
Grow calm and milder; fly me not so fast:
I fear the pointed brambles have unlaced
Thy golden buskins. Turn again, and see
Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,
Able to give thee all content and ease:
I am not bashful, virgin; I can please
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
And give thee many kisses, soft and warm
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek
Of plums or mellow peaches; I am sleek
And smooth as Neptune when stern Æolus
Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus
Can show my active youth. Why dost thou fly?
Remember, Amarillis, it was I
That killed Alexis for thy sake, and set

An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret
And her belovèd Perigot; 'twas I
That drowned her in the well, where she must lie
Till time shall leave to be. Then, turn again,
Turn with thy open arms, and clip the swain
That hath performed all this; turn, turn, I say;
I must not be deluded.
Priest. Monster, stay!
Thou that art like a canker to the state
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate
Through every honest bosom, forcing still
The veins of any that may serve thy will;
Thou that hast offered with a sinful hand
To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand
Yet trembling here!
Sull. Shep. Good holiness, declare
What had the danger been, if being bare
I had embraced her; tell me, by your art,
What coming wonders would that sight impart.
Priest. Lust and a branded soul.
Sull. Shep. Yet, tell me more;
Hath not our mother Nature, for her store
And great increase, said it is good and just,
And willed that every living creature must
Beget his like?
Priest. You're better read than I,
I must confess, in blood and lechery. —
Now to the bower, and bring this beast along,
Where he may suffer penance for his wrong. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Part of the Wood

Enter PERIGOT, *with his hand bloody*

Peri. Here will I wash it in the morning's dew,
Which she on every little grass doth strew

In silver drops against the sun's appear:
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.
My hand will not be cleansed. — My wrongèd love,
If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;
And though I struck thee undeservedly,
Let my revenge on her that injured thee
Make less a fault which I intended not,
And let these dew-drops wash away my spot! —
It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood
Shall I resort, to wash away this blood?
Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals
All wounds: to her I will myself address,
And my rash faults repentantly confess;
Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or prayer,
To make my hand, with chaste blood stainèd, fair.
That done, not far hence, underneath some tree
I'll have a little cabin built, since she
Whom I adored is dead; there will I give
Myself to strictness, and, like Clorin, live. [*Exit.*

Scene V

The Wood before Clorin's *Bower*

The curtain is drawn, Clorin *appears sitting in the cabin,* Amoret *sitting on one side of her,* Alexis *and* Cloe *on the other; the* Satyr *standing by*

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is staid:
Take example by this maid,
Who is healed ere you be pure;
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.
Take heed, then, how you turn your eye
On this other lustfully. —
And, shepherdess, take heed lest you

Move his willing eye thereto:
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile
Of yours, his weaker sense beguile. —
Is your love yet true and chaste,
And for ever so to last?
Alex. I have forgot all vain desires,
All looser thoughts, ill-tempered fires:
True love I find a pleasant fume,
Whose moderate heat can ne'er consume.
Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whose chaste flame is not quenched to be.
Clo. Join your hands with modest touch,
And for ever keep you such.

Enter PERIGOT

Peri. Yon is her cabin: thus far off I'll stand,
And call her forth; for my unhallowed hand
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place. —
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor swain.
Clo. What art thou that dost call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all:
Come near.
Peri. I dare not.
Clo. Satyr, see
Who it is that calls on me.
Sat. There, at hand, some swain doth stand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.
Peri. Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters clear,
To wash my hand.
Clo. What wonders have been here
To-night! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain;
Wash and rub it, whilst I rain
Holy water.
Peri. Still you pour,
But my hand will never scour.

Clo. Satyr, bring him to the bower:
We will try the sovereign power
Of other waters.
Sat. Mortal, sure,
'Tis the blood of maiden pure
That stains thee so.

The Satyr *leadeth him to the bower, where he spieth* AMORET, *and kneeleth down; she knoweth him*

Peri. Whate'er thou be,
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor Perigot!
Amo. I am thy love,
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love:
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove
As constant still. Oh, couldst thou love me yet,
How soon should I my former griefs forget!
Peri. So over-great with joy that you live, now
I am, that no desire of knowing how
Doth seize me. Hast thou still power to forgive?
Amo. Whilst thou hast power to love, or I to live:
More welcome now than hadst thou never gone
Astray from me!
Peri. And when thou lov'st alone,
And not I, death, or some lingering pain
That's worse, light on me!
Clo. Now your stain
Perhaps will cleanse thee once again.
See, the blood that erst did stay,
With the water drops away.
All the powers again are pleased,
And with this new knot are appeased.
Join your hands, and rise together:
Pan be blessed that brought you hither!

Enter Priest *and* Old Shepherd

Go back again, whate'er thou art; unless
Smooth maiden-thoughts possess thee, do not press
This hallowed ground. — Go, Satyr, take his hand,
And give him present trial.
Sat. Mortal, stand,
Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be such a one
That mayst freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up. — Never was
More untainted flesh than this.
Fairest, he is full of bliss.
Clo. Then boldly speak, why dost thou seek this place?
Priest. First, honoured virgin, to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells that is; next, for to try
The truth of late report was given to me, —
Those shepherds that have met with foul mischance
Through much neglect and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or stay a longer cure;
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light
Upon those guilty wretches, through whose spite
All this confusion fell; for to this place,
Thou holy maiden, have I brought the race
Of these offenders, who have freely told
Both why and by what means they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.
Clo. Fume all the ground,
And sprinkle holy water, for unsound
And foul infection gins to fill the air:
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair
Of censers filled with frankincense and myrrh,
Together with cold camphire: quickly stir
Thee, gentle Satyr, for the place begins
To sweat and labour with the abhorrèd sins
Of those offenders: let them not come nigh,

For full of itching flame and leprosy
Their very souls are, that the ground goes back,
And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black
And so unheard-of venom. — Hie thee fast,
Thou holy man, and banish from the chaste
These manlike monsters; let them never more
Be known upon these downs, but, long before
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight
And memory of every honest wight:
Be quick in expedition, lest the sores
Of these weak patients break into new gores. [*Exit* Priest.

Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
Those blessèd pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlasting love, too strong
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong!
How do you feel your hurts? Alas, poor heart,
How much I was abused! Give me the smart,
For it is justly mine.

Amo. I do believe:
It is enough, dear friend; leave off to grieve,
And let us once more, in despite of ill,
Give hands and hearts again.

Peri. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day
Cool crystal of the fountain, to allay
My eager thirst. May this band never break!
Hear us, O Heaven!

Amo. Be constant.

Peri. Else Pan wreak
With double vengeance my disloyalty!
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold those eyes!

Amo. Thus, shepherd, with a kiss all envy dies.

Re-enter Priest

Priest. Bright maid, I have performed your will. The swain

In whom such heat and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your sentence and disgrace:
Only the maid I have reserved, whose face
Shows much amendment; many a tear doth fall
In sorrow of her fault: great fair, recall
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,
Which I dare promise; once again upraise
Her heavy spirit, that near drownèd lies,
In self-consuming care that never dies.
Clo. I am content to pardon; call her in. —
The air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge itself: how bright the day doth show
After this stormy cloud! — Go, Satyr, go,
And with this taper boldly try her hand:
If she be pure and good, and firmly stand
To be so still, we have performed a work
Worthy the gods themselves.
[*The* Satyr *brings* AMARILLIS *in.*
Sat. Come forward, maiden; do not lurk,
Nor hide your face with grief and shame;
Now or never get a name
That may raise thee, and re-cure
All thy life that was impure.
Hold your hand unto the flame;
If thou be'st a perfect dame,
Or hast truly vowed to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend. —
See, the taper hurts her not!
Go thy ways; let never spot
Henceforth seize upon thy blood:
Thank the gods, and still be good.
Clo. Young shepherdess, now ye are brought again
To virgin-state, be so, and so remain
To thy last day, unless the faithful love
Of some good shepherd force thee to remove;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As such a one that ever strives to give

A blessèd memory to after-time;
Be famous for your good, not for your crime. —
Now, holy man, I offer up again
These patients, full of health and free from pain:
Keep them from after-ills; be ever near
Unto their actions; teach them how to clear
The tedious way they pass through from suspect;
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
Of duty in themselves; correct the blood
With thrifty bits and labour; let the flood,
Or the next neighbouring spring, give remedy
To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree
That hangs with wanton clusters; let not wine,
Unless in sacrifice or rites divine,
Be ever known of shepherds; have a care,
Thou man of holy life! Now do not spare
Their faults through much remissness, nor forget
To cherish him whose many pains and sweat
Hath given increase and added to the downs;
Sort all your shepherds from the lazy clowns
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms;
Teach the young maidens strictness, that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth;
Banish all compliment, but single truth,
From every tongue and every shepherd's heart;
Let them use persuading, but no art.
Thus, holy priest, I wish to thee and these
All the best goods and comforts that may please.

All. And all those blessings Heaven did ever give,
We pray upon this bower may ever live.

Priest. Kneel, every shepherd, whilst with powerful hand
I bless your after-labours, and the land
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you
From misfortune, and amend you;
Keep you from those dangers still
That are followed by your will;

Give ye means to know at length,
All your riches, all your strength,
Cannot keep your foot from falling
To lewd lust, that still is calling
At your cottage, till his power[n]
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and rest to every soul;
May his care of you control
All diseases, sores, or pain,
That in after-time may reign
Either in your flocks or you;
Give ye all affections new,
New desires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true!
Now rise, and go; and, as ye pass away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
That honest Dorus taught ye — Dorus,[n] he
That was the soul and god of melody. [*They all sing.*

THE SONG

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
All ye virtues and ye powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honoured. Daffadillies,
Roses, pinks, and lovèd lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,

Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honoured, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

[*Exeunt all except* CLORIN *and the* Satyr.

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,
Thou most powerful maid and whitest,
Thou most virtuous and most blessèd,
Eyes of stars, and golden-tressèd
Like Apollo; tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit,
Or steal from Heaven old Orpheus' lute?
All these I'll venter for, and more,
To do her service all these woods adore.

Clo. No other service, Satyr, but thy watch
About these thicks, lest harmless people catch
Mischief or sad mischance.

Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about these woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick
Down the lawns and down the vales
Faster than the windmill-sails.
So I take my leave, and pray

All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phœbus' heat doth send
On the earth, may still befriend
Thee and this arbour!
Clo. And to thee
All thy master's love be free! [*Exeunt.*

BONDUCA

BONDUCA

The tragicomedy *Bonduca* was acted prior to the latter part of the year 1614, when a certain actor named William Osteler, who took a part in the play, is known to have died. How much earlier *Bonduca* is to be placed it would be difficult to say, but the maturity of Fletcher's art in it — for Fletcher alone is responsible for this play — should leave its first performance, at earliest, late in that year. Bonduca is a variant of the more familiar name Boadicea, while Caratach is Caractacus. Fletcher found his materials in the *Annals* of Tacitus (XIV, 29, onward), but treated his materials with inventive freedom, developing mere hints, such as those concerning Pœnius Posthumus, into an ably-planned and well-conducted underplot. *Bonduca* was not printed in quarto, but appeared first in print in the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, 1649. The text here followed is that of the Mermaid Edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, the Variorum Edition not having as yet reached this play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CARATACH, General of the Britons, Brother-in-law to BONDUCA.
NENNIUS, a British Commander.
HENGO, Nephew to CARATACH and BONDUCA.
SUETONIUS, General of the Roman Army in Britain.
PŒNIUS, JUNIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, PETILLIUS, CURIUS, } Roman Captains.
REGULUS, DRUSUS, } Roman Officers, subordinate to PŒNIUS.
MACER, a Lieutenant.
JUDAS, a Corporal.
Herald.
Druids.
Soldiers.
Guides, Servants.

BONDUCA, Queen of the Iceni.
Her two Daughters, by PRASUTAGUS.

SCENE — BRITAIN.

BONDUCA

ACT THE FIRST

Scene I

The British Camp

Enter Bonduca, Daughters, Hengo, Nennius, *and* Soldiers

Bond. The hardy Romans! — oh, ye gods of Britain!
The rust of arms, the blushing shame of soldiers!
Are these the men that conquer by inheritance?
The fortune-makers? these the Julians,[n]

Enter Caratach, *behind*

That with the sun measure the end of nature,
Making the world but one Rome and one Cæsar?
Shame, how they flee! Cæsar's soft soul dwells in 'em,
Their mothers got 'em sleeping, Pleasure nursed 'em;[n]
Their bodies sweat with sweet oils, love's allurements,
Not lusty arms. Dare they send these to seek us,
These Roman girls? Is Britain grown so wanton?
Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius, scattered 'em:
And through their big-boned Germans, on whose pikes
The honour of their actions sits in triumph,
Made themes for songs to shame 'em: and a woman,
A woman beat 'em, Nennius; a weak woman,
A woman beat these Romans!
Car. (*coming forward*). So it seems;
A man would shame to talk so.
Bond. Who's that?
Car. I.
Bond. Cousin, do you grieve my fortunes?

Car. No, Bonduca;
If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes:
You put too much wind to your sail: discretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And, nursed together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed;
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
And not our tongues; a truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing;
For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
And we, that have been victors, beat ourselves,
When we insult upon our honour's subject.

Bond. My valiant cousin, is it foul to say
What liberty and honour bid us do,
And what the gods allow us?

Car. No, Bonduca;
So what we say exceed not what we do.
You call the Romans — fearful, fleeing Romans,
And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleasures:
Does this become a doer? are they such?

Bond. They are no more.

Car. Where is your conquest, then?
Why are your altars crowned with wreaths of flowers?
The beasts with gilt horns waiting for the fire?
The holy Druides[n] composing songs
Of everlasting life to victory?
Why are these triumphs, lady? for a May-game?
For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans?
Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the husbandman redeem his heifers;
Put out your holy fires, no timbrel ring;
Let's home and sleep; for such great overthrows
A candle burns too bright a sacrifice,
A glow-worm's tail too full a flame. — O Nennius,
Thou hadst a noble uncle knew a Roman,[n]
And how to speak him, how to give him weight

In both his fortunes!
Bond. By the gods, I think
You dote upon these Romans, Caratach.
Car. Witness these wounds, I do; they were fairly given:
I love an enemy; I was born a soldier;
And he that in the head on's[n] troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his sword,
I make a mistress. Yellow-tressèd Hymen
Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds me:
And are not all these Roman? Ten struck battles
I sucked these honoured scars from, and all Roman;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches
(When many a frozen storm sung through my cuirass,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more stubborn metal) have I wrought through,
And all to try these Romans. Ten times a-night
I have swam the rivers, when the stars of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my shoulders,
Charging my battered sides with troops of agues;
And still to try these Romans, whom I found
(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witness, gods, and all my dangers!)
As ready, and as full of that I brought,
(Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wise, to do and suffer,
Ever advanced as forward as the Britons,
Their sleeps as short, their hopes as high as ours,
Ay, and as subtle, lady. 'Tis dishonour,
And, followed, will be impudence, Bonduca,
And grow to no belief, to taint these Romans.
Have not I seen the Britons —
Bond. What?
Car. Disheartened,
Run, run, Bonduca; not the quick rack swifter,

The virgin from the hated ravisher
Not half so fearful; not a flight drawn home,[n]
A round stone from a sling, a lover's wish,
E'er made that haste that they have. By the gods,
I have seen these Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
Basely for mercy roaring; the light shadows,
That in a thought scur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to 'em.
Bond. O ye powers,
What scandals do I suffer!
Car. Yes, Bonduca,
I have seen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;
Yea, run apace, both; then when Pœnius
(The Roman girl!) cut thorough your armèd carts,
And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill;
Then when he hunted ye, like Britain foxes,
More by the scent than sight; then did I see
These valiant and approvèd men of Britain,
Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.
Nen. And what did you then, Caratach?
Car. I fled too;
But not so fast, — your jewel had been lost then,
Young Hengo there; he trashed me, Nennius:
For, when your fears out-run him, then stepped I,
And in the head of all the Roman fury
Took him, and with my tough belt to my back
I buckled him; behind him my sure shield;
And then I followed. If I say I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
Me speak this, or ever seen the child more,
But that the son of virtue, Pœnius,
Seeing me steer thorough all these storms of danger,
My helm still in my hand (my sword,) my prow
Turned to my foe (my face,) he cried out nobly,

"Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off safely;
Thy manly sword has ransomed thee; grow strong,
And let me meet thee once again in arms;
Then, if thou stand'st, thou art mine." I took his offer,
And here I am to honour him.
Bond. O cousin,
From what a flight of honour hast thou checked me!
What wouldst thou make me, Caratach?
Car. See, lady,
The noble use of others in our losses.
Does this afflict you? Had the Romans cried this,
And, as we have done theirs, sung out these fortunes,
Railed on our base condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as the earth was ours, to show us
Nothing but sea could stop our flights, despised us,
And held it equal whether banqueting
Or beating of the Britons were more business,
It would have galled you.
Bond. Let me think we conquered.
Car. Do; but so think as we may be conquered;
And where we have found virtue, though in those
That came to make us slaves, let's cherish it.
There's not a blow we gave since Julius landed,
That was of strength and worth, but, like records,
They file to after ages. Our registers
The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;
And shall we burn their mentions with upbraidings?
Bond. No more; I see myself. Thou hast made me, cousin,
More than my fortunes durst, for they abused me,
And wound me up so high, I swelled with glory:
Thy temperance has cured that tympany,
And given me health again, nay, more, discretion.
Shall we have peace? for now I love these Romans.
Car. Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady.
Bond. Your reason?
Nen. Is not peace the end of arms?

Car. Not where the cause implies a general conquest:
Had we a difference with some petty isle,
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our landmarks,
The taking in of some rebellious lord,
Or making a head against commotions,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as life,
The gods we worship, and, next those, our honours,
And with those swords that know no end of battle,
Those men, beside themselves, allow no neighbour,
Those minds that where the day is claim inheritance,
And where the sun makes ripe the fruits, their harvest,
And where they march, but measure out more ground
To add to Rome, and here i' the bowels on us;
It must not be. No, as they are our foes,
And those that must be so until we tire 'em,
Let's use the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,
But in our ends our swords. That hardy Roman,
That hopes to graft himself into my stock,
Must first begin his kindred under-ground,
And be allied in ashes.

Bond. Caratach,
As thou hast nobly spoken, shall be done;
And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver:
The Romans shall have worthy wars.

Car. They shall:—
And, little sir, when your young bones grow stiffer,
And when I see you able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfast,
I'll tie you to a sword.

Hengo. And what then, uncle?

Car. Then you must kill, sir, the next valiant Roman
That calls you knave.

Hengo. And must I kill but one?

Car. A hundred, boy, I hope.

Hengo. I hope, five hundred.

Car. That's a noble boy! — Come, worthy lady,
Let's to our several charges, and henceforth
Allow an enemy both weight and worth. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The Roman Camp

Enter JUNIUS *and* PETILLIUS

Pet. What ail'st thou, man? dost thou want meat?
Jun. No.
Pet. Clothes?
Jun. Neither. For Heaven's love, leave me!
Pet. Drink?
Jun. You tire me.
Pet. Come, 'tis drink; I know 'tis drink.
Jun. 'Tis no drink.
Pet. I say, 'tis drink; for what affliction
Can light so heavy on a soldier,
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?
Thou shalt have drink.
Jun. Prithee, Petillius —
Pet. And, by mine honour, much drink, valiant drink:
Never tell me, thou shalt have drink. I see,
Like a true friend, into thy wants; 'tis drink;
And when I leave thee to a desolation,
Especially of that dry nature, hang me.
Jun. Why do you do this to me?
Pet. For I see,
Although your modesty would fain conceal it,
Which sits as sweetly on a soldier
As an old side-saddle —
Jun. What do you see?
Pet. I see as fair as day, that thou want'st drink.
Did I not find thee gaping, like an oyster
For a new tide? Thy very thoughts lie bare,

Like a low ebb; thy soul, that rid in sack,
Lies moored for want of liquor. Do but see
Into thyself; for, by the gods, I do:
For all thy body's chapped and cracked like timber,
For want of moisture: what is't thou want'st there, Junius,
An if it be not drink?

Jun. You have too much on't.

Pet. It may be a whore too; say it be; come, meecher,
Thou shalt have both; a pretty valiant fellow
Die for a little lap and lechery?
No, it shall ne'er be said in our country,
Thou diedst o' the chin-cough. Hear, thou noble Roman,
The son of her that loves a soldier,
Hear what I promised for thee; thus I said:
"Lady, I take thy son to my companion;
Lady, I love thy son, thy son loves war,
The war loves danger, danger drink, drink discipline,
Which is society and lechery;
These two beget commanders: fear not, lady;
Thy son shall lead."

Jun. 'Tis a strange thing, Petillius,
That so ridiculous and loose a mirth
Can master your affections.

Pet. Any mirth,
And any way, of any subject, Junius,
Is better than unmanly mustiness.
What harm's in drink? in a good wholesome wench?
I do beseech you, sir, what error? yet
It cannot out of my head handsomely,
But thou wouldst fain be drunk; come, no more fooling;
The general has new wine, new come over.

Jun. He must have new acquaintance for it too,
For I will none, I thank you.

Pet. "None, I thank you!"
A short and touchy answer: "None, I thank you!"
You do not scorn it, do you?

Jun. Gods defend, sir!
I owe him still more honour.
Pet. "None, I thank you!"
No company, no drink, no wench, I thank you!
You shall be worse entreated, sir.
Jun. Petillius,
As thou art honest, leave me.
Pet. "None, I thank you!"
A modest and a decent resolution,
And well put on. Yes, I will leave you, Junius,
And leave you to the boys, that very shortly
Shall all salute you by your new surname
Of "Junius None-I-thank-you." I would starve now,
Hang, drown, despair, deserve the forks, lie open
To all the dangerous passes of a wench,
Bound to believe her tears, and wed her aches,
Ere I would own thy follies. I have found you,
Your lays, and out-leaps, Junius, haunts, and lodges;
I have viewed you, and I have found you by my skill
To be a fool o' the first head, Junius,
And I will hunt you: you are in love, I know it;
You are an ass, and all the camp shall know it,
A peevish idle boy, your dame shall know it;
A wronger of my care, yourself shall know it.

Enter JUDAS *and four* Soldiers

Judas. A bean! a princely diet, a full banquet,
To what we compass.
1st Sold. Fight like hogs for acorns!
2nd Sold. Venture our lives for pig-nuts!
Pet. What ail these rascals?
3rd Sold. If this hold, we are starved.
Judas. For my part, friends,
Which is but twenty beans a-day, (a hard world
For officers and men of action)
And those so clipped by Master Mouse, and rotten

(For understand 'em French beans, where the fruits
Are ripened, like the people, in old tubs[n]) —
For mine own part, I say, I am starved already,
Not worth another bean, consumed to nothing,
Nothing but flesh and bones left, miserable:
Now, if this musty provender can prick me
To honourable matters of achievement, gentlemen,
Why, there's the point.
4th Sold. I'll fight no more.
Pet. You'll hang, then;
A sovereign help for hunger. Ye eating rascals,
Whose gods are beef and brewis! whose brave angers
Do execution upon these and chibbals!
Ye dogs' heads i' the porridge-pot! you fight no more!
Does Rome depend upon your resolution
For eating mouldy pie-crust?
3rd Sold. 'Would we had it!
Judas. I may do service, captain.
Pet. In a fish-market:
You, Corporal Curry-comb, what will your fighting
Profit the commonwealth? Do you hope to triumph?
Or dare your vamping valour, Goodman Cobbler,
Clap a new sole to the kingdom? 'Sdeath, ye dog-whelps,
You fight, or not fight!
Judas. Captain!
Pet. Out, ye flesh-flies!
Nothing but noise and nastiness!
Judas. Give us meat,
Whereby we may do.
Pet. Whereby hangs your valour.
Judas. Good bits afford good blows.
Pet. A good position:
How long is't since thou eat'st last? Wipe thy mouth,
And then tell truth.
Judas. I have not eat to the purpose —
Pet. To the purpose! what's that? half a cow and garlic?

Ye rogues, my company eat turf, and talk not;
Timber they can digest, and fight upon't;
Old mats, and mud with spoons, rare meats. Your shoes, slaves —
Dare ye cry out for hunger, and those extant?
Suck your sword-hilts, ye slaves; if ye be valiant,
Honour will make 'em marchpane. To the purpose!
A grievous penance! Dost thou see that gentleman,
That melancholy monsieur?
Jun. Pray you, Petillius —
Pet. He has not eat these three weeks.
2nd Sold. H'as drunk the more, then.
3rd Sold. And that's all one.
Pet. Nor drunk nor slept these two months.
Judas. Captain, we do beseech you, as poor soldiers,
Men that have seen good days, whose mortal stomachs
May sometimes feel afflictions — [*To* JUNIUS.
Jun. This, Petillius,
Is not so nobly done.
Pet. 'Tis common profit. —
Urge him to the point; he'll find you out a food
That needs no teeth nor stomach, a strange furmety
Will feed ye up as fat as hens i' the foreheads,[n]
And make ye fight like fitchocks: to him!
Judas. Captain —
Jun. Do you long to have your throats cut?
Pet. See what mettle
It makes in him: two meals more of this melancholy,
And there lies Caratach.
Judas. We do beseech you —
2nd Sold. Humbly beseech your valour —
Jun. Am I only
Become your sport, Petillius?
Judas. But to render
In way of general good, in preservation —
Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye slaves!
4th Sold. Or rather pity —

3rd Sold. Your warlike remedy against the mawworms.
Judas. Or notable receipt to live by nothing.
Pet. Out with your table-books!
Jun. Is this true friendship?
And must my killing griefs make others' May-games?
[*Draws.*
Stand from my sword's point, slaves! your poor starved spirits
Can make me no oblations; else, O Love,
Thou proudly-blind destruction, I would send thee
Whole hecatombs of hearts, to bleed my sorrows. [*Exit.*
Judas. Alas, he lives by love, sir!
Pet. So he does, sir;
And cannot you do so too? All my company
Are now in love; ne'er think of meat, nor talk
Of what provant is: *aye-mes* and hearty *heigh-hoes*
Are salads fit for soldiers. Live by meat!
By larding up your bodies! 'tis lewd, and lazy,
And shows ye merely mortal, dull, and drives ye
To fight, like camels, with baskets at your noses.[n]
Get ye in love: ye can whore well enough,
That all the world knows; fast ye into famine,
Yet ye can crawl, like crabs, to wenches handsomely.
Fall but in love now, as ye see example,
And follow it but with all your thoughts, *probatum*,
There's so much charge saved, and your hunger's ended.
[*Drum within.*
Away! I hear the general. Get ye in love all,
Up to the ears in love, that I may hear
No more of these rude murmurings; and discreetly
Carry your stomachs, or I prophesy
A pickled rope will choke ye. Jog, and talk not! [*Exeunt.*

Enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, *with drum and colours*

Suet. Demetrius, is the messenger dispatched
To Pœnius, to command him to bring up

The Volans regiment?

Dem. He's there by this time.

Suet. And are the horse well viewed we brought from Mona?

Dec. The troops are full and lusty.

Suet. Good Petillius,
Look to those eating rogues, that bawl for victuals,
And stop their throats a day or two: provision
Waits but the wind to reach us.

Pet. Sir, already
I have been tampering with their stomachs, which I find
As deaf as adders to delays: your clemency
Hath made their murmurs mutinies, nay, rebellions;
Now, an they want but mustard, they're in uproars;
No oil but Candy, Lusitanian figs,
And wine from Lesbos, now can satisfy 'em;
The British waters are grown dull and muddy,
The fruit disgustful; Orontes must be sought for,
And apples from the Happy Isles; the truth is,
They are more curious now in having nothing,
Than if the sea and land turned up their treasures.
This lost the colonies, and gave Bonduca
(With shame we must record it) time and strength
To look into our fortunes; great discretion
To follow offered victory; and last, full pride
To brave us to our teeth, and scorn our ruins.

Suet. Nay, chide not, good Petillius; I confess
My will to conquer Mona, and long stay
To execute that will, let in these losses:
All shall be right again; and, as a pine,
Rent from Oëta by a sweeping tempest,
Jointed again and made a mast, defies
Those angry winds that split him; so will I,
Pieced to my never-failing strength and fortune,
Steer thorough these swelling dangers, plough their prides up,
And bear like thunder through their loudest tempests.

They keep the field still?

Dem. Confident and full.

Pet. In such a number, one would swear they grew:
The hills are wooded with their partisans,
And all the valleys overgrown with darts,
As moors are with rank rushes; no ground left us
To charge upon, no room to strike. Say fortune
And our endeavours bring us into 'em,
They are so infinite, so ever-springing,
We shall be killed with killing; of desperate women,
That neither fear nor shame e'er found, the devil
Has ranked amongst 'em multitudes; say the men fail,
They'll poison us with their petticoats; say they fail,
They have priests enough to pray us into nothing.

Suet. These are imaginations, dreams of nothings:
The man that doubts or fears —

Dec. I am free of both.

Dem. The self-same I.

Pet. And I as free as any;
As careless of my flesh, of that we call life,
So I may lose it nobly, as indifferent
As if it were my diet. Yet, noble general,
It was a wisdom learned from you, I learned it,
And worthy of a soldier's care, most worthy,
To weigh with most deliberate circumstance
The ends of accidents, above their offers;
How to go on, and yet to save a Roman,
Whose one life is more worth in way of doing,
Than millions of these painted wasps; how, viewing,
To find advantage out; how, found, to follow it
With counsel and discretion, lest mere fortune
Should claim the victory.

Suet. 'Tis true, Petillius,
And worthily remembered: the rule's certain,
Their uses no less excellent; but where time
Cuts off occasions, danger, time and all
Tend to a present peril, 'tis required

Our swords and manhoods be best counsellors,
Our expeditions, precedents. To win is nothing,
Where reason, time, and counsel are our camp-masters;
But there to bear the field, then to be conquerors,
Where pale destruction takes us, takes us beaten,
In wants and mutinies, ourselves but handfuls,
And to ourselves our own fears, needs a new way,
A sudden and a desperate execution:
Here, how to save, is loss; to be wise, dangerous;
Only a present well-united strength,
And minds made up for all attempts, dispatch it:
Disputing and delay here cools the courage;
Necessity gives no time for doubts; things infinite,
According to the spirit they are preached to;
Rewards like them, and names for after ages,
Must steel the soldier, his own shame help to arm him;
And having forced his spirit, ere he cools,
Fling him upon his enemies: sudden and swift,
Like tigers amongst foxes, we must fight for't;
Fury must be our fortune; shame we have lost,
Spurs ever in our sides to prick us forward:
There is no other wisdom nor discretion
Due to this day of ruin, but destruction;
The soldier's order first, and then his anger.

Dem. No doubt, they dare redeem all.

Suet. Then, no doubt,
The day must needs be ours. That the proud woman
Is infinite in number better likes me,
Than if we dealt with squadrons; half her army
Shall choke themselves, their own swords dig their graves.
I'll tell ye all my fears; one single valour,
The virtues of the valiant Caratach,
More doubts me[n] than all Britain: he's a soldier
So forged out, and so tempered for great fortunes,
So much man thrust into him, so old in dangers,
So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere name
Fights in a thousand men, himself in millions,

To make him Roman. But no more. — Petillius,
How stands your charge?
Pet. Ready for all employments,
To be commanded too, sir.
Suet. 'Tis well governed;
To-morrow we'll draw out, and view the cohorts;
I' the mean time, all apply their offices.
Where's Junius?
Pet. In's cabin, sick o' the mumps, sir.
Suet. How!
Pet. In love, indeed in love, most lamentably loving,
To the tune of "Queen Dido."[n]
Dec. Alas, poor gentleman!
Suet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With what lady?
I'll be a spokesman for him.
Pet. You'll scant speed, sir.
Suet. Who is't?
Pet. The devil's dam, Bonduca's daughter,
Her youngest, cracked i' the ring.[n]
Suet. I am sorry for him:
But, sure, his own discretion will reclaim him;
He must deserve our anger else. Good captains,
Apply yourselves in all the pleasing forms
Ye can unto the soldiers; fire their spirits,
And set 'em fit to run this action;
Mine own provision shall be shared amongst 'em,
Till more come in; tell 'em, if now they conquer,
The fat of all the kingdom lies before 'em,
Their shames forgot, their honours infinite,
And want for ever banished. Two days hence,
Our fortunes, and our swords, and gods be for us!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND

Scene I

Before the Tent of Pœnius

Enter Pœnius, Regulus, Drusus, *and* Macer

Pœn. I *must* come!
Macer. So the general commands, sir.
Pœn. I *must* bring up my regiment!
Macer. Believe, sir,
I bring no lie.
Pœn. But did he say, I *must* come?
Macer. So delivered.
Pœn. How long is't, Regulus, since I commanded
In Britain here?
Reg. About five years, great Pœnius.
Pœn. The general some five months. Are all my actions
So poor and lost, my services so barren,
That I'm remembered in no nobler language
But *must* come up?
Macer. I do beseech you, sir,
Weigh but the time's estate.
Pœn. Yes, good lieutenant,
I do, and his that sways it. *Must* come up!
Am I turned bare centurion? *must* and *shall*
Fit embassies to court my honour?
Macer. Sir —
Pœn. Set me to lead a handful of my men
Against a hundred thousand barbarous slaves,
That have marched name by name with Rome's best doers!

Serve 'em up some other meat; I'll bring no food
To stop the jaws of all those hungry wolves;
My regiment's mine own. I *must* my language!

Enter CURIUS

Cur. Pœnius, where lies the host?
Pœn. Where fate may find 'em.
Cur. Are they ingirt?
Pœn. The battle's lost.
Cur. So soon?
Pœn. No; but 'tis lost, because it must be won;
The Britons must be victors. Whoe'er saw
A troop of bloody vultures hovering
About a few corrupted carcasses,
Let him behold the silly Roman host,
Girded with millions of fierce Britain-swains,
With deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his shame!
I scorn my life, yet dare not lose my name.
Cur. Do not you hold it a most famous end,
When both our names and lives are sacrificed
For Rome's increase?
Pœn. Yes, Curius; but mark this too:
What glory is there, or what lasting fame
Can be to Rome or us, what full example,
When one is smothered with a multitude,
And crowded in amongst a nameless press?
Honour got out of flint, and on their heads
Whose virtues, like the sun, exhaled all valours,[n]
Must not be lost in mists and fogs of people,
Noteless and out of name, both rude and naked:
Nor can Rome task us with impossibilities,
Or bid us fight against a flood; we serve her,
That she may proudly say she has good soldiers,
Not slaves to choke all hazards. Who but fools,
That make no difference betwixt certain dying
And dying well, would fling their fames and fortunes

Into this Britain-gulf, this quicksand-ruin,
That, sinking, swallows us? what noble hand
Can find a subject fit for blood there? or what sword
Room for his execution? what air to cool us,
But poisoned with their blasting breaths and curses,
Where we lie buried quick above the ground,
And are, with labouring sweat and breathless pain,
Killed like to slaves, and cannot kill again?

Dru. Pœnius, mark ancient wars, and know that then
A captain weighed a hundred thousand men.

Pœn. Drusus, mark ancient wisdom, and you'll find then,
He gave the overthrow that saved his men.
I must not go.

Reg. The soldiers are desirous,
Their eagles all drawn out, sir.

Pœn. Who drew up, Regulus?
Ha! speak; did you? whose bold will durst attempt this?
Drawn out! why, who commands, sir? on whose warrant
Durst they advance?

Reg. I keep mine own obedience.

Dru. 'Tis like the general cause, their love of honour,
Relieving of their wants —

Pœn. Without my knowledge!
Am I no more? my place but at their pleasures?
Come, who did this?

Dru. By Heaven, sir, I am ignorant.

Pœn. What! am I grown a shadow? — Hark! they march. [*Drum within.*
I'll know, and will be myself.

Enter Soldiers, *with drum and colours*

Stand, disobedience!
He that advances one foot higher dies for't. —
Run thorough the regiment, upon your duties,
And charge 'em, on command, beat back again;
By Heaven, I'll tithe 'em all else!

Reg. We'll do our best.
[*Exeunt* DRUSUS *and* REGULUS.

Pœn. Back! cease your bawling drums there;
I'll beat the tubs about your brains else. Back!
Do I speak with less fear than thunder to ye?
Must I stand to beseech ye? Home, home! —Ha!
Do ye stare upon me? Are those minds I moulded,
Those honest valiant tempers I was proud
To be a fellow to, those great discretions
Made your names feared and honoured, turned to wild-fires?
Oh, gods, to disobedience? Command, farewell!
And be ye witness with me, all things sacred,
I have no share in these men's shames! March, soldiers,
And seek your own sad ruins; your old Pœnius
Dares not behold your murders.

1st Sold. Captain!

2nd Sold. Captain!

3rd Sold. Dear, honoured captain!

Pœn. Too, too dear-loved soldiers,
Which made ye weary of me, and Heaven yet knows,
Though in your mutinies, I dare not hate you, —
Take your own wills! 'tis fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule yourselves; I wrong ye
In wishing ye to save your lives and credits,
To keep your necks whole from the ax hangs o'er ye:
Alas, I much dishonoured ye! go, seek the Britons,
And say ye come to glut their sacrifices;
But do not say I sent ye. What ye have been,
How excellent in all parts, good and governed,
Is only left of my command, for story;
What now ye are, for pity. Fare ye well! [*Going.*

Enter DRUSUS *and* REGULUS

Dru. Oh, turn again, great Pœnius! see the soldier
In all points apt for duty.

Reg. See his sorrow
For his disobedience, which he says was haste,
And haste he thought to please you with. See, captain,
The toughness of his courage turned to water;
See how his manly heart melts.
Pœn. Go; beat homeward;
There learn to eat your little with obedience;
And henceforth strive to do as I direct ye.
[*Exeunt* Soldiers.
Macer. My answer, sir.
Pœn. Tell the great general,
My companies are no faggots to fill breaches,
Myself no man that *must* or *shall* can carry:
Bid him be wise, and where he is, he's safe then;
And, when he finds out possibilities,
He may command me. Commend me to the captains.
Macer. All this I shall deliver.
Pœn. Farewell, Macer.
[*Exeunt* PŒNIUS *and* MACER *severally*.
Cur. Pray gods this breed no mischief!
Reg. It must needs,
If stout Suetonius win; for then his anger,
Besides the soldier's loss of due and honour,
Will break together on him.
Dru. He's a brave fellow;
And, but a little hide his haughtiness,
(Which is but sometimes neither, on some causes)
He shows the worthiest Roman this day living.
You may, good Curius, to the general
Make all things seem the best.
Cur. I shall endeavour.
Pray for our fortunes, gentlemen; if we fall,
This one farewell serves for a funeral.
The gods make sharp our swords, and steel our hearts!
Reg. We dare, alas, but cannot fight our parts.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Before the Tent of JUNIUS

Enter JUNIUS, *followed by* PETILLIUS *and a* HERALD

Pet. Let him go on. Stay; now he talks.
Jun. Why,
Why should I love mine enemy? what is beauty?
Of what strange violence, that, like the plague,
It works upon our spirits? Blind they feign him;
I am sure, I find it so —
Pet. A dog shall lead you.
Jun. His fond affections blinder —
Pet. Hold you there still!
Jun. It takes away my sleep —
Pet. Alas, poor chicken!
Jun. My company, content, almost my fashion —
Pet. Yes, and your weight too, if you follow it.
Jun. 'Tis sure the plague, for no man dare come near me
Without an antidote; 'tis far worse, hell.
Pet. Thou art damned without redemption, then.
Jun. The way to't
Strewed with fair western smiles and April blushes,
Let by the brightest constellations, eyes,
And sweet proportions, envying Heaven; but from thence
No way to guide, no path, no wisdom brings us.
Pet. Yes, a smart-water, Junius.
Jun. Do I fool?
Know all this, and fool still? Do I know further.
Then when we have enjoyed our ends we lose 'em,
And all our appetites are but as dreams
We laugh at in our ages? —
Pet. Sweet philosopher!
Jun. Do I know on still, and yet know nothing?
Mercy, gods!
Why am I thus ridiculous?

Pet. Motley on thee![n]
Thou art an arrant ass.
Jun. Can red and white,
An eye, a nose, a cheek —
Pet. But one cheek, Junius?
A half-faced mistress?
Jun. With a little trim,
That wanton fools call fashion, thus abuse me?
Take me beyond my reason? Why should not I
Dote on my horse well trapped, my sword well hatched?
They are as handsome things, to me more useful,
And possible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yes 'twere excusable, my youth would bear it:
But to love there, and that no time can give me,
Mine honour dare not ask (she has been ravished,)
My nature must not know (she hates our nation,)
Thus to dispose my spirit!
Pet. Stay a little; he will declaim again.
Jun. I will not love! I am a man, have reason,
And I will use it; I'll no more tormenting,
Nor whining for a wench; there are a thousand —
Pet. Hold thee there, boy!
Jun. A thousand will entreat me.
Pet. Ten thousand, Junius.
Jun. I am young and lusty,
And to my fashion valiant; can please nightly.
Pet. I'll swear thy back's *probatum*, for I have known thee
Leap at sixteen like a strong stallion.
Jun. I will be man again.
Pet. Now mark the working;
The devil and the spirit tug for't: twenty pound
Upon the devil's head!
Jun. I must be wretched —
Pet. I knew I had won.
Jun. Nor have I so much power
To shun my fortune.

Pet. I will hunt thy fortune
With all the shapes imagination breeds,
But I will fright thy devil. — Stay, he sings now.

[*Song by* JUNIUS, *and* PETILLIUS *after him in mockage.*

Jun. Must I be thus abused?

Pet. Yes, marry must you.
Let's follow him close: oh, there he is; now read it.

Her. (*Reads*). "It is the general's command, that all sick persons, old and unable, retire within the trenches; he that fears has liberty to leave the field: fools, boys, and lovers, must not come near the regiments, for fear of their infections, especially those cowards they call lovers."

Jun. Ha! 62

Pet. Read on.

Her. (*Reads*). "If any common soldier love an enemy, he's whipped and made a slave; if any captain, cast, with loss of honours, flung out o' the army, and made unable ever after to bear the name of a soldier."

Jun. The pox consume ye all, rogues! [*Exit.*

Pet. Let this work;
He has something now to chew upon. He's gone;
Come, shake no more.

Her. Well, sir, you may command me, 70
But not to do the like again for Europe;
I would have given my life for a bent two-pence.
If I e'er read to lovers whilst I live again,
Or come within their confines —

Pet. There's your payment; [*Gives money.*
And keep this private.

Her. I am schooled for talking. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS

Pet. How now, Demetrius! are we drawn?

Dem. 'Tis doing;
Your company stands fair. But, pray you, where's Junius?
Half his command are wanting, with some forty

That Decius leads.

Pet. Hunting for victuals.
Upon my life, freebooting rogues, their stomachs
Are, like a widow's lust, ne'er satisfied.

Dem. I wonder how they dare stir, knowing the enemy
Master of all the country.

Pet. Resolute hungers
Know neither fears nor faiths; they tread on ladders,
Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers.

Dem. They may be hanged, though.

Pet. There's their joyful supper;
And no doubt they are at it.

Dem. But, for Heaven's sake,
How does young Junius?

Pet. Drawing on, poor gentleman.

Dem. What, to his end?

Pet. To the end of all flesh, woman.

Dem. This love has made him a stout soldier.

Pet. Oh, a great one,
Fit to command young goslings. But what news?

Dem. I think the messenger's come back from Pœnius
By this time; let's go know.

Pet. What will you say now
If he deny to come, and take exceptions
At some half syllable, or sound delivered
With an ill accent, or some style left out?

Dem. I cannot think he dare.

Pet. He dare speak treason,
Dare say what no man dares believe, dares do —
But that's all one; I'll lay you my black armour
To twenty crowns, he comes not.

Dem. Done.

Pet. You'll pay?

Dem. I will.

Pet. Then keep thine old use, Pœnius,
Be stubborn and vainglorious, and I thank thee.
Come, let's go pray for six hours; most of us

I fear will trouble Heaven no more: two good blows
Struck home at two commanders of the Britons,
And my part's done.
Dem. I do not think of dying.
Pet. 'Tis possible we may live; but, Demetrius,
With what strange legs, and arms, and eyes, and noses,
Let carpenters and coppersmiths consider.
If I can keep my heart whole, and my windpipe,
That I may drink yet like a soldier —
Dem. Come, let's have better thoughts; mine's on your armour.
Pet. Mine's in your purse, sir; let's go try the wager.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

The British Camp. In the background, the Tent of BONDUCA, *a rock on one side of the stage*

Enter British Soldiers, *bringing in* JUDAS *and four Roman* Soldiers *with halters about their necks;* BONDUCA, Daughters, *and* NENNIUS *following, with* Servants

Bond. Come, hang 'em presently.
Nen. What made your rogueships
Harrying for victuals here? are we your friends?
Or do you come for spies? Tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hanged now? do not ye long for't?
Judas. What say ye? shall we hang in this vein? Hang we must,
An' 'tis as good to dispatch it merrily,
As pull an arse, like dogs, to't.
1st Sold. Any way,
So it be handsome.
3rd Sold. I had as lief 'twere toothsome too:
But all agree, and I'll not out, boys.
4th Sold. Let's hang pleasantly.

Judas. Then pleasantly be it: — Captain, the truth is,
We had as lief hang with meat in our mouths,
As ask your pardon empty.
Bond. These are brave hungers. —
What say you to a leg of beef now, sirrah?
Judas. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell you.
Bond. Torment 'em, wenches; — I must back; — then hang 'em. [*Exit.*
Judas. We humbly thank your grace.
1st Daugh. The rogues laugh at us.
2nd Daugh. Sirrah, what think you of a wench now?
Judas. A wench, lady?
I do beseech your ladyship, retire;
I'll tell you presently: you see the time's short;
One crash, even to the settling of my conscience.
Nen. Why, is't no more but up, boys?
Judas. Yes, ride too, captain,
Will you but see my seat.
1st Daugh. You shall be set, sir,
Upon a jade shall shake you.
Judas. Sheets, good madam,
Will do it ten times better.
1st Daugh. Whips, good soldier,
Which you shall taste before you hang, to mortify you;
'Tis pity you should die thus desperate.
2nd Daugh. These are the merry Romans, the brave madcaps:
'Tis ten to one we'll cool your resolutions.—
Bring out the whips.
Judas. Would your good ladyships
Would exercise 'em too!
4th Sold. Surely, ladies,
We'd show you a strange patience.
Nen. Hang 'em, rascals!
They'll talk thus on the wheel.

Enter CARATACH

Car. Now, what's the matter?
What are these fellows? what's the crime committed,
That they wear necklaces?
Nen. They are Roman rogues,
Taken a-foraging.
Car. Is that all, Nennius?
Judas. Would I were fairly hanged! this is the devil,
The kill-cow Caratach.[n]
Car. You would hang 'em?
Nen. Are they not enemies?
1st Sold. My breech makes buttons.
1st Daugh. Are they not our tormentors?
Car. Tormentors! flea-traps.
Pluck off your halters, fellows.
Nen. Take heed, Caratach;
Taint not your wisdom.
Car. Wisdom, Nennius?
Why, who shall fight against us, make our honours,
And give a glorious day into our hands,
If we dispatch our foes thus? What's their offence?
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger,
A piece of greasy bacon, or a pudding?
Do these deserve the gallows? They are hungry,
Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, starved.
Art thou not hungry?
Judas. Monstrous hungry.
Car. He looks like Hunger's self. Get 'em some victuals,
And wine to cheer their hearts; quick!
[*Exeunt* Servants.
Hang up poor pilchers![n]
2nd Sold. This is the bravest captain —
Nen. Caratach,
I'll leave you to your will.
Car. I'll answer all, sir. [*Exit* NENNIUS.

2nd Daugh. Let's up and view his entertainment of 'em!
I am glad they are shifted any way; their tongues else
Would still have murdered us.
1st Daugh. Let's up and see it.
[*Exeunt* Daughters.

Enter HENGO

Car. Sit down, poor knaves. — Why, where's this wine and victuals?
Who waits there?
Serv. [*Within.*] Sir, 'tis coming.
Hengo. Who are these, uncle?
Car. They are Romans, boy.
Hengo. Are these they
That vex mine aunt so? can these fight? they look
Like empty scabbards all, no mettle [n] in 'em;
Like men of clouts, set to keep crows from orchards:
Why, I dare fight with these.
Car. That's my good chicken! [n] — And how do ye?
How do ye feel your stomachs? [n]
Judas. Wondrous apt, sir;
As shall appear when time calls.

Re-enter Servants *with victuals and wine, and set out a table*

Car. That's well; down with 't. —
A little grace will serve your turns. Eat softly;
You'll choke, ye knaves, else. — Give 'em wine.
Judas. Not yet, sir;
We are even a little busy.
Hengo. Can that fellow
Do any thing but eat? — Thou fellow —
Judas. Away, boy,
Away! this is no boy's play.
Hengo. By Heaven, uncle,

If his valour lie in's teeth, he's the most valiant.

Car. I am glad to hear you talk, sir.

Hengo. Good uncle, tell me,
What's the price of a couple of crammed Romans?

Car. Some twenty Britons, boy; these are good soldiers.

Hengo. Do not the cowards eat hard too?

Car. No, more, boy. —
Come, I'll sit with you too. — Sit down by me, boy.

Judas. Pray, bring your dish, then.

Car. Hearty knaves! — More meat there.

1*st Sold.* That's a good hearing.

Car. Stay now, and pledge me.

Judas. This little piece, sir.

Car. By Heaven, square eaters! [n] —
More meat, I say! — Upon my conscience,
The poor rogues have not eat this month: how terribly
They charge upon their victuals! — Dare ye fight thus?

Judas. Believe it, sir, like devils.

Car. Well said, Famine:
Here's to thy general. [*Drinks.*

Judas. Most excellent captain,
I will now pledge thee.

Car. And to-morrow night, say to him,
His head is mine.

Judas. I can assure you, captain,
He will not give it for this washing.[n]

Car. Well said.

Enter Daughters *on the rock*

1*st Daugh.* Here's a strange entertainment: how the thieves drink!

2*nd Daugh.* Danger is dry; they looked for colder liquor.

Car. Fill 'em more wine; give 'em full bowls. — Which of you all now,
In recompense of this good, dare but give me

A sound knock in the battle?
Judas. Delicate captain,
To do thee a sufficient recompense,
I'll knock thy brains out.
Car. Do it.
Hengo. Thou dar'st as well be damned: thou knock his brains out,
Thou skin of man! — Uncle, I will not hear this.
Judas. Tie up your whelp.
Hengo. Thou kill my uncle! would I
Had but a sword for thy sake, thou dried dog!
Car. What a mettle
This little vermin carries!
Hengo. Kill mine uncle!
Car. He shall not, child.
Hengo. He cannot; he's a rogue,
An only eating rogue: kill my sweet uncle!
Oh, that I were a man!
Judas. By this wine, which I
Will drink to Captain Junius, who loves
The queen's most excellent majesty's little daughter
Most sweetly and most fearfully, I will do it.
Hengo. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.
Car. No more, boy. —
I'll pledge thy captain. To ye all, good fellows!
[*Drinks.*
2nd Daugh. In love with me! that love shall cost your lives all. —
Come, sister, and advise me; I have here
A way to make an easy conquest of 'em,
If fortune favour me. [*Exeunt* Daughters *above.*
Car. Let's see ye sweat
To-morrow blood and spirit, boys, this wine
Turnèd to stern valour.
1st Sold. Hark you, Judas;
If he should hang us after all this?
Judas. Let him:

I'll hang like a gentleman and a Roman.
Car. Take away there;
They have enough. [*The table removed.*
Judas. Captain, we thank you heartily
For your good cheer: and, if we meet to-morrow,
One of us pays for't.
Car. Get 'em guides; their wine
Has over-mastered 'em. [*Exit a* Servant.

Re-enter second Daughter, *and a* Servant

2nd Daugh. That hungry fellow
With the red beard there, give it him, and this
[*Giving letter and purse.*
To see it well delivered.
Car. Farewell, knaves:
Speak nobly of us; keep your words to-morrow,
And do something worthy your meat. —

Enter a Guide

Go, guide 'em,
And see 'em fairly onward.
Judas. Meaning me, sir?
Serv. The same.
The youngest daughter to the queen entreats you
To give this privately to Captain Junius;
This for your pains.
Judas. I rest her humble servant;
Commend me to thy lady. — Keep your files, boys.
Serv. I must instruct you farther.
Judas. Keep your files there;
Order, sweet friends; faces about now.
Guide. Here, sir;
Here lies your way.
Judas. Bless the founders,[n] I say.
Fairly, good soldiers, fairly march now; close, boys!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

The Roman Camp

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, *and* MACER

Suet. Bid me be wise, and keep me where I am,
And so be safe! not come, because commanded!
Was it not thus?
Macer. It was, sir.
Pet. What now think you?
Suet. *Must come* so heinous to him, so distasteful!
Pet. Give me my money.
Dem. I confess 'tis due, sir,
And presently I'll pay it.
Suet. His obedience
So blind at his years and experience,
It cannot find where to be tendered!
Macer. Sir,
The regiment was willing, and advanced too,
The captains at all points steeled up; their preparations
Full of resolve and confidence; youth and fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,
Gilded their phalanx; when the angry Pœnius
Stepped, like a stormy cloud, 'twixt them and hopes.
Suet. And stopped their resolutions?
Macer. True; his reason
To them was odds, and odds so infinite,
Discretion durst not look upon.
Suet. Well, Pœnius,
I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think: thou hast lopped a limb off from me
And let it be thy glory thou wast stubborn,
Thy wisdom that thou left'st thy general naked:
Yet, ere the sun set, I shall make thee see

All valour dwells not in thee, all command
In one experience. Thou wilt too late repent this,
And wish "I *must* come up" had been thy blessing.
Pet. Let's force him.
Suet. No, by no means; he's a torrent
We cannot easily stem.
Pet. I think, a traitor.
Suet. No ill words: let his own shame first revile him. —
That wine I have, see it, Demetrius,
Distributed amongst the soldiers,
To make 'em high and lusty; when that's done,
Petillius, give the word through, that the eagles
May presently advance; no man discover,
Upon his life, the enemies' full strength,
But make it of no value. Decius,
Are your starved people yet come home?
Dec. I hope so.
Suet. Keep 'em in more obedience: this is no time
To chide; I could be angry else, and say more to you;
But come, let's order all. Whose sword is sharpest,
And valour equal to his sword this day,
Shall be my saint.
Pet. We shall be holy all, then.
[*Exeunt all except* DECIUS.

Enter JUDAS *and four* Soldiers

Judas. Captain, captain, I have brought 'em off again; The drunkenest slaves!
Dec. Pox confound your rogueships.
I'll call the general, and have ye hanged all.
Judas. Pray, who will you command, then?
Dec. For you, sirrah,
That are the ringleader to these devices,
Whose maw is never crammed, I'll have an engine —
Judas. A wench, sweet captain.

Dec. Sweet Judas, even the forks,
Where you shall have two lictors with two whips
Hammer your hide.
Judas. Captain, good words, fair words,
Sweet words, good captain; if you like not us,
Farewell; we have employment.
Dec. Where hast thou been?
Judas. There where you dare not be, with all your valour.
Dec. Where's that?
Judas. With the best good fellow living.
1st Sold. The king of all good fellows.
Dec. Who's that?
Judas. Caratach.
Shake now, and say we have done something worthy;
Mark me, with Caratach; by this light, Caratach:
Do you as much now, an you dare. Sweet Caratach! —
You talk of a good fellow, of true drinking, —
Well, go thy ways, old Caratach! — Besides the drink, captain,
The bravest running banquet[n] of black puddings,
Pieces of glorious beef!
Dec. How scaped ye hanging?
Judas. Hanging's a dog's death, we are gentlemen:
And I say still, old Caratach!
Dec. Belike, then,
You are turned rebels all.
Judas. We are Roman boys all,
And boys of mettle. I must do that, captain,
This day, this very day —
Dec. Away, you rascal!
Judas. Fair words, I say again.
Dec. What must you do, sir?
Judas. I must do that my heart-strings yearn to do;
But my word's past.
Dec. What is it?
Judas. Why, kill Caratach:

That's all he asked us for our entertainment.
Dec. More than you'll pay.
Judas. 'Would I had sold myself
Unto the skin, I had not promised it!
For such another Caratach —
Dec. Come, fool,
Have you done your country service?
Judas. I have brought that
To Captain Junius —
Dec. How!
Judas. I think will do all:
I cannot tell; I think so.
Dec. How! to Junius! —
[*Aside.*] I'll more enquire of this.— You'll fight now?
Judas. Promise,
Take heed of promise, captain!
Dec. Away, and rank, then.
Judas. But, hark you, captain; there is wine distributing;
I would fain know what share I have.
Dec. Be gone;
You have too much.
Judas. Captain, no wine, no fighting:
There's one called Caratach that has wine.
Dec. Well, sir,
If you'll be ruled now, and do well —
Judas. Do excellent.
Dec. You shall have wine, or any thing: go file;
I'll see you have your share. Drag out your dormice,
And stow 'em somewhere, where they may sleep handsomely;
They'll hear a hunt's-up shortly.
Judas. Now I love thee;
But no more forks nor whips!
Dec. Deserve 'em not, then.
Up with your men; I'll meet you presently;
And get 'em sober quickly. [*Exit.*

Judas. Arm, arm, bullies!
All's right again and straight; and, which is more,
More wine, more wine. Awake, ye men of Memphis![n]
Be sober and discreet; we have much to do, boys.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD

Scene I

A Temple of the Druids

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Prepare there for the sacrifice! the queen comes. [*Music.*

Enter in solemnity the Druids *singing; second* Daughter *strewing flowers; then* Bonduca, *first* Daughter, Caratach, Nennius, *and others*

Bond. Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers;
Hear us, you great revengers; and this day
Take pity from our swords, doubt from our valours;
Double the sad remembrance of our wrongs
In every breast; the vengeance due to those
Make infinite and endless! On our pikes
This day pale Terror sit, horrors and ruins
Upon our executions; claps of thunder
Hang on our armèd carts; and 'fore our troops
Despair and Death; Shame beyond these attend 'em!
Rise from the dust, ye relics of the dead,
Whose noble deeds our holy Druids sing;
Oh, rise, ye valiant bones! let not base earth
Oppress your honours, whilst the pride of Rome
Treads on your stocks, and wipes out all your stories!

Nen. Thou great Tiranes,[n] whom our sacred priests,
Armèd with dreadful thunder, place on high
Above the rest of the immortal gods,

Send thy consuming fires and deadly bolts,
And shoot 'em home; stick in each Roman heart
A fear fit for confusion; blast their spirits,
Dwell in 'em to destruction; thorough their phalanx
Strike, as thou strik'st a proud tree; shake their bodies,
Make their strength totter, and their topless fortunes
Unroot, and reel to ruin!

1st Daugh. O thou god,
Thou fearèd god, if ever to thy justice
Insulting wrongs and ravishments of women
(Women derived from thee) their shames, the sufferings
Of those that daily filled thy sacrifice
With virgin incense, have access, now hear me!
Now snatch thy thunder up, now on these Romans,
Despisers of thy power, of us defacers,
Revenge thyself; take to thy killing anger,
To make thy great work full, thy justice spoken,
An utter rooting from this blessed isle
Of what Rome is or has been!

Bond. Give more incense:
The gods are deaf and drowsy, no happy flame
Rises to raise our thoughts: pour on.

2nd Daugh. See, Heaven,
And all you powers that guide us, see, and shame,
We kneel so long for pity! Over your altars,
Since 'tis no light oblation that you look for,
No incense-offering, will I hang mine eyes;
And as I wear these stones with hourly weeping,
So will I melt your powers into compassion:
This tear for Prasutagus, my brave father;
(Ye gods, now think on Rome!) this for my mother
And all her miseries; yet see, and save us!
But now ye must be open-eyed. See, Heaven,
Oh, see thy showers stol'n from thee; our dishonours, —
O sister, our dishonours! — can ye be gods,
And these sins smothered? [*A smoke from the altar.*

Bond. The fire takes.

Car. It does so,
But no flame rises. Cease your fretful prayers,
Your whinings, and your tame petitions;
The gods love courage armed with confidence,
And prayers fit to pull them down: weak tears
And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold spirits,
They sit and smile at. Hear how I salute 'em. —
Divine Andate,[n] thou who hold'st the reins
Of furious battles and disordered war,
And proudly roll'st thy swarty chariot-wheels
Over the heaps of wounds and carcasses,
Sailing through seas of blood; thou sure-steeled sternness,
Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows o' both sides, wounds that fear or flight
Can claim no share in; steel us both with angers
And warlike executions fit thy viewing;
Let Rome put on her best strength, and thy Britain,
Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as strong as she, as proud, as daring!
And then look on, thou red-eyed god; who does best,
Reward with honour; who despair makes fly,
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy!
Grant this, divine Andate! 'tis but justice;
And my first blow thus on thy holy altar
I sacrifice unto thee. [*A flame arises.*

Bond. It flames out. [*Music.*

Car. Now sing, ye Druides. [*Music and song.*

Bond. 'Tis out again.

Car. H'as given us leave to fight yet; we ask no more;
The rest hangs in our resolutions:
Tempt him no more.

Bond. I would know further, cousin.

Car. His hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours,
Our valours are our best gods. Cheer the soldier,
And let him eat.

Mess. He's at it, sir.

Car. Away, then;

When he has done, let's march. — Come, fear not, lady;
This day the Roman gains no more ground here,
But what his body lies in.
Bond. Now I am confident.
[*Exeunt; recorders playing.*

SCENE II

The Roman Camp

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS

Dec. We dare not hazard it; beside our lives,
It forfeits all our understandings.
Jun. Gentlemen,
Can you forsake me in so just a service,
A service for the commonwealth, for honour?
Read but the letter; you may love too.
Dec. Read it.
If there be any safety in the circumstance,
Or likelihood 'tis love, we will not fail you.
Read it, good Curius.
Cur. Willingly.
Jun. Now mark it.
Cur. [*Reads*] "Health to thy heart, my honoured Junius,
And all thy love requited! I am thine,
Thine everlastingly; thy love has won me;
And let it breed no doubt, our new acquaintance
Compels this; 'tis the gods decree to bless us.
The times are dangerous to meet; yet fail not;
By all the love thou bear'st me I conjure thee,
Without distrust of danger to come to me;
For I have purposed a delivery
Both of myself and fortune this blessed day
Into thy hands, if thou think'st good. To show thee
How infinite my love is, even my mother

Shall be thy prisoner, the day yours without hazard;
For I beheld your danger like a lover,
A just affecter of thy faith: thy goodness,
I know, will use us nobly; and our marriage,
If not redeem, yet lessen Rome's ambition:
I am weary of these miseries. Use my mother
(If you intend to take her) with all honour;
And let this disobedience to my parent
Be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee, Junius,
Spirits resolved to fetch me off, the noblest;
Forty will serve the turn, just at the joining
Of both the battles; we will be weakly guarded,
And for a guide, within this hour, shall reach thee
A faithful friend of mine. The gods, my Junius,
Keep thee, and me to serve thee! Young Bonvica."
This letter carries much belief, and most objections
Answered, we must have doubted.

Dec. Is that fellow
Come to you for a guide yet?

Jun. Yes.

Dec. And examined?

Jun. Far more than that; he has felt tortures, yet
He vows he knows no more than this truth.

Dec. Strange!

Cur. If she mean what she writes, as 't may be probable,
'Twill be the happiest vantage we can lean to.

Jun. I'll pawn my soul she means truth.

Dec. Think an hour more;
Then, if your confidence grow stronger on you,
We'll set in with you.

Jun. Nobly done: I thank ye.
Ye know the time.

Cur. We will be either ready
To give you present counsel, or join with you.

Jun. No more, as ye are gentlemen. The general!

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* MACER

Suet. Draw out apace; the enemy waits for us.
Are ye all ready?
Jun. All our troops attend, sir.
Suet. I am glad to hear you say so, Junius:
I hope you are dispossessed.
Jun. I hope so too, sir.
Suet. Continue so. And, gentlemen, to you now:
To bid you fight is needless; ye are Romans:
The name will fight itself: to tell ye who
You go to fight against, his power and nature,
But loss of time; ye know it, know it poor,
And oft have made it so: to tell ye further,
His body shows more dreadful than it has done,
To tell him that fears less possible to deal with,
Is but to stick more honour on your actions,
Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories
Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.
Go on in full assurance: draw your swords
As daring and as confident as justice;
The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitched on the topless Apennine, and blows
To all the underworld, all nations, the seas,
And unfrequented deserts where the snow dwells;
Wakens the ruined monuments; and there,
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues.
Go on, I say: valiant and wise rule Heaven,
And all the great aspècts attend 'em: do but blow
Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes,
Cannot deserve that name; and like a mist,
A lazy fog, before your burning valours
You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all,
We have swords, and are the sons of ancient Romans,
Heirs to their endless valours; fight and conquer!
Dec. Dem. 'Tis done.

Pet. That man that loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he die fameless and forgot!
Suet. Sufficient.
Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder;
March close and sudden, like a tempest: all executions
[*March.*
Done without sparkling of the body; keep your phalanx
Sure lined and pieced together, your pikes forward,
And so march like a moving fort. Ere this day run,
We shall have ground to add to Rome, well won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

The Country between the Camps. A Hill on one side of the Stage

Enter CARATACH *and* NENNIUS

Nen. The Roman is advanced; from yond hill's brow
We may behold him, Caratach.
Car. Let's thither;
[*They ascend the hill; drums at one place afar off.*
I see the dust fly. Now I see the body;
Observe 'em, Nennius; by Heaven, a handsome body,
And of a few strongly and wisely jointed:
Suetonius is a soldier.
Nen. As I take it,
That's he that gallops by the regiments,
Viewing their preparations.
Car. Very likely;
He shows no less than general: see how bravely
The body moves, and in the head how proudly
The captains stick like plumes: he comes apace on.
Good Nennius, go, and bid my stout lieutenant
Bring on the first square body to oppose 'em,
And, as he charges, open to enclose 'em;

The queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the vanguard.
We shall have bloody crowns this day, I see by't.
Haste thee, good Nennius; I'll follow instantly.
[*Exit* NENNIUS.
How close they march, as if they grew together,
[*March sounded within.*
No place but lined alike, sure from oppression!
They will not change this figure; we must charge 'em,
And charge 'em home at both ends, van and rear;
They never totter else. [*Drums in another place afar off.*
I hear our music,
And must attend it. Hold, good sword, but this day,
And bite hard where I hound thee; and hereafter
I'll make a relic of thee, for young soldiers
To come like pilgrims to, and kiss for conquests. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

Before the Roman Camp

Enter JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS

Jun. Now is the time; the fellow stays.
Dec. What think you?
Cur. I think 'tis true.
Jun. Alas, if 'twere a question,
If any doubt or hazard fell into't,
Do ye think mine own discretion so self-blind,
My care of you so naked, to run headlong?
Dec. Let's take Petillius with us.
Jun. By no means;
He's never wise but to himself, nor courteous
But where the end's his own: we are strong enough,
If not too many. Behind yonder hill,
The fellow tells me, she attends, weak guarded,
Her mother and her sister.

Cur. I would venture.
Jun. We shall not strike five blows for't. Weigh the good,
The general good may come.
Dec. Away! I'll with ye;
But with what doubt —
Jun. Fear not: my soul for all!

[*Exeunt. Alarms, drums and trumpets, in several places afar off, as at a main battle.*

SCENE V

Near the Field of Battle. A Hill on one side of the Stage

Enter DRUSUS *and* PŒNIUS *above*

Dru. Here you may see 'em all, sir; from this hill
The country shows off level.
Pœn. Gods defend me,
What multitudes they are, what infinites!
The Roman power shows like a little star
Hedged with a double halo. — Now the knell rings:
[*Loud shouts within.*
Hark, how they shout to the battle! how the air
Totters, and reels, and rends a-pieces, Drusus,
With the huge-vollied clamours!
Dru. Now they charge
(O gods!) of all sides, fearfully.
Pœn. Little Rome,
Stand but this growing Hydra one short hour,
And thou hast outdone Hercules!
Dru. The dust hides 'em;
We cannot see what follows.
Pœn. They are gone,
Gone, swallowed, Drusus; this eternal sun
Shall never see 'em march more.

Dru. Oh, turn this way,
And see a model of the field! some forty
Against four hundred!
Pæn. Well fought, bravely followed!
Oh, nobly charged again, charged home too! Drusus,
They seem to carry it. Now they charge all;
[*Loud shouts within.*
Close, close, I say! they follow it. Ye gods,
Can there be more in men? more daring spirits?
Still they make good their fortunes. Now they are gone too,
For ever gone: see, Drusus, at their backs
A fearful ambush rises. Farewell, valours,
Excellent valours! oh, Rome, where's thy wisdom?
Dru. They are gone indeed, sir.
Pæn. Look out toward the army;
I am heavy with these slaughters.
Dru. 'Tis the same still,
Covered with dust and fury.

Enter Daughters *with* JUNIUS, CURIUS, DECIUS, *and* Soldiers

2nd Daugh. Bring 'em in;
Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.
1st Daugh. Valiant Romans,
Ye are welcome to your loves!
2nd Daugh. Your deaths, fools!
Dec. We deserve 'em;
And, women, do your worst.
1st Daugh. Ye need not beg it.
2nd Daugh. Which is kind Junius?
1st Sold. This.
2nd Daugh. Are you my sweetheart?
It looks ill on't! How long is't, pretty soul,
Since you and I first loved? had we not reason
To dote extremely upon one another?

How does my love? This is not he; my chicken
Could prate finely, sing a love-song.
Jun. Monster —
2nd Daugh. Oh, now it courts!
Jun. Armèd with more malice
Than he that got thee has, the devil.
2nd Daugh. Good:
Proceed, sweet chick.
Jun. I hate thée; that's my last.
2nd Daugh. Nay, an you love me, forward! — No? —
Come, sister,
Let's prick our answers on our arrows' points,
And make 'em laugh a little. — Ye damnèd lechers,
Ye proud improvident fools, have we now caught ye?
Are ye i' the noose? Since ye are such loving creatures,
We'll be your Cupids: do ye see these arrows?
We'll send 'em to your wanton livers, goats.
1st Daugh. Oh, how I'll trample on your hearts, ye villains,
Ambitious salt-itched slaves, Rome's master-sins!
The mountain-rams topped your hot mothers.
2nd Daugh. Dogs,
To whose brave founders a salt whore gave suck;
Thieves, honour's hangmen, do ye grin? Perdition
Take me for ever, if in my fell anger,
I do not outdo all example!

Enter CARATACH

Car. Where,
Where are these ladies? Ye keep noble quarter!
Your mother thinks ye dead or taken, upon which
She will not move her battle. — Sure, these faces
I have beheld and known; they are Roman leaders:
How came they here?
2nd Daugh. A trick, sir, that we used;
A certain policy conducted 'em

Unto our snare: we have done you no small service.
These used as we intend, we are for the battle.
Car. As you intend! taken by treachery!
1st Daugh. Is't not allowed?
Car. Those that should gild our conquest,
Make up a battle worthy of our winning,
Catched up by craft!
2nd Daugh. By any means that's lawful.
Car. A woman's wisdom in our triumphs! Out!
Out, ye sluts, ye follies! From our swords
Filch our revenges basely! — Arm again, gentlemen. —
Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.
2nd Daugh. By Heaven, uncle,
We will have vengeance for our rapes.
Car. By Heaven,
You should have kept your legs close then. — Dispatch there.
1st Daugh. I will not off thus.
Car. He that stirs to execute,
Or she, though it be yourselves, by him that got me,
Shall quickly feel mine anger! One great day given us
Not to be snatched out of our hands but basely,
And must we shame the gods from whence we have it,
With setting snares for soldiers? I'll run away first,
Be hooted at, and children call me coward,
Before I set up stales for victories.
Give 'em their swords.
2nd Daugh. O gods!
Car. Bear off the women
Unto their mother.
2nd Daugh. One shot, gentle uncle!
Car. One cut her fiddle-string! — Bear 'em off, I say!
1st Daugh. The devil take this fortune!
Car. Learn to spin;
And curse your knotted hemp!
[*Exeunt* Daughters *and* Soldiers.
Go, gentlemen,

Safely go off, up to your troops; be wiser;
There thank me like tall soldiers; I shall seek ye. [*Exit.*

Cur. A noble worth!

Dec. Well, Junius?

Jun. Pray ye, no more!

Cur. He blushes; do not load him.

Dec. Where's your love now?

[*Drums loud within.*

Jun. Puff, there it flies! Come, let's redeem our follies.

[*Exeunt* JUNIUS, CURIUS, *and* DECIUS.

Dru. Awake, sir; yet the Roman body's whole; 91
I see 'em clear again.

Pœn. Whole! 'tis not possible;
Drusus, they must be lost.

Dru. By Heaven, they are whole, sir,
And in brave doing; see, they wheel about
To gain more ground.

Pœn. But see there, Drusus, see,
See that huge battle moving from the mountains!
Their gilt coats shine like dragons' scales, their march
Like a rough tumbling storm; see them, and view 'em,
And then see Rome no more. Say they fail, look,
Look where the armèd carts stand, a new army! 100
Look how they hang like falling rocks, as murdering!
Death rides in triumph, Drusus, fell Destruction
Lashes his fiery horse, and round about him
His many thousand ways to let out souls.
Move me again when they charge, when the mountain
Melts under their hot wheels, and from their ax'trees
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before 'em;
Till then, I'll dream what Rome was.

Enter SUETONIUS, PETILLIUS, DEMETRIUS, MACER, *and* Soldiers

Suet. Oh, bravely fought! honour 'till now ne'er showed

Her golden face i' the field: like lions, gentlemen,
You've held your heads up this day. Where's young Junius,
Curius, and Decius?

Pet. Gone to Heaven, I think, sir.

Suet. Their worths go with 'em! Breathe a while. How do ye?

Pet. Well; some few scurvy wounds; my heart's whole yet.

Dem. 'Would they would give us more ground!

Suet. Give! we'll have it.

Pet. Have it! and hold it too, despite the devil.

Re-enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, *and* CURIUS

Jun. Lead up to the head, and line sure: the queen's battle
Begins to charge like wildfire. Where's the general?

Suet. Oh, they are living yet! — Come, my brave soldiers,
Come, let me pour Rome's blessing on ye: live,
Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.

Jun. Best;
We shall appear the sterner to the foe.

Dec. More wounds, more honour.

Pet. Lose no time.

Suet. Away, then;
And, stand this shock, ye have stood the world.

Pet. We'll grow to't.
Is not this better now than lousy loving?

Jun. I am myself, Petillius.

Pet. 'Tis I love thee.

[*Exeunt all, except* DRUSUS *and* PŒNIUS *above.*

Enter BONDUCA, Daughters, CARATACH, NENNIUS, *and* Soldiers

Car. Charge 'em i' the flanks! Oh, you have played the fool,

The fool extremely, the mad fool!
Bond. Why, cousin?
Car. The woman-fool! why did you give the word
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people
In gross before the enemy? we pay for't;
Our own swords cut our throats! why, a pox on't!
Why do you offer to command? the devil,
The devil and his dam too, who bid you
Meddle in men's affairs?
Bond. I'll help all.
Car. Home,
Home and spin, woman, spin, go spin! you trifle.
[*Exeunt* BONDUCA *and* Daughters.
Open before there, or all's ruined! — How!
[*Shouts within.*
Now comes the tempest — on ourselves, by Heaven!
Within. Victoria!
Car. O woman, scurvy woman, beastly woman!
[*Exit with* NENNIUS *and* Soldiers.
Dru. Victoria, victoria!
Pœn. How's that, Drusus?
Dru. They win, they win, they win! Oh, look, look, look, sir,
For Heaven's sake, look!
The Britons fly, the Britons fly! *Victoria!*

Re-enter SUETONIUS, JUNIUS, PETILLIUS, *etc. and* Soldiers

Suet. Soft, soft, pursue it soft, excellent soldiers!
Close, my brave fellows, honourable Romans!
Oh, cool thy mettle, Junius! they are ours,
The world cannot redeem 'em. Stern Petillius,
Govern the conquest nobly. Soft, good soldiers!
[*Exeunt all except* DRUSUS *and* PŒNIUS *above.*

Enter BONDUCA *and* Daughters *with* Soldiers

Bond. Shame! whither fly ye, ye unlucky Britons? 150
Will ye creep into your mothers' wombs again? Back, cowards!
Hares, fearful hares, doves in your angers! leave me?
Leave your queen desolate? her hapless children
To Roman rape again and fury?

Re-enter CARATACH *with* HENGO

Car. Fly, ye buzzards!
Ye have wings enough, ye fear! — Get thee gone, woman,
[*Loud shout within.*
Shame tread upon thy heels! All's lost, all's lost! Hark,
Hark how the Romans ring our knells!
[*Exeunt* BONDUCA, Daughters, *and* Soldiers.
Hengo. Good uncle,
Let me go too.
Car. No, boy; thy fortune's mine;
I must not leave thee. Get behind me, [*Takes* HENGO *on his back*] shake not;
I'll breech you, if you do, boy. —

Re-enter PETILLIUS, JUNIUS, *and* DECIUS

Come, brave Romans; 160
All is not lost yet.
Jun. Now I'll thank thee, Caratach.
Car. Thou art a soldier; strike home, home! have at you! [*They fight. Drums.*
Pœn. His blows fall like huge sledges on an anvil.
Dec. I am weary.
Pet. So am I.
Car. Send more swords to me.
[*Exit with* HENGO.
Jun. Let's sit and rest.
[JUNIUS, PETILLIUS, *and* DECIUS *sit down.*

Dru. What think you now?
Pœn. O Drusus,
I have lost mine honour, lost my name,
Lost all that was my light! These are true Romans,
And I a Briton-coward, a base coward!
Guide me where nothing is but desolation,
That I may never more behold the face
Of man, or mankind know me! O blind Fortune,
Hast thou abused me thus?
Dru. Good sir, be comforted;
It was your wisdom ruled you. Pray you, go home;
Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
Shall be but foil unto it. [*Retreat sounded within.*
Pœn. Fool, fool, coward!
[*Exeunt* PŒNIUS *and* DRUSUS *above.*

Re-enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, MACER, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours*

Suet. Draw in, draw in! — Well have ye fought, and worthy
Rome's noble recompense. Look to your wounds;
The ground is cold and hurtful. The proud queen
Has got a fort, and there she and her daughters
Defy us once again: to-morrow morning
We'll seek her out, and make her know our fortunes
Stop at no stubborn walls. Come, sons of Honour,
True Virtue's heirs, thus hatched with Britain-blood,
Let's march to rest, and set in gules like suns.
Beat a soft march, and each one ease his neighbours.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH

Scene I

The Roman Camp. Before the Tent of Junius

Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius, *and* Demetrius, *singing*

Pet. Smooth was his cheek,
Dec. And his chin it was sleek,
Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing!
Dem. Junius was this captain's name,
A lad for a lass's viewing.
Pet. Full black his eye, and plump his thigh,
Dec. Made up for love's pursuing.
Dem. Smooth was his cheek,
Pet. And his chin it was sleek,
Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing!
Pet. Oh, my vexed thief, art thou come home again? Are thy brains perfect?
Jun. Sound as bells.
Pet. Thy back-worm Quiet, and cast his sting, boy?
Jun. Dead, Petillius, Dead to all folly, and now my anger only.
Pet. Why, that's well said; hang Cupid and his quiver, A drunken brawling boy! Thy honoured saint Be thy ten shillings, Junius; there's the money, And there's the ware; square dealing: this but sweats thee Like a nesh nag, and makes thee look pin-buttocked; The other runs thee whining up and down

Like a pig in a storm, fills thy brains full of ballads,
And shows thee like a long Lent, thy brave body
Turned to a tail of green-fish without butter.
Dec. When thou lov'st next, love a good cup of wine,
A mistress for a king; she leaps to kiss thee;
Her red and white's her own; she makes good blood,
Takes none away; what she heats sleep can help,
Without a groping surgeon.
Jun. I am counselled;
And henceforth, when I dote again —
Dem. Take heed;
Ye had almost paid for't.
Pet. Love no more great ladies;
Thou canst not step amiss, then; there's no delight in 'em:
All's in the whistling of their snatched-up silks;
They're only made for handsome view, not handling;
Their bodies of so weak and wash a temper,
A rough-paced bed will shake 'em all to pieces;
A tough hen pulls their teeth out, tires their souls;
Plenæ rimarum sunt, they are full of rennet,
And take the skin off where they're tasted: shun 'em:
They live in cullises like rotten cocks,
Stewed to a tenderness that holds no tack:
Give me a thing I may crush.
Jun. Thou speak'st truly:
The wars shall be my mistress now.
Pet. Well chosen,
For she's a bouncing lass; she'll kiss thee at night, boy,
And break thy pate i' the morning.
Jun. Yesterday
I found those favours infinite.
Dem. Wench good enough,
But that she talks too loud.
Pet. She talks to the purpose,
Which never woman did yet; she'll hold grappling,
And he that lays on best is her best servant:
All other loves are mere catching of dotterels,

Stretching of legs out only, and trim laziness.
Here comes the general.

Enter SUETONIUS, CURIUS, *and* MACER

Suet. I am glad I have found ye:
Are those come in yet that pursued bold Caratach?
Pet. Not yet, sir, for I think they mean to lodge him;
Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.
Suet. Then haste, Petillius, haste to Pœnius:
I fear the strong conceit of what disgrace
He 'as pulled upon himself, will be his ruin;
I fear his soldiers' fury too: haste presently;
I would not lose him for all Britain. Give him, Petillius —
Pet. [*Aside.*] That that shall choke him.
Suet. All the noble counsel,
His fault forgiven too, his place, his honour —
Pet. [*Aside.*] For me, I think, as handsome —
Suet. All the comfort;
And tell the soldiers 'twas on our command
He drew not to the battle.
Pet. I conceive, sir,
And will do that shall cure all.
Suet. Bring him with you
Before the queen's fort, and his forces with him;
There you shall find us following of our conquest.
Make haste.
Pet. The best I may. [*Exit.*
Suet. And, noble gentlemen,
Up to your companies: we'll presently
Upon the queen's pursuit. There's nothing done
Till she be seized; without her, nothing won.
[*Exeunt. Short flourish.*

SCENE II

Open Country between the Camps

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO

Car. How does my boy?
Hengo. I would do well; my heart's well; I do not fear.
Car. My good boy!
Hengo. I know, uncle,
We must all die; my little brother died,
I saw him die, and he died smiling; sure,
There's no great pain in't, uncle. But, pray, tell me,
Whither must we go when we are dead?
Car. [*Aside.*] Strange questions! —
Why, the blessed'st place, boy! ever sweetness
And happiness dwells there.
Hengo. Will you come to me?
Car. Yes, my sweet boy.
Hengo. Mine aunt too, and my cousins?
Car. All, my good child.
Hengo. No Romans, uncle?
Car. No, boy.
Hengo. I should be loath to meet them there.
Car. No ill men,
That live by violence and strong oppression,
Come thither; 'tis for those the gods love, good men.
Hengo. Why, then, I care not when I go, for surely I am persuaded they love me: I never
Blasphemed 'em, uncle, nor transgressed my parents; I always said my prayers.
Car. Thou shalt go, then,
Indeed thou shalt.
Hengo. When they please.
Car. That's my good boy!
Art thou not weary, Hengo?

Hengo. Weary, uncle!
I have heard you say you have marched all day in armour.
Car. I have, boy.
Hengo. Am not I your kinsman?
Car. Yes.
Hengo. And am not I as fully allied unto you
In those brave things as blood?
Car. Thou art too tender.
Hengo. To go upon my legs? they were made to bear me.
I can play twenty mile a-day; I see no reason,
But, to preserve my country and myself,
I should march forty.
Car. What wouldst thou be, living
To wear a man's strength!
Hengo. Why, a Caratach,
A Roman-hater, a scourge sent from Heaven
To whip these proud thieves from our kingdom. Hark!
[*Drum within.*
Hark, uncle, hark! I hear a drum.

Enter JUDAS *and* Soldiers, *and remain at the side of the stage*

Judas. Beat softly,
Softly, I say; they are here. Who dare charge?
1st Sold. He
That dares be knocked o' the head: I'll not come near him.
Judas. Retire again, and watch, then. How he stares!
He 'as eyes would kill[n] a dragon. Mark the boy well;
If we could take or kill him — A pox on you,
How fierce you look! See, how he broods the boy!
The devil dwells in's scabbard. Back, I say!
Apace, apace! he 'as found us.
Car. Do ye hunt us?
Hengo. Uncle, good uncle, see! the thin starved rascal,
The eating Roman, see where he thrids the thickets!

Kill him, dear uncle, kill him! one good blow
To knock his brains into his breech; strike's head off
That I may piss in's face.
Car. Do ye make us foxes? —
Here, hold my charging-staff, and keep the place, boy.
I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me. —
Stand, stand, ye rogues, ye squirrels! [*Exit.*
Hengo. Now he pays 'em;
Oh, that I had a man's strength!

Re-enter JUDAS

Judas. Here's the boy;
Mine own, I thank my fortune.
Hengo. Uncle, uncle!
Famine[n] is fall'n upon me, uncle!
Judas. Come, sir,
Yield willingly, (your uncle's out of hearing,)
I'll tickle your young tail else.
Hengo. I defy thee,
Thou mock-made man of mat![n] charge home, sirrah!
Hang thee, base slave, thou shak'st.
Judas. Upon my conscience,
The boy will beat me: how it looks, how bravely!
How confident the worm is! a scabbed boy
To handle me thus! — Yield, or I cut thy head off.
Hengo. Thou dar'st not cut my finger; here 'tis, touch it.
Judas. The boy speaks sword and buckler. — Prithee, yield, boy;
Come, here's an apple; yield.
Hengo. By Heaven, he fears me!
I'll give you sharper language: — when, you coward,
When come you up?
Judas. If he should beat me —
Hengo. When, sir?
I long to kill thee: come, thou canst not scape me;

I have twenty ways to charge thee, twenty deaths
Attend my bloody staff.
Judas. Sure, 'tis the devil,
A dwarf-devil in a doublet!
Hengo. I have killed a captain, sirrah, a brave captain.
And, when I have done, I have kicked him thus. Look here;
See how I charge this staff!
Judas. Most certain
This boy will cut my throat yet.

Re-enter two Soldiers *running*

1*st Sold.* Flee, flee! he kills us!
2*nd Sold.* He comes, he comes!
Judas. The devil take the hindmost!
[*Exeunt* JUDAS *and* Soldiers.
Hengo. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues, ye rank rogues!
'A comes, 'a comes, 'a comes, 'a comes! that's he, boys!—
What a brave cry they make!

Re-enter CARATACH, *with a soldier's head*

Car. How does my chicken?
Hengo. Faith, uncle, grown a soldier, a great soldier;
For, by the virtue of your charging-staff,
And a strange fighting face I put upon't,
I have out-bravèd Hunger.
Car. That's my boy, my sweet boy!
Here, here's a Roman's head for thee.
Hengo. Good provision:
Before I starve, my sweet-faced gentleman,
I'll try your favour.
Car. A right complete soldier!
Come, chicken, let's go seek some place of strength
(The country's full of scouts) to rest a while in;

Thou wilt not else be able to endure
The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Must be your food awhile, boy.
Hengo. Any thing;
I can eat moss, nay, I can live on anger,
To vex these Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.
Car. I warrant thee; come cheerfully.
Hengo. And boldly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

The Tent of PŒNIUS

Enter PŒNIUS, DRUSUS, *and* REGULUS

Reg. The soldier shall not grieve you.
Pœn. Pray ye, forsake me;
Look not upon me, as ye love your honours!
I am so cold a coward, my infection
Will choke your virtues like a damp else.
Dru. Dear captain!
Reg. Most honoured sir!
Pœn. Most hated, most abhorred!
Say so, and then ye know me, nay, ye please me.
Oh, my dear credit, my dear credit!
Reg. Sure,
His mind is dangerous.
Dru. The good gods cure it!
Pœn. My honour got through fire, through stubborn breaches,
Through battles that have been as hard to win as Heaven,
Through Death himself in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen!
And now I am left to scornful tales and laughters,
To hootings at, pointing with fingers, "That's he,
That's the brave gentleman forsook the battle,
The most wise Pœnius, the disputing coward!"
Oh, my good sword, break from my side, and kill me;

Cut out the coward from my heart!
Reg. You are none.
Pæn. He lies that says so; by Heaven, he lies, lies basely,
Baser than I have done! Come, soldiers, seek me;
I have robbed ye of your virtues! Justice seek me;
I have broke my fair obedience! lost! Shame take me,
Take me, and swallow me, make ballads of me,
Shame, endless shame! — and, pray, do you forsake me.
Dru. What shall we do?
Pæn. Good gentlemen, forsake me;
You were not wont to be commanded; friends, pray do it:
And do not fear; for, as I am a coward,
I will not hurt myself (when that mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help,) I dare not.
[*Throws himself upon the ground.*

Enter PETILLIUS

Pet. Good-morrow, gentlemen. Where's the tribune?
Reg. There.
Dru. Whence come you, good Petillius?
Pet. From the general.
Dru. With what, for Heaven's sake?
Pet. With good counsel, Drusus,
And love, to comfort him.
Dru. Good Regulus,
Step to the soldier and allay his anger;
For he is wild as winter.
[*Exeunt* DRUSUS *and* REGULUS.
Pet. [*Aside.*] Oh, are you there? have at you! — [*Half aside.*] Sure, he's dead,
It cannot be he dare outlive this fortune;
He must die, 'tis most necessary; men expect it,
And thought of life in him goes beyond coward.
Forsake the field so basely, fie upon't!
So poorly to betray his worth! so coldly

To cut all credit from the soldier! sure
If this man mean to live, (as I should think it
Beyond relief,) he must retire where never
The name of Rome, the voice of arms, or honour,
Was known or heard of yet. He's certain dead,
Or strongly means it; he's no soldier else,
No Roman in him; all he has done but outside,
Fought either drunk or desperate. [PŒNIUS *rises*.] Now he rises. —
How does lord Pœnius?

Pœn. As you see.

Pet. I am glad on't;
Continue so still. The lord general,
The valiant general, great Suetonius —

Pœn. [*Aside*.] No more of me is spoken; my name's perished.

Pet. He that commanded fortune and the day
By his own valour and discretion,
(When, as some say, Pœnius refused to come,
But I believe 'em not,) sent me to see you.

Pœn. You are welcome; and pray, see me, see me well;
You shall not see me long.

Pet. I hope so, Pœnius. —
The gods defend, sir!

Pœn. See me, and understand me. This is he,
Left to fill up your triumph; he that basely
Whistled his honour off to the wind, that coldly
Shrunk in his politic head, when Rome, like reapers,
Sweat blood and spirit for a glorious harvest,
And bound it up, and brought it off; that fool,
That having gold and copper offered him,
Refused the wealth, and took the waste; that soldier,
That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Labour in one hand that propounds us gods,
And in the other glory that creates us,
Yet durst doubt and be damned!

Pet. It was an error.

Pœn. A foul one, and a black one.
Pet. Yet the blackest
May be washed white again.
Pœn. Never.
Pet. Your leave, sir;
And I beseech you note me, for I love you,
And bring along all comfort. Are we gods,
Allied to no infirmities? are our natures
More than men's natures? when we slip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we lost?
Is there no medicine called sweet mercy?
Pœn. None, Petillius;
There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it should; I have sinned beyond it.
Pet. Forgiveness meets with all faults.
Pœn. 'Tis all faults,
All sins I can commit, to be forgiven;
'Tis loss of whole man in me, my discretion,
To be so stupid, to arrive at pardon.
Pet. Oh, but the general—
Pœn. He's a brave gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving; and I dare say
He would, as far as honour durst direct him,
Make even with my fault; but 'tis not honest,
Nor in his power: examples that may nourish
Neglect and disobedience in whole bodies,
And totter the estates and faiths of armies,
Must not be played withal; nor out of pity
Make a general forget his duty;
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.
Pet. What would you do?
Pœn. Die.
Pet. So would sullen children,
Women that want their wills, slaves disobedient
That fear the law. Die! fie, great captain! you
A man to rule men, to have thousand lives
Under your regiment, and let your passion

Betray your reason! I bring you all forgiveness,
The noblest kind commends, your place, your honour —
Pœn. Prithee, no more; 'tis foolish. Didst not thou —
By Heaven thou didst! I overheard thee, there,
There where thou stand'st now — deliver me for rascal,
Poor, dead, cold, coward, miserable, wretched,
If I outlived this ruin?
Pet. I!
Pœn. And thou didst it nobly,
Like a true man, a soldier; and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good Petillius, thus I thank thee.
Pet. Since you are so justly made up, let me tell you,
'Tis fit you die indeed.
Pœn. Oh, now thou lov'st me!
Pet. For say he had forgiven you, say the people's whispers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
What must your own command think, from whose swords
You have taken off the edges, from whose valours
The due and recompense of arms; nay, made it doubtful
Whether they knew obedience? must not these kill you?
Say they are won to pardon you, by mere miracle
Brought to forgive you, what old valiant soldier,
What man that loves to fight, and fight for Rome,
Will ever follow you more? Dare you know these ventures?
If so, I bring you comfort; dare you take it?
Pœn. No, no, Petillius, no.
Pet. If your mind serve you,
You may live still; but how? — yet pardon me:
You may out-wear all too; — but when? — and certain
There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
A man will take't upon conditions.
Pœn. No, by no means: I am only thinking now, sir,
(For I am resolved to go) of a most base death,
Fitting the baseness of my fault. I'll hang.
Pet. You shall not: you're a gentleman I honour,

I would else flatter you, and force you live,
Which is far baser. Hanging! 'tis a dog's death,
An end for slaves.
Pœn. The fitter for my baseness.
Pet. Besides, the man that's hanged preaches his end,
And sits a sign for all the world to gape at.
Pœn. That's true; I'll take a fitter, — poison.
Pet. No.
'Tis equal ill; the death of rats and women,
Lovers, and lazy boys that fear correction.
Die like a man.
Pœn. Why, my sword, then.
Pet. Ay, if your sword be sharp, sir:
There's nothing under Heaven that's like your sword;
Your sword's a death indeed.
Pœn. It shall be sharp, sir.
Pet. Why, Mithridates was an arrant ass
To die by poison[n] if all Bosphorus
Could lend him swords. Your sword must do the deed:
'Tis shame to die choked, fame to die and bleed.
Pœn. Thou hast confirmed me; and, my good Petillius,
Tell me no more I may live.
Pet. 'Twas my commission;
But now I see you in a nobler way,
A way to make all even.
Pœn. Farewell, captain:
Be a good man, and fight well; be obedient;
Command thyself, and then thy men. Why shak'st thou?
Pet. I do not, sir.
Pœn. I would thou had'st, Petillius!
I would find something to forsake the world with,
Worthy the man that dies: a kind of earthquake
Thorough all stern valours but mine own.
Pet. I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.
Pœn. Keep it still;
As thou lov'st virtue, keep it.

Pet. And, brave captain,
The great and honoured Pœnius, —
Pœn. That again!
Oh, how it heightens me! again, Petillius!
Pet. Most excellent commander!
Pœn. Those were mine!
Mine, only mine!
Pet. They are still.
Pœn. Then, to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at you! — Heavens,
Ye everlasting powers, I am yours! [*Falls upon his sword.*
The work's done,
That neither fire, nor age, nor melting envy,
Shall ever conquer. Carry my last words
To the great general: kiss his hands, and say,
My soul I give to Heaven, my faults to justice,
Which I have done upon myself; my virtue
If ever there was any in poor Pœnius,
Made more and happier, light on him! — I faint —
And where there is a foe, I wish him fortune.—
I die:
Lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth! [*Dies.*
Pet. And on my sin! — Farewell, great Pœnius! —
The soldier is in fury; now I am glad [*Noise within.*
'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
The way of toil, — for thee, the way of honour! [*Exit.*

Re-enter, and remain at the side on the stage, DRUSUS *and* REGULUS, *with* Soldiers *who are pressing in*

Soldiers. Kill him, kill him, kill him!
Dru. What will ye do?
Reg. Good soldiers, honest soldiers —
Soldiers. Kill him, kill him, kill him!
Dru. Kill us first; we command too.
Reg. Valiant soldiers,
Consider but whose life you seek. —O Drusus,
Bid him be gone! he dies else [DRUSUS *advances*]. —

Shall Rome say,
Ye most approvèd soldiers, her dear children
Devoured the father of the fights? shall rage
And stubborn fury guide those swords to slaughter,
To slaughter of their own, to civil ruin?
Dru. Oh, let 'em in! all's done, all's ended, Regulus;
Pœnius has found his last eclipse [REGULUS *advances*].—
Come, soldiers,
Come, and behold your miseries; come bravely,
Full of your mutinous and bloody angers,
[Soldiers *advance.*
And here bestow your darts. — O only Roman,
O father of the wars!
Reg. Why stand ye stupid?
Where be your killing furies? whose sword now
Shall first be sheathed in Pœnius? do ye weep?
Howl out, ye wretches, ye have cause; howl ever:
Who shall now lead ye fortunate? whose valour
Preserve ye to the glory of your country?
Who shall march out before ye, coyed and courted
By all the mistresses of war, care, counsel,
Quick-eyed experience, and victory twined to him?
Who shall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To speak your names, and keep your honours living,
When children fail, and Time, that takes all with him,
Builds houses for ye to oblivion?
Dru. O ye poor desperate fools, no more now soldiers,
Go home, and hang your arms up; let rust rot 'em;
And humble your stern valours to soft prayers!
For ye have sunk the frame of all your virtues;
The sun that warmed your bloods is set for ever. —
I'll kiss thy honoured cheek. Farewell, great Pœnius,
Thou thunderbolt, farewell! — Take up the body:
To-morrow morning to the camp convey it,
There to receive due ceremonies. That eye,
That blinds himself with weeping, gets most glory.
[*Exeunt, with a dead march, bearing the body.*

SCENE IV

Before the Fort of BONDUCA

Enter SUETONIUS, JUNIUS, DECIUS, DEMETRIUS, CURIUS, *and* Soldiers, *with drums and colours:* BONDUCA, Daughters, *and* NENNIUS *on the ramparts*

Suet. Bring up the catapults, and shake the wall;
We will not be out-braved thus.
Nen. Shake the earth;
Ye cannot shake our souls. Bring up your rams,
And with their armèd heads make the fort totter;
Ye do but rock us into death. [*Exit.*
Jun. See, sir,
See the Icenian queen in all her glory,
From the strong battlements proudly appearing,
As if she meant to give us lashes!
Dec. Yield, queen.
Bond. I am unacquainted with that language, Roman.
Suet. Yield, honoured lady, and expect our mercy;
We love thy nobleness. [*Exit* DECIUS.
Bond. I thank ye; ye say well;
But mercy and love are sins in Rome and hell.
Suet. You cannot scape our strength; you must yield, lady;
You must adore and fear the power of Rome.
Bond. If Rome be earthly, why should any knee
With bending adoration worship her?
She's vicious; and, your partial selves confess,
Aspires the height of all impiety;
Therefore 'tis fitter I should reverence
The thatchèd houses where the Britons dwell
In careless mirth; where the blessed household gods
See nought but chaste and simple purity.
'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line;

But sacred thoughts, in holy bosoms stored,
Make people noble, and the place adored.
Suet. Beat the wall deeper!
Bond. Beat it to the centre,
We will not sink one thought.
Suet. I'll make ye.
Bond. No.

Enter PETILLIUS, *who whispers* SUETONIUS

2nd Daugh. O mother, these are fearful hours; speak gently
To these fierce men; they will afford you pity.
Bond. Pity, thou fearful girl! 'tis for those wretches
That misery makes tame. Wouldst thou live less?
Wast not thou born a princess? can my blood,
And thy brave father's spirit, suffer in thee
So base a separation from thyself
As mercy from these tyrants? Thou lov'st lust, sure
And long'st to prostitute thy youth and beauty
To common slaves for bread. Say they had mercy,
The devil a relenting conscience,
The lives of kings rest in their diadems,
Which to their bodies lively souls do give,
And, ceasing to be kings, they cease to live.
Show such another fear, and, by the gods,
I'll fling thee to their fury!
Suet. He is dead, then?
Pet. I think so certainly; yet all my means, sir
Even to the hazard of my life —
Suet. No more:
We must not seem to mourn here.

Re-enter DECIUS

Dec. There's a breach made;
Is it your will we charge, sir?
Suet. Once more, mercy,
Mercy to all that yield!

Bond. I scorn to answer: —
Speak to him, girl, — and hear thy sister.
1st Daugh. General,
Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me,
Directly in my face, my woman's face
Whose only beauty is the hate it bears ye;
See with thy narrowest eyes,[n] thy sharpest wishes,
Into my soul, and see what there inhabits;
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools,
Poor fortune's fools, we were not born for triumphs,
To follow your gay sports, and fill your slaves
With hoots and acclamations.
Pet. Brave behaviour!
1st Daugh. The children of as great as Rome, as noble,
Our names before her, and our deeds her envy,
Must we gild o'er your conquest, make your state,
That is not fairly strong, but fortunate?
No, no, ye Romans, we have ways to scape ye,
To make ye poor again, indeed our prisoners,
And stick our triumphs full, —
Pet. 'Sdeath, I shall love her!
1st Daugh. To torture ye with suffering like our slaves,
To make ye curse our patience, wish the world
Were lost again, to win us only, and esteem it
The end of all ambitions.
Bond. Do ye wonder?
We'll make our monuments in spite of fortune;
In spite of all your eagle's wing, we'll work
A pitch above ye; and from our height we'll stoop
As fearless of your bloody seres,[n] and fortunate,
As if we preyed on heartless doves.
Suet. Strange stiffness! —
Decius, go charge the breach. [*Exit* DECIUS.
Bond. Charge it home, Roman;
We shall deceive thee else. — Where's Nennius?

Re-enter NENNIUS, *above*

Nen. They have made a mighty breach.
Bond. Stick in thy body,
And make it good but half an hour.
Nen. I'll do it.
1st Daugh. And then be sure to die.
Nen. It shall go hard else.
Bond. Farewell, with all my heart! we shall meet yonder,
Where few of these must come.
Nen. God take thee, lady! [*Exit.*
Bond. Bring up the swords and poison.

Enter above, an Attendant *with Swords and a great Cup*

2nd Daugh. O my fortune!
Bond. How, how, you whore?
2nd Daugh. Good mother, nothing to offend you.
Bond. Here, wench. —
Behold us, Romans!
Suet. Mercy yet!
Bond. No talking!
Puff, there goes all your pity! — Come, short prayers,
And let's dispatch the business. You begin;
Shrink not, I'll see you do't.
2nd Daugh. O gentle mother! —
O Romans! — O my heart! I dare not.
Suet. Woman, woman,
Unnatural woman!
2nd Daugh. Oh, persuade her, Romans!
Alas, I am young, and would live, — Noble mother,
Can you kill that you gave life? Are my years
Fit for destruction?
Suet. Yield, and be a queen still,
A mother, and a friend.
Bond. Ye talk! — Come, hold it,
And put it home.

1st Daugh. Fie, sister, fie!
What would you live to be?
Bond. A whore still?
2nd Daugh. Mercy!
Suet. Hear her, thou wretched woman!
2nd Daugh. Mercy, mother!
Oh, whither will you send me? I was once
Your darling, your delight.
Bond. O gods,
Fear in my family! — Do it, and nobly.
2nd Daugh. Oh, do not frown, then!
1st Daugh. Do it, worthy sister;
'Tis nothing; 'tis a pleasure: we'll go with you.
2nd Daugh. Oh, if I knew but whither!
1st Daugh. To the blessèd;
Where we shall meet our father —
Suet. Woman!
Bond. Talk not.
1st Daugh. Where nothing but true joy is —
Bond. That's a good wench!
Mine own sweet girl! put it close to thee.
2nd Daugh. Oh,
Comfort me still, for Heaven's sake!
1st Daugh. Where eternal
Our youths are, and our beauties; where no wars come,
Nor lustful slaves to ravish us.
2nd Daugh. That steels me;
A long farewell to this world!
Bond. Good; I'll help thee.
[*2nd Daugh. stabs herself and dies.*
1st Daugh. The next is mine. —
Show me a Roman lady, in all your stories,
Dare do this for her honour; they are cowards,
Eat coals like compelled cats;[n] your great saint Lucrece,
Died not for honour; Tarquin topped her well;
And, mad she could not hold him, bled.
Pet. By Heaven,

I am in love: I would give an hundred pound now
But to lie with this woman's behaviour. Oh, the devil!
1st Daugh. Ye shall see me example: all your Rome,
If I were proud, and loved ambition,
If I were lustful, all your ways of pleasure,
If I were greedy, all the wealth ye conquer —
Bond. Make haste.
1st Daugh. I will — could not entice to live,
But two short hours, this frailty. Would ye learn
How to die bravely, Romans, to fling off
This case of flesh, lose all your cares for ever?
Live, as we have done, well, and fear the gods;
Hunt honour, and not nations, with your swords;
Keep your minds humble, your devotions high;
So shall ye learn the noblest part, to die.
[*Stabs herself and dies.*
Bond. I come, wench. — To ye all, Fate's hangmen, you
That ease the agèd Destinies, and cut
The threads of kingdoms as they draw 'em! here,
Here is a draught would ask no less than Cæsar
To pledge it for the glory's sake!
Cur. Great lady!
Suet. Make up your own conditions.
Bond. So we will.
Suet. Stay!
Dec. Stay!
Suet. Be any thing.
Bond. A saint, Suetonius, [*Drinks.*
When thou shalt fear, and die like a slave. Ye fools;
Ye should have tied up Death first, when ye conquered;
Ye sweat for us in vain else: see him here!
He's ours still, and our friend; laughs at your pities;
And we command him with as easy reins
As do our enemies. — I feel the poison. —
Poor vanquished Romans, with what matchless tortures
Could I now rack ye! but I pity ye,

Desiring to die quiet: nay, so much
I hate to prosecute my victory,
That I will give ye counsel ere I die, —
If you will keep your laws and empire whole,
Place in your Roman flesh a Briton soul. [*Dies.*

Suet. Desperate and strange!

Re-enter DECIUS

Dec. 'Tis won, sir, and the Britons
All put to the sword.

Suet. Give her fair funeral;
She was truly noble, and a queen.

Pet. Pox take it,
A love-mange grown upon me! what a spirit!

Jun. [*Aside.*] I am glad of this; I have found you.

Pet. In my belly,
Oh, how it tumbles!

Jun. [*Aside.*] Ye good gods, I thank ye! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FIFTH

Scene I

The Woods

Caratach *discovered upon a rock in the background, and* Hengo *by him sleeping*

Car. Thus we afflicted Britons climb for safeties.
And, to avoid our dangers, seek destructions;
Thus we awake to sorrows. — O thou woman,
Thou agent for adversities, what curses
This day belong to thy improvidence!
To Britanie, by thy means, what sad millions
Of widows' weeping eyes! The strong man's valour
Thou hast betrayed to fury, the child's fortune
To fear, and want of friends, whose pieties
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his sorrows
A house of rest by his blessed ancestors:
The virgins thou hast robbed of all their wishes,
Blasted their blowing hopes, turnèd their songs,
Their mirthful marriage-songs, to funerals;
The land thou hast left a wilderness of wretches. —
The boy begins to stir; thy safety made,
Would my soul were in Heaven!
Hengo. O noble uncle,
Look out! I dreamed we were betrayed.
Car. No harm, boy;
[*A soft dead march within.*
'Tis but thy emptiness that breeds these fancies:
Thou shalt have meat anon.
Hengo. A little, uncle,
And I shall hold out bravely. — What are those,
(Look, uncle, look!) those multitudes that march there?

They come upon us stealing by.
Car. I see 'em;
And prithee, be not fearful.
Hengo. Now you hate me;
Would I were dead!
Car. Thou know'st I love thee dearly.
Hengo. Did I e'er shrink yet, uncle? were I a man now,
I should be angry with you.

Enter DRUSUS, REGULUS, *and* Soldiers, *with* PŒNIUS'S *Hearse, Drums, and Colours*

Car. My sweet chicken! —
See, they have reached us; and, as it seems, they bear
Some soldier's body, by their solemn gestures,
And sad solemnities; it well appears, too,
To be of eminence. — Most worthy soldiers,
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me
What noble body that is, which you bear
With such a sad and ceremonious grief,
As if ye meant to woo the world and nature
To be in love with death? most honourable
Excellent Romans, by your ancient valours,
As ye love fame, resolve me!
1st Sold. 'Tis the body
Of the great Captain Pœnius, by himself
Made cold and spiritless.
Car. Oh, stay, ye Romans,
By the religion which you owe those gods
That lead ye on to victories! by those glories
Which made even pride a virtue in ye!
Dru. Stay. —
What's thy will, Caratach?
Car. Set down the body,
The body of the noblest of all Romans;
As ye expect an offering at your graves

From your friends' sorrows, set it down a while,
That with your griefs an enemy may mingle,
(A noble enemy that loves a soldier,)
And lend a tear to virtue: even your foes,
Your wild foes, as you called us, are yet stored
With fair affections, our hearts fresh, our spirits,
Though sometimes stubborn, yet, when virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers:
Oh, set it down!

Dru. Set down the body, soldiers.

Car. Thou hallowed relic, thou rich diamond
Cut with thine own dust; thou, for whose wide fame
The world appears too narrow, man's all thoughts,
Had they all tongues, too silent; thus I bow
To thy most honoured ashes, though an enemy,
Yet friend to all thy worths: sleep peaceably;
Happiness crown thy soul, and in thy earth
Some laurel fix his seat, there grow and flourish,
And make thy grave an everlasting triumph!
Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,
And honest arms adieu! all noble battles,
Maintained in thirst of honour, not of blood,
Farewell for ever!

Hengo. Was this Roman, uncle,
So good a man?

Car. Thou never knew'st thy father.

Hengo. He died before I was born.

Car. This worthy Roman
Was such another piece of endless honour,
Such a brave soul dwelt in him; their proportions
And faces were not much unlike, boy. — Excellent nature!
See how it works into his eyes! — mine own boy!

Hengo. The multitudes of these men, and their fortunes,
Could never make me fear yet; one man's goodness —

Car. Oh, now thou pleasest me! weep still, my child,
As if thou saw'st me dead! with such a flux

Or flood of sorrow, still thou pleasest me. —
And, worthy soldiers, pray receive these pledges,
These hatchments of our griefs, and grace us so much
To place 'em on his hearse. Now, if ye please,
Bear off the noble burden; raise his pile
High as Olympus, making Heaven to wonder
To see a star upon earth out-shining theirs:
And ever-lovèd, ever-living be
Thy honoured and most sacred memory!

Dru. Thou hast done honestly, good Caratach;
And when thou diest, a thousand virtuous Romans
Shall sing thy soul to Heaven. – Now march on, soldiers.
[*Exeunt Romans with a dead march.*

Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.

Hengo. Are they all gone?
I could have wept this hour yet.

Car. Come, take cheer,
And raise thy spirit, child; if but this day
Thou canst bear out thy faintness, the night coming
I'll fashion our escape.

Hengo. Pray, fear me not;
Indeed I am very hearty.

Car. Be so still:
His mischiefs lessen, that controls his ill. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The Roman Camp

Enter Petillius

Pet. What do I ail, i' the name of Heaven? I did but see her,
And see her die; she stinks by this time strongly,
Abominably stinks. She was a woman,
A thing I never cared for; but to die so,
So confidently, bravely, strongly — oh, the devil,
I have the bots! — by Heaven, she scorned us strangely,

All we could do, or durst do; threatened us
With such a noble anger, and so governed
With such a fiery spirit — the plain bots!
A pox upon the bots, the love-bots! Hang me.
Hang me even out o' the way, directly hang me!
O penny-pipers, and most painful penners
Of bountiful new ballads, what a subject,
What a sweet subject for your silver sounds,
Is crept upon ye!

Enter JUNIUS

Jun. [*Aside.*] Here he is; have at him!
(*Sings*) She set the sword unto her breast,
Great pity it was to see,
That three drops of her life-warm blood,
Run trickling down her knee.
Art thou there, bonny boy? and, i' faith, how dost thou?
Pet. Well, gramercy; how dost thou? — [*Aside.*] He 'as found me,
Scented me out; the shame the devil owed me,
H'as kept his day with. — And what news, Junius?
Jun. (*Sings*)
It was an old tale, ten thousand times told,
Of a young lady was turned into mould,
Her life it was lovely, her death it was bold.
Pet. [*Aside.*] A cruel rogue, now h'as drawn, pursue on me!
He hunts me like a devil. — No more singing;
Thou hast got a cold: come, let's go drink some sack, boy.
Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Pet. Why, dost thou laugh?
What mare's nest hast thou found?
Jun. Ha, ha, ha!
I cannot laugh alone: — Decius! Demetrius!
Curius! — oh, my sides; ha, ha, ha, ha! —
The strangest jest!
Pet. Prithee, no more.

Jun. The admirablest fooling!
Pet. Thou art the prettiest fellow!
Jun. Sirs!
Pet. Why Junius,
Prithee, away, sweet Junius!
Jun. Let me sing, then.
Pet. Whoa, here's a stir now! sing a song of sixpence!
By Heaven, if — prithee — pox on't, Junius!
Jun. I must either sing or laugh.
Pet. And what's your reason?
Jun. What's that to you?
Pet. And I must whistle.
Jun. Do so.
Oh, I hear 'em coming.
Pet. I have a little business.
Jun. Thou shalt not go, believe it. What! a gentleman
Of thy sweet conversation!
Pet. Captain Junius,
Sweet captain, let me go with all celerity:
Things are not always one; and do not question,
Nor jeer, nor gibe: none of your doleful ditties,
Nor your sweet conversation; you will find then
I may be angered.
Jun. By no means, Petillius;
Anger a man that never knew passion!
'Tis most impossible: a noble captain,
A wise and generous gentleman?
Pet. Tom Puppy,
Leave this way to abuse me: I have found you;
But, for your mother's sake, I will forgive you.
Your subtle understanding may discover,
As you think, some trim toy to make you merry,
Some straw to tickle you; but do not trust to't;
You're a young man, and may do well; be sober,
Carry yourself discreetly.
Jun. Yes, forsooth.

Enter DECIUS, DEMETRIUS, *and* CURIUS

Dem. How does the brave Petillius?
Jun. Monstrous merry:
We two were talking what a kind of thing
I was when I was in love; what a strange monster
For little boys and girls to wonder at;
How like a fool I looked.
Dec. So they do all,
Like great dull slavering fools.
Jun. Petillius saw too.
Pet. No more of this; 'tis scurvy; peace.
Jun. How nastily,
Indeed how beastly, all I did became me!
How I forgot to blow my nose. There he stands,
An honest and a wise man; if himself
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
Should find himself in love —
Pet. I am angry.
Jun. Surely his wise self would hang his beastly self,
His understanding self so mawl his ass-self —
Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows the follies,
The poverties, and baseness that belongs to't;
H'as read upon the reformations long.
Pet. He has so.
Jun. 'Tis true, and he must do't:
Nor is it fit indeed any such coward —
Pet. You'll leave prating?
Jun. Should dare come near the regiments, especially
Those curious puppies (for believe there are such)
That only love behaviours: those are dog-whelps,
Dwindle away because a woman dies well;
Commit with passions only; fornicate
With the free spirit merely. You, Petillius,
For you have long observed the world —
Pet. Dost thou hear?
I'll beat thee damnably within these three hours:

Go pray; may be I'll kill thee. Farewell, jackdaws!
[*Exit.*

Dec. What a strange thing he's grown!
Jun. I am glad he is so;
And stranger he shall be before I leave him.
Cur. Is't possible her mere death —
Jun. I observed him,
And found him taken, infinitely taken,
With her bravery; I have followed him,
And seen him kiss his sword since, court his scabbard,
Call dying "dainty dear," her brave mind "mistress";
Casting a thousand ways to give those forms,
That he might lie with 'em, and get old armours.
He had got me o' the hip once; it shall go hard, friends,
But he shall find his own coin.

Enter MACER

Dec. How now, Macer!
Is Judas yet come in?
Macer. Yes, and has lost
Most of his men too. Here he is.

Enter JUDAS

Cur. What news?
Judas. I have lodged him; rouse him, he that dares.
Dem. Where, Judas?
Judas. On a steep rock i' the woods, the boy too with him;
And there he swears he will keep his Christmas, gentlemen,
But he will come away with full conditions,
Bravely, and like a Briton. He paid part of us;
Yet I think we fought bravely: for mine own part,
I was four several times at half-sword with him,
Twice stood his partisan; but the plain truth is,
He's a mere devil, and no man. I' th' end, he swinged us,
And swinged us soundly too: he fights by witchcraft;

Yet for all that I saw him lodged.
Jun. Take more men,
And scout him round. Macer, march you along. —
What victuals has he?
Judas. Not a piece of biscuit,
Not so much as will stop a tooth, nor water
More than they make themselves: they lie
Just like a brace of bear-whelps, close and crafty,
Sucking their fingers for their food.
Dec. Cut off, then,
All hope of that way; take sufficient forces.
Jun. But use no foul play, on your lives: that man
That does him mischief by deceit, I'll kill him.
Macer. He shall have fair play; he deserves it.
Judas. Hark ye;
What should I do there, then? You are brave captains,
Most valiant men: go up yourselves; use virtue;
See what will come on't; pray the gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye have felt him too: there ye shall find him,
His sword by his side, plums of a pound weight by him
Will make your chops ache: you'll find it a more labour
To win him living, than climbing of a crow's nest.
Dec. Away, and compass him; we shall come up,
I am sure, within these two hours. Watch him close.
Macer. He shall flee through the air, if he escape us.
[*A sad noise within.*
Jun. What's this loud lamentation?
Macer. The dead body
Of the great Pœnius is new come to the camp, sir.
Dem. Dead!
Macer. By himself, they say.
Jun. I feared that fortune.
Cur. Peace guide him up to Heaven!
Jun. Away, good Macer.
[*Exeunt* MACER *and* JUDAS.

Enter SUETONIUS, DRUSUS, REGULUS, *and* PETILLIUS

Suet. If thou beest guilty,
Some sullen plague, thou hat'st most, light upon thee!
The regiment return on Junius;
He well deserves it.
Pet. So!
Suet. Draw out three companies,
Yours, Decius, Junius, and thou, Petillius, —
And make up instantly to Caratach;
He's in the wood before ye: we shall follow,
After due ceremony done to the dead,
The noble dead. Come, let's go burn the body.
[*Exeunt all except* PETILLIUS.
Pet. The regiment given from me! disgraced openly!
In love too with a trifle to abuse me!
A merry world, a fine world! served seven years
To be an ass o' both sides! sweet Petillius,
You have brought your hogs to a fine market: you are wise, sir,
Your honourable brain-pan full of crotchets,
An understanding gentleman, your projects
Cast with assurance ever. Wouldst not thou now
Be banged about the pate, Petillius?
Answer to that, sweet soldier: surely, surely,
I think you would; pulled by the nose, kicked: hang thee,
Thou art the arrant'st rascal! trust thy wisdom
With any thing of weight? the wind with feathers.
Out, you blind puppy! you command? you govern?
Dig for a groat a-day, or serve a swineherd;
Too noble for thy nature too! — I must up;
But what I shall do there, let time discover. [*Exit.*

SCENE III

The Woods, with a rock in the background as before

Enter MACER *and* JUDAS, *with meat and a bottle*

Macer. Hang it o' the side o' the rock, as though the Britons
Stole hither to relieve him: who first ventures
To fetch it off is ours. I cannot see him.
Judas. He lies close in a hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his anger. — Ha! no; 'tis not he.
Macer. 'Tis but the shaking of the boughs.
Judas. Pox shake 'em!
I am sure they shake me soundly. — There!
Macer. 'Tis nothing.
Judas. Make no noise; if he stir, a deadly tempest
Of huge stones fall upon us. 'Tis done! away, close!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter CARATACH *on the rock*

Car. Sleep still, sleep sweetly, child; 'tis all thou feed'st on!
No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity,
To bring thee food! Poor knave, thou art sick, extreme sick,
Almost grown wild for meat; and yet thy goodness
Will not confess, nor show it. All the woods
Are double lined with soldiers; no way left us
To make a noble scape. I'll sit down by thee,
And, when thou wak'st, either get meat to save thee,
Or lose my life i' the purchase. Good gods comfort thee! [*Exit above.*

SCENE IV

Another part of the Woods

Enter JUNIUS, DECIUS, PETILLIUS, *and* Guide

Guide. You are not far off now, sir.
Jun. Draw the companies
The closest way through the woods; we'll keep on this way.
Guide. I will, sir. Half a furlong more you'll come
Within the sight o' the rock: keep on the left side;
You'll be discovered else: I'll lodge your companies
In the wild vines beyond ye. [*Exit.*
Dec. Do you mark him?
[*Pointing to* PETILLIUS.
Jun. Yes, and am sorry for him.
Pet. Junius,
Pray let me speak two words with you.
Jun. Walk afore;
I'll overtake you straight.
Dec. I will. [*Exit.*
Jun. Now, captain?
Pet. You have oft told me, you have loved me, Junius.
Jun. Most sure I told you truth then.
Pet. And that love
Should not deny me any honest thing.
Jun. It shall not.
Pet. Dare you swear it?
I have forgot all passages between us
That have been ill, forgiven too, forgot you.
Jun. [*Aside.*] What would this man have? — By the gods, I do, sir,
So it be fit to grant you.
Pet. 'Tis most honest.
Jun. Why, then I'll do it.
Pet. Kill me.
Jun. How!

Pet. Pray, kill me.
Jun. Kill you!
Pet. Ay, kill me quickly, suddenly;
Now kill me.
Jun. On what reason? you amaze me.
Pet. If you do love me, kill me; ask me not why:
I would be killed, and by you.
Jun. [*Aside.*] Mercy on me!
What ails this man? — Petillius!
Pet. Pray you, dispatch me;
You are not safe whilst I live: I am dangerous,
Troubled extremely, even to mischief, Junius,
An enemy to all good men. Fear not; 'tis justice;
I shall kill you else.
Jun. Tell me but the cause,
And I will do it.
Pet. I am disgraced, my service
Slighted and unrewarded by the general,
My hopes left wild and naked; besides these,
I am grown ridiculous, an ass, a folly
I dare not trust myself with: prithee, kill me.
Jun. All these may be redeemed as easily
As you would heal your finger.
Pet. Nay —
Jun. Stay, I'll do it;
You shall not need your anger: but first, Petillius,
You shall unarm yourself; I dare not trust
A man so bent to mischief.
Pet. There's my sword, [*Gives his sword.*
And do it handsomely.
Jun. Yes, I will kill you;
Believe that certain; but first I'll lay before you
The most extreme fool you have played in this.
The honour purposed for you, the great honour
The general intended you.
Pet. How!
Jun. And then I'll kill you,

Because you shall die miserable. Know, sir,
The regiment was given me, but till time
Called you to do some worthy deed might stop
The people's ill thoughts of you for lord Pœnius,
I mean, his death. How soon this time's come to you,
And hasted by Suetonius! "Go," says he,
"Junius and Decius, and go thou, Petillius,"
(Distinctly, "thou, Petillius,") "and draw up,
To take stout Caratach:" there's the deed purposed,
A deed to take off all faults, of all natures:
"And thou, Petillius," mark it, there's the honour;
And that done, all made even.

Pet. Stay!

Jun. No, I'll kill you.
He knew thee absolute, and full in soldier,
Daring beyond all dangers, found thee out,
According to the boldness of thy spirit,
A subject, such a subject —

Pet. Hark you, Junius;
I will live now.

Jun. By no means — wooed thy worth,
Held thee by the chin up, as thou sank'st, and showed thee
How Honour held her arms out. Come, make ready,
Since you will die an ass.

Pet. Thou wilt not kill me?

Jun. By Heaven, but I will, sir. I'll have no man dangerous
Live to destroy me afterward: besides, you have gotten
Honour enough; let young men rise now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the general, (which is
One main cause you shall die,) howe'er he carry it,
Such a strong doting on you, that I fear
You shall command in chief: how are we paid, then?
Come, if you will pray, dispatch it.

Pet. Is there no way?

Jun. Not any way to live.

Pet. I will do any thing,
Redeem myself at any price: good Junius,
Let me but die upon the rock, but offer
My life up like a soldier!
Jun. You will seek then
To outdo every man.
Pet. Believe it, Junius,
You shall go stroke by stroke with me.
Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble and a soldier,
For ever these mad fancies?
Pet. Dare you trust me?
By all that's good and honest —
Jun. There's your sword, then;
And now, come on a new man: virtue guide thee!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

The Woods, with a rock in the background

Enter CARATACH *and* HENGO *on the rock*

Car. Courage, my boy! I have found meat: look, Hengo,
Look where some blessèd Briton, to preserve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink: cheer up, boy;
Do not forsake me now.
Hengo. O uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot stay long! yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I am heart-whole,
And would live.
Car. Thou shalt, long I hope.
Hengo. But my head, uncle!
Methinks the rock goes round.

Enter MACER *and* JUDAS, *and remain at the side of the stage*

Macer. Mark 'em well, Judas.
Judas. Peace, as you love your life.
Hengo. Do not you hear
The noise of bells?
Car. Of bells, boy! 'tis thy fancy;
Alas, thy body's full of wind!
Hengo. Methinks, sir,
They ring a strange sad knell, a preparation
To some near funeral of state: nay, weep not,
Mine own sweet uncle; you will kill me sooner.
Car. O my poor chicken!
Hengo. Fie, faint-hearted uncle!
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.
Car. I'll go myself, boy.
Hengo. No, as you love me, uncle:
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I desire; pray, tie me.
Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee! Come, child,
My valiant child!
Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,
And you shall see how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 'tis most certain
A Roman train:[n] and you must hold me sure too;
You'll spoil all else. When I have brought it, uncle,
We'll be as merry —
Car. Go, i' the name of Heaven, boy!
[*Lets* HENGO *down by his belt.*
Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle! I have it.
[JUDAS *shoots* HENGO *with an arrow.*] — Oh!
Car. What ail'st thou?
Hengo. O my best uncle, I am slain!
Car. I see you,
And Heaven direct my hand! destruction

Go with thy coward soul!

[*Kills* JUDAS *with a stone, and then draws up* HENGO. *Exit* MACER.] How dost thou, boy? —

O villain, pocky villain!

Hengo. O uncle, uncle,

Oh, how it pricks me! — am I preserved for this? —

Extremely pricks me!

Car. Coward, rascal coward!

Dogs eat thy flesh!

Hengo. Oh, I bleed hard! I faint too; out upon't

How sick I am! — The lean rogue, uncle!

Car. Look, boy;

I have laid him sure enough.

Hengo. Have you knocked his brains out?

Car. I warrant thee for stirring more: cheer up, child.

Hengo. Hold my sides hard; stop, stop; oh, wretched fortune,

Must we part thus? Still I grow sicker, uncle.

Car. Heaven look upon this noble child!

Hengo. I once hoped

I should have lived to have met these bloody Romans

At my sword's point, to have revenged my father,

To have beaten 'em, — oh, hold me hard! — but uncle —

Car. Thou shalt live still, I hope, boy. Shall I draw it?

Hengo. You draw away my soul, then. I would live

A little longer — spare me, Heavens! — but only

To thank you for your tender love: good uncle,

Good noble uncle, weep not.

Car. O my chicken,

My dear boy, what shall I lose?

Hengo. Why, a child,

That must have died however; had this scaped me,

Fever or famine — I was born to die, sir.

Car. But thus unblown, my boy?

Hengo. I go the straighter

My journey to the gods. Sure, I shall know you

When you come, uncle.
Car. Yes, boy.
Hengo. And I hope
We shall enjoy together that great blessedness
You told me of.
Car. Most certain, child.
Hengo. I grow cold;
Mine eyes are going.
Car. Lift 'em up.
Hengo. Pray for me;
And, noble uncle, when my bones are ashes,
Think of your little nephew! — Mercy!
Car. Mercy!
You blessèd angels, take him!
Hengo. Kiss me: so,
Farewell, farewell! [*Dies.*
Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain!
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever! — Time and Death,
Ye have done your worst. Fortune, now see, now proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph; look,
Look what thou hast brought this land to! — O fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins show, how sweetly
Even death embraces thee! the peace of Heaven,
The fellowship of all great souls, be with thee!

Enter PETILLIUS *and* JUNIUS *on the rock*

Ha! dare ye, Romans? ye shall win me bravely.
Thou art mine! [*They fight.*
Jun. Not yet, sir.
Car. Breathe ye, ye poor Romans,
And come up all, with all your ancient valours;
Like a rough wind I'll shake your souls, and send 'em —

Enter SUETONIUS, DEMETRIUS, DECIUS, CURIUS, REGULUS, DRUSUS, MACER, *and* Soldiers

Suet. Yield thee, bold Caratach! By all the gods,
As I am soldier, as I envy thee,
I'll use thee like thyself, the valiant Briton.
Pet. Brave soldier, yield, thou stock of arms and honour,
Thou filler of the world with fame and glory!
Jun. Most worthy man, we'll woo thee, be thy prisoners.
Suet. Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,
That more to me than conquests, that true happiness,
To be my friend!
Car. O Romans, see what here is!
Had this boy lived —
Suet. For fame's sake, for thy sword's sake,
As thou desirest to build thy virtues greater!
By all that's excellent in man, and honest —
Car. I do believe. Ye have had me a brave foe,
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodness
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in.
Suet. He shall have fitting funeral.
Car. I yield, then;
Not to your blows, but your brave courtesies.
[*Comes down with* PETILLIUS *and* JUNIUS.
Pet. Thus we conduct, then, to the arms of peace
The wonder of the world.
Suet. Thus I embrace thee: [*Flourish.*
And let it be no flattery that I tell thee,
Thou art the only soldier.
Car. How to thank ye,
I must hereafter find upon your usage.
I am for Rome?
Suet. You must.
Car. Then Rome shall know
The man that makes her spring of glory grow.

Suet. Petillius,
You have shown much worth this day, redeemed much error:
You have my love again; preserve it. — Junius,
With you I make him equal in the regiment.
Jun. The elder and the nobler; I'll give place, sir.
Suet. You show a friend's soul. —
March on, and through the camp, in every tongue,
The virtues of great Caratach be sung! [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

Figures in black type refer to pages; those in light face to lines.

THE MAID'S TRAGEDY

21: 6. **masque.** The Jacobean masque was an off-shoot of the drama. Beginning as the mere setting and adornment of the court ball, it developed in the hands of Ben Jonson and the king's architect, Inigo Jones, into a highly organized and sumptuous feature of court life. The fashion of including a masque within a play, as in the next scene, was very prevalent in the early days of King James.

22: 41. **A soldier's measure.** A stately dance.

24: 75. **That bears the light above her.** The meaning is clearly, that surpasses her, whether we take *light* to mean *lightning* or read *blears* for *bears*. — 87. **So base revenges.** So base a revenge. — 102. **in course.** In turn.

27: 18. **Office!** Calianax plays on the word.

28: 47. **break a dozen wiser heads.** On the performance of Shirley's masque, *The Triumph of Peace*, 1633, Lord Pembroke, holding the post of Calianax, actually did break his staff over the shoulders of Thomas May, the poet.

30. The Masque. For similar scenes see *Henry VIII*, I, iv, and the Introduction to *Four Plays in One*. (Thorndike.)

31: 133. **This beauty.** *I.e.* Cynthia.

33: 208. **Blue Proteus.** So designated as of the sea.

34: 244. **Another measure.** This stage direction is supplied, after Fleay's suggestion, from the unmeaning words, "If not her measure" which appear in the old texts after line 246.

36: 279. **wild-fire in his axle-tree.** In allusion to Phaeton and his hazardous driving of the horses of the Sun. — 286. **sun-flaring stream Shot from the south.** The effulgence of the court, a greater light than the daybreak of the east.

37: 9. **undone.** Note the play on the word meaning alike undressed and ruined.

38: 20, 24, 29. **leave it . . . take it . . . I'll hold your cards.** The whole passage consists of a series of plays on words connected with games at cards. — 33. **will pluck down a side.** Cause the loss of the game. — 41. **run my country.** Drive it at a hot pace. (Thorndike.)

41: 124. **willow-garland.** The emblem of a deserted lover.

47: 299–300. **hand . . . stoop.** A figure borrowed from falconry. "Evadne compares herself to a hawk that will come only to the call of a royal master." (Bullen.)

48: 348. **that my flesh Could bear.** *I.e.* the concealment from the king that I know he wrongs me would enable me to endure the wrong.

50: 30. **Œnone's.** Œnone, the first love of Paris, deserted by him for Helen. — 41. **Ariadne.** Ariadne, who having furnished Theseus with the clue to the labyrinth of Minos her father, king of Crete, was deserted by him in the island of Naxos. See "wild island," line 67 below.

51: 78. **A miserable life of this poor picture!** A wretched example in actual life of this pitiful tale depicted in needle-work.

52: 95. **that boy.** Amintor. — 100. **cheating soldier.** Melantius.

61: 256. **there is Divinity about you.** Compare *Hamlet*, IV. v. 123: "Such divinity doth hedge a king."

62: 277. **that little credit.** Such little credit.

72: 268. **as sent.** As if sent.

75: 2. **you look, Evadne.** You seem astonished, Evadne. Dyce's emendation that omits the comma seems quite unnecessary. — 12. **Milan skins.** According to Nares, fine gloves manufactured at Milan.

76: 36. **fill.** "As a sheet of paper is filled or covered with writing." (Daniel.)

77: 60. **when the Dog reigns.** When Sirius the Dog-star is in ascendancy, in the hottest weather.

80: 176. **known to none But you and I.** The English of Fletcher's age was careless in its use of pronouns.

82: 234. **Lerna.** A lake and marsh in Argolis, the home of the Hydra slain by Hercules. Nilus, or the river Nile, was famed for the breeding of monsters.

83: 246. **if thou play'st With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.** "If thou mak'st thy repentance, the most acceptable sacrifice you can offer, merely a mockery and sport." (Thorndike.)

85: 40. **quit 'em.** Abandon them.

90: 160. **careless blood.** Blood in the shedding of which I have been careless.

92: 245. **children betwixt me and land.** That interfere with my inheritance.

98: 8. **that desperate fool's** has not been identified. The allusion may be to some contemporary pirate. Daborne's *Christian Turned Turk* was on the stage at this time, and was written in consequence of the notorious deeds of pirates such as Ward and Dansiker.

100: 75. **Those blessèd fires.** Meteors.

103: 35. **When time was.** From the beginning.

104: 64. **Throw him the blank.** Give him, as we should say, *carte blanche.*

105: 12. **but, to haste.** To make haste. — 19. **But in particular,** etc. But especially I have been charged that he will speak with nobody about weighty matters.

PHILASTER

121: 84–86. **stranger . . . strange.** Note the usual Elizabethan play on words. *Stranger* is one unacquainted with another; *strange* is both odd, peculiar and distant.

122: 110. **no woman.** That is, a maid.

125: 206. **looks like a tooth-drawer.** A proverbial expression meaning thin, meagre, and ignoble. — 230. **him That made the world his.** Alexander.

126: 239. **Go to.** Equivalent to our *Come now.* — 242. **a pattern of succession.** An example to his successors. — 248. **a prince of wax!** A perfect prince, as one modelled in wax. The nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iii. 76, praises County Paris as a man of wax.

127: 265. **a true truant.** The second quarto reads for *truant, tenant*; and various other words have been suggested, such as *tyrant* and *recreant*, to correct this clear misprint. Daniel remarks: "The context might suggest to a bold emender — 'like *one in* a true *tertian.*'" — 295. **hot at hand.** Hot at the immediate moment, hasty. Compare *Julius Caesar*, IV. ii. 23:

> But hollow men, like horses *hot at hand,*
> Make gallant show and promise of their mettle.

140: 23. **This wire.** Employed as a frame for the head-dress. — 27. **no hand behind it.** "No acknowledgment of indebted-

ness, but that it is paid for and crossed off on the mercer's books." (Daniel.)— 39. **carduus**. *Carduus benedictus*, or holy thistle, was "one of the greatest medicines and lotions of the age." (Furness.) Compare *Much Ado*, III. iv. 73. — 59. **white money**. Silver.

141: 63. **camphire-constitutions**. Camphor was regarded in the *materia medica* of the time as "cold to an eminent degree." (Weber.) —73. **hold quarter with**. Equivalent to chat with, be on good terms with.

145: 36. **Thou disclaim'st in me**. "Thou disclaim'st any right in me to your service." (Daniel.)

147: 45. **had been better have**. This was no uncommon idiom. Daniel cites *Othello*, III. iii. 362: "Thou hadst been better have been born a dog."

152: 188. **Nine Worthies**. Joshua, Judas Maccabæus, David, Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Hector, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, and King Arthur.

153: 21. **Against their nature**. "Contrary to the nature of a discordant multitude." (Mason.)

166: 109. **For bursting**. For fear of bursting. — 114. **like scorpions**. According to Muffet, in his *Theatre of Insects*, 1658, scorpions "being laid to their own wounds they made, they cure them, as is generally known." (Bullen.)

168: 170. **As with a man**. In allusion to the story and punishment of Actæon who, for looking upon Diana as she bathed, was turned into a stag and hunted to death by his own hounds.

169: 8. **shot . . . between wind and water**. In a mortal place.

170: 23. **a sick man's salve**. In allusion to a book of devotion of that title often alluded to satirically by the old dramatists. — 26. **the help of an almanac**. The old almanacs contained directions as to the proper seasons for blood-letting. (Daniel.) — 33. **a foolish twinkling . . . that spoils her coat**. "The allusion is to mullets, or stars, introduced into coats of arms, to distinguish the younger branches of a family, which of course denote inferiority." (Mason.)

171: 11. **forsook the say, for paying ten shillings**. "When a deer is hunted down, and to be cut up, it is a ceremony for the keeper to offer his knife to a man of first distinction in the field, that he may rip up the belly, and take an *assay* of the plight and fatness of the game. This Pharamond declined, to save the customary fee of ten shillings." (Theobald.)— 16. **an old Sir**

Tristram. A tried hunter. The whole passage is levelled against the clumsiness of Pharamond and his ignorance of the art of the chase. Not only does he show an unprincely meanness as to fees, but he mistakes a rascal for a deer worthy the hunt and kills him by a shot in the eye, instead of in the heart. — 34. **Oh, that I had been nourished,** etc. This speech is a beautiful adaptation of the opening of Juvenal's sixth satire. (Dyce.)

178: 54. **Sirs.** Used here, as often, to address both women and men. Compare below, V. ii. 40.

190: 30. **fervour of the Sirian star.** The heat supposed to be caused by the Dog-star, Sirius.

191: 56. **Hymen turn his saffron.** Saffron was the colour sacred to Hymen.

192: 109. **Fearing** (*i.e.* fearing for) **the lord Philaster.**

193: 144. **unbound in easy frieze!** Dressed in comfortable coarse woollen stuff.

194: 146. **silks only to be worn before sore eyes!** Be used not for costumes, but only for flaps over sore eyes. — 146. **false lights.** Dyce quotes an illustrative passage as to this term which runs:

> Go, make my coarse commodities look sleek;
> With subtle art beguile the honest eye;
> Be near my trap-window, cunning Falselight.
>
> Middleton, *Michælmas Term*, I. i.

— 153. **goatish Latin.** Dyce quotes Hermanni's *Vulgaria:* "The rank savour of goats is applied to them that will not come out of their bawdy (*i.e.* barbarous) Latin." It may be surmised that there is here, as in the text, a play on the word *Goth,* a synonym for barbarous.

195: 9–19. The jocular designations of the citizens and their crafts by the captain may be thus cleared up. *Indentures* were the papers by which apprentices were bound; the *club* was the favourite apprentices' weapon in street riots; *cold water camlet* was a fabric of wool and silk, watered, as we should say, to produce a wavy appearance; *paintings spitted with copper* are painted clothes "interstitched with copper"; *hasty silk,* an inferior kind of silk; *branched cloth of bodkin* is embroidered cloth of gold and silk. *Robin Hood* and his fellows, *Scarlet* and *Little John,* are supposed to describe favourite heroes in the reading of tradesmen. A *ducker* is one who bows obsequiously to customers. *Three-piled* was applied to velvet of the best kind, here to the warlike spirit of the citizens. *Valours*

contains a pun on *velure*, velvet; *cholers* on *collars*. Finally, a *rose-noble* was a coin, worth something like sixteen shillings, so called from the rose upon it. The hit that citizens are nobles only by their coin is "gross and palpable."

196: 24. **Hull and cry cockles.** "Lie inactive in base traffic." (Daniel.) — 29–31. **prince Pippin . . . coddled.** A codling, as well as a pippin, was an apple.

197: 55. **heir apparent to a church-ale.** A term of the utmost contempt considering the nature of these festivals. — 56. **prince of single sarcenet.** Equivalent to king of shreds and patches. — 66–67. **his nose. . . . A college and clap't upon the gate.** An allusion to Brasenose College, Oxford.

198: 85. **royal Rosicleer.** A hero of the Spanish romance. *Donzel de Phebo*, translated under title of the *Mirror of Knighthood*, 1583–1602. — 98. **Hylas to our Hercules.** Hylas was a favourite of Hercules whom he accompanied on the Argonautic expedition. — 100. **the regarded scarlets Kiss their gummed golls.** The honoured officers of state (clad in scarlet) kiss their perfumed hands.

202: 59. **will sadly be denied.** Will be sorry to be denied.

204: 110. **Or else her murderer?** According to an ancient superstition that a murderer might take on himself the appearance of his victim.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

215: 82. **Dryope.** Beloved of Apollo and carried off by the wood-nymphs, at last, to become one of them.

217: 19. **From your livers.** The liver was formerly regarded, as we regard the heart, as the seat of the passions.

219: 63. **that fair star That guides.** The north star.

221: 135. **the Dog Pursues the raging Lion.** Compare Virgil, *Æneid*, X. 273, and *The Shepherds' Calendar*, VII. 21, describing the sun in July:

> The rampant Lion hunts he fast,
> With Dogs of noisome breath,
> Whose baleful barking brings in haste
> Pine, plagues and dreary death.

223: 204. **Lyæus.** Bacchus or Dionysus.

226: 49. **pleasing age.** *I.e.* youth. — 50. **break upon.** Break in upon.

228: 119. **Silvanus' boy**: *I.e.* "Cyparissus, beloved of Silvanus, metamorphosed into a cypress, because he slew Silvanus' favourite stag." (Greg.) — 120. **twice-ravished maid**. Helen had been carried off, when a child, by Theseus.

229: 156. **upon whose liver**, etc. Most likely Prometheus. But, as Greg observes, "Fletcher is quite as likely to have had the giant Tityos in mind, who was condemned to the same torment."

232: 11. **your hidden power**. The "simples" of Clorin's gathering with their medicinal properties are to be found in any of the popular works on plants of the day, such as Gerard's *Herbal*. The *clote* is burdock, also applied to the yellow water lily; *black horehound* is *Ballota nigra*; *rhamnus* is buckthorn; *tormentil*, the red dead-nettle; *lysimachus* is "willow-herb or loose-strife;" *standergrass*, satyrion or hound's-cod; *turpentine*, "the terebinth, a tree growing about the Mediterranean from which turpentine was originally obtained."

234: 87. **grief or greenness**. Here these words apparently mean gravity and mortification or gangrene.

235: 110. **her body**. The body that she holds. — 120. **smooth as Pelops' shoulder**. "Pelops, son of Tantalus, was as a child cut up by his father and boiled as food for the gods. All of these abstained except Demeter, who absent-mindedly ate a shoulder. At the command of Zeus the remaining fragments were replaced by Hermes in the cauldron, whence Clotho drew out the restored boy, whose missing shoulder Demeter replaced by one of ivory." (Greg.)

239: 65. **These happy pair of lovers**. Such misagreements are not uncommon in Elizabethan English.

246: 31. **Hares that yearly sexes change**. A current superstition repeated by the old writers on natural history and supported by the supposed association of the hare with witches. — 46. **reformed thee**. As we would say, transformed.

248: 120. **perjured her**. Perjured myself for her.

249: 152. **by yon flame**. *I.e.* the moon.

253: 259. **the babbling cuckoo-spit**. Cuckoo-spittle was the popular name applied to a white sticky substance that appears on grass and weeds in the summer, and is really the protection of a certain insect while it develops to maturity. This substance was vulgarly held to be spit out by the cuckoo, and was associated with marital infidelity.

273: 110. **that coy swain**. Narcissus.

285: 22. **present** age. Immediate old age.

286: 35. **Our blessèd Tityrus.** Supposedly an allusion to Chaucer. — 39. **thunder gainst the bay.** The bay or laurel was supposed to be safe from lightning. (Greg.) — 60. **Our great enemy.** The wolf.

288: 98. **virgin lights.** Tapers of virgin wax.

297: 202. **his power.** *I.e.* Pan's. — 214. **Dorus.** Refers to Spenser.

BONDUCA

305: 4. **Julians.** Descendants or countrymen of Julius Cæsar. — 8. **in 'em, . . . nursed 'em.** This colloquial contraction of *them*, is said by the critics to be characteristic of Fletcher.

306: 42. **Druides.** Here pronounced as three syllables. — 52. **a noble uncle knew a Roman.** That knew.

307: 58. **on's.** Of his.

308: 88. **flight drawn home.** An arrow sent with a full draw of the bow.

314: 80. **French beans . . . ripened. . . . in old tubs.** Doubtless in allusion to pickling as the Germans still pickle cabbage as sauerkraut.

315: 121. **fat as hens i' the foreheads.** Fat in the forehead, *i.e.* possessed of horns in allusion to the infatuation of Junius for the daughter of Bonduca who had been ravished.

316: 145. **fight, like camels, with baskets at your noses.** Possibly in allusion to the muzzle with which vicious camels were rendered harmless. Neither Mandeville, Marco Polo, nor Topsall in his *History of Four-footed Beasts* supplies an explanation.

319: 255. **doubts me.** Renders me more distrustful.

320: 267. **tune of "Queen Dido."** A doleful ballad of deserted love. — 271. **cracked i' the ring.** "The daughters of Bonduca had been ravished by the Romans." (Dyce.)

322: 40. **exhaled all valours.** *Vapours* has been suggested as probably the true reading.

327: 25. **Motley on thee!** Be thou dressed in motley for a fool.

332: 38. **The kill-cow Caratach.** In allusion to the popular tale of Guy of Warwick and his valour exercised on the dun cow. — 52. **poor pilchers.** Caratach likens his hungry enemies to "empty scabbards." See below where Hengo so calls them, and compare *Romeo and Juliet*, III. i. 84.

333: 63. **mettle.** In the double sense of the metal of the sword and mettle, spirit, courage. — 66. **chicken.** In old time this al-

ways meant a little chick or small fowl, and was hence appropriate as a term of endearment. — 67. **stomachs**. Both appetites and courage.

334: 83. **square eaters**. An English edition of this play explains this by the survival in America of the slang phrase, "a square meal." — 91. **He will not give it for this washing**. He will not give you his head for this draught, *i.e.* you'll have to fight, none the less, for it.

336: 139. **Bless the founders**. A customary ejaculation of those who have received alms at hospitals, or in like places, enough in itself to betray the low breeding of Judas despite his determination to "hang like a gentleman." Compare Dogberry's "God save the foundation," *Much Ado*, V. i. 327.

339: 61. **running banquet**. Hasty repast.

341: 93. **Awake, ye men of Memphis**. A quotation from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, Part I, IV. i. 1.

342: 17. **Tiranes**. More properly Tiranis or Taranus, the chief of the Celtic gods. He was possessed of a mixture of the qualities of Jupiter and Mars, and appears to have been much like to the Teutonic Thor, at times being identified with thunder.

344: 59. **Andate** or Andraste is a goddess known only for Boadicea's supplication to her for victory and liberty. See J. Rhys, *Celtic Heathendom*, p. 199: "Boadicea, Queen of the Eceni . . . while exhorting her subjects to rise against the rule of Rome, let loose a hare, and thanked the goddess, Andraste, as soon as she saw the course taken by the frightened beast to be of good omen."

363: 35. **He 'as eyes would kill**. That would kill.

364: 50. **Famine**. In allusion to Judas and his appetite. Below called "Thunder." — 53. **man of mat**. Man made of rushes.

371: 146–147. **Mithridates . . . poison**. A popular error. Mithridates did not die by poison.

376: 54. **See with thy narrowest** (*i.e.* the most scrutinizing) **eyes**. — 75–76. **A pitch above . . . stoop As fearless of your bloody seres**. A similitude derived from the language of hawking. *To work a pitch* is to soar as a hawk above its prey; to *stoop*, is to swoop down upon; *seres* are talons.

378: 117. **Eat coals like compelled cats**. In allusion to a popular superstition that cats, when angry, will eat live coals.

396: 24. **Roman train**. A stratagem of the Romans.

GLOSSARY

Terms readily found in an unabridged dictionary, an encyclopædia, or a gazetteer are for the most part not included in this list.

A' colloquially equivalent to *he*.
Affect, to love.
Alpsian, Alpine.
An, if.
Apoplex, any sudden effusion of blood into other organs than the heart.
Appear, appearance.
Aspects, an astrological term meaning the relative position of the heavenly bodies at a given time, supposed to govern the actions and fortunes of men.
Assured, affianced, betrothed.
Astronomers, astrologers.
Ax'trees, axle-trees.

Basilisks, fabled reptiles, supposed to kill with a look.
Bellied, swollen.
Bend, bent, purpose, determination.
Bill, a pike or halberd.
Bits, food, fare.
Boldly, publicly.
Bots, a disease of cattle.
Brabble, squabble, quarrel.
Branch, to figure, make patterns in.
Brave, handsomely dressed.
Bravery, boast.
Brewis, broth.
Brokage, brokerage.
Brood, to brood over, protect.
Bugs, bugbears.
Bug's-words, boastful language.

Camlet, a stuff of silk and goat's or camel's hair.
Camphire, camphor.
Canker, a hedge rose, or the gall found on it, but used also at times in the modern sense.
Carduus, a thistle.
Carriage, luggage, baggage.
Carts, chariots.
Cast, cashiered; also, contrived.
Cast, to contrive, plan.
Charging-staff, baton, staff of office.
Chibbals, onions.
Chin-cough, whooping cough.
Church-ale, a convivial church festival.
Clip, to embrace.
Clote, the yellow water-lily.
Cloudy, moody.
Codes, an obsolete ejaculation of surprise.
Cog, to cheat, flatter, wheedle.
Conger, cucumber.
Conster, to construe.
Cordevan, Cordovan leather.
Course, by course, by turns.
Court-stale, stalking-horse.
Coxcombly, coxcomb-like, foolishly.
Cozen, to cheat, beguile.
Cracknel, a light, crisp kind of biscuit of a curved or hollow shape (Murray).
Cullises, broths.
Curious, fastidious, scrupulous.
Curst, cross.

Dare, to daunt, frighten.
Debate, discord.
Defend, to forbid.
Descry, to reveal, betray.
Ding-dongs, good fellows.
Doer, man of deeds as opposed to one of words.
Donzels, young gentlemen.
Dotterel, a bird "said to be so foolishly fond of imitation as to be easily caught."
Doubt, to put in doubt, cause to hesitate.
Dowcets, testes.

Draw, cause a flow of blood to a particular part, to promote suppuration.

Elder-gun, a pop-gun.
Envy, ill will.

Facers, braggarts, boasters.
Fancy, love.
Fearful, timorous, cowardly.
Firker, a rouser, a fast one.
Fitchocks, pole-cats.
Flight, a light, feathered arrow.
Foist, a pleasure boat.
Fond, foolish.
Foreman, a cant name for goose (Dyce).
Forks, a wooden instrument of punishment holding the culprit by the neck.
Fox, broadsword.
Frieze, a coarse woollen stuff.
Furmety, or frumenty, a dish made of hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned with cinnamon, sugar, and other ingredients (Murray).

Galloon-laces, worsted laces for binding.
Gins, begins.
Glorious, boastful.
Golls, hands.
Gores, bleedings.
Greenfish, unsalted or uncured fish.
Groom, swain.
Gummed, perfumed.

Haft, a handle.
Hand-wolf, a wolf bred in captivity, raised by hand.
Hardly, with difficulty.
Hatched, engraved, inlaid.
Heartless, timorous.
Holt, wood.
Home-things, intimacies, familiarities.
Honest, honourable, chaste.
Hook, shepherd's crook.
Humourous, full of whims, humoursome.

Hunts-up, the awakening blasts of the horn to arouse hunters and call them to the chase.

Impostumed, swollen into an abscess.
Improper, common.
Inevitable, irresistible.
Ingenious, ingenuous.
Ingirt, to surround.
Instruments, figuratively for servants.

Keep, to frequent, dwell.
Kell, the caul about the hart's paunch.
Kit, a fiddle.

Lanched, lanced.
Larum, alarm, noise.
Learnt, taught, as often used intransitively.
Leave, to cease.
Leese, to lose.
Lime-hound, "so-called from the *lyam* or *lyme* (leash) by which it was led" (Dyce).
Linger, to delay, waste.
Lodged, brought to covert.

Mail, pinion.
Make a leg, to bow.
Male-dragons, possibly evil dragons, or mailed dragons, rather than masculine dragons.
Marchpane, a cake made of almond paste.
Measures, dances.
Meecher, skulker.
Merely, utterly.
Miching, creeping stealthily.
Morions, helmets, steel caps.
Musket, a male sparrow-hawk.

Neat, good, excellent.
Neglected, deserted.
Nesh, spiritless.
New-yeaned, newly weaned.

Old, accustomed.
Opinion, reputation, repute.

Opinions, repute.
Outlays, outlyings.

Paramour, lover, not necessarily in a bad sense.
Partisans, pikes, spears.
Perish, to cause to perish.
Phlebotomy, blood-letting.
Pickthank, a tale bearer, sycophant.
Pilcher, a scabbard. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, III, i, 84.
Pledge me, drink to my health.
Pollard, an unhorned beast.
Popinjays, a pert upstart.
Present, immediate.
Presses, creases.
Provant, provender, provisions.
Pyramis, pyramid.

Quick, alive.
Quicker, livelier.
Quickness, sharpness, readiness.

Rack, scud, clouds driven by wind in the upper air.
Rascal, an inferior lean deer.
Ready, dressed.
Recorders, flageolets.
Regardless, neglectful, unheedful.
Regiment, rule, command.
Renegadoes, rascals.
Resolute, convinced.
Resolve, to satisfy, inform.
Resolved, assured.
Ringtale, an inferior bird of the hawk tribe, a species of puttock or kite.
Roarers, bullies, roaring boys.
Room, place.
Rounds, roundelays.
Rue, to sorrow for, lament.
Ruffin, originally the name of a devil, popularly confused with *ruffian*.

Sailing pines, pines from which masts are made.
Say, assay.
Sconce, skull.
Scurvily, wretchedly.
Sealed-up, treated as a hawk, and blindfolded by a thread holding together the eyelids.
Seres, talons.
Servants, lovers.
Set, stake, wager.
Shop-rid, shop-worn.
Simple, mere, as in modern English elsewhere.
Simples, medicinal herbs.
Smart-water, a stimulating wash.
Soil, to fatten thoroughly.
Soop, to sweep.
Sort, pack.
Sparkling, scattering, dispersing.
Squib-crackers, as we should say in America, fire-crackers.
Stales, decoys.
Start-ups, rustic high-top boots.
Still, ever.
Stomach, courage, also appetite.
Stone-bow, a cross-bow that shoots stones, an inferior sort of weapon.
Stound, astonishment, amazement.
Straight, strict.
Strain, lineage, blood.
Study, to try, endeavour.
Suspect, suspicion.
Swarty, swarthy, black.
Swound, swoon.

Table books, or **tables**, memorandum books.
Tall, fine.
Tawdry-lace, neck lace bought at the fair of St. Audrey or Ethelred.
Thicks, thickets.
Thorough, through.
Thrids, threads.
Tiller, a cross-bow.
Timeless, untimely.
Tine, grief, sorrow.
Tithe, to decimate.
Tods, bushes.
Tole, to entice.
Toy, trifle, whim.
Train, stratagem.
Trains, allurements.
Trash, to check.

Turf, to cover with a hat.
Turtle, turtle-dove.

Uncollected, uncontrolled.
Use, custom, use.
Use, to be accustomed to.
Useth, dwelleth, abideth.

Vamping, putting a new upper leather on a shoe.
Velvet head, a deer is said to have a velvet head when the new horns first grow, covered as they are with down.
Venies, bouts.
Venter, venture.
Vild, a variant of *vile*.

Waiters, attendants, retainers.
Wasters, cudgels.
Wealth alluring, allured by wealth.
What-you-lacks, citizens, tradesmen, so called from the customary cry to passers-by.
Wiper, rapier.
Wonnot, will not.
Wood, mad.
Worm, creature, rogue, a term of endearment applied to a boy.
Wrong, evil communications.

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